Frontispiece, Vol. I.

LAURENCE STERNE A.M.
Prebendary of York &c.&c.

Reynolds pinx.t

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERN, A. M.

Prebendary of YORK,

AND

Vicar of SUTTON on the Foreſt,

AND OF

STILLINGTON, near YORK.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
70
SEP

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

VOLUME FIRST.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὺς Ἀνθρώπυς ὲ τὰ Πραγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δογμάτα.

The THIRD EDITION.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 SEP 70

To the Right Honourable

Mr. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye-corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatch'd

houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perſuaded, that every time a man ſmiles,—but much more ſo when he laughs, it adds ſomething to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it——(not under your protection,——it muſt protect itſelf, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you ſmile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a miniſter

niſter of ſtate;——perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your Honour)

I am, good Sir,

Your well-wiſher, and

moſt humble Fellow Subject,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I Wiſh either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me. Had they duly conſider'd how much depended upon what they were then doing; —that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that poſſibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very caſt of his mind;—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole houſe might take their turn from the humours and diſpoſitions which were then uppermoſt:——Had they duly weighed and conſidered all this, and proceeded accordingly,——I am verily perſuaded I ſhould have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are

are transfuſed from father to ſon, *&c. &c.*—and a great deal to that purpoſe:—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into, ſo that when they are once ſet a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go-mad; and, by trading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden-walk, which, when they are once uſed to, the Devil himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

Pray, my dear, quoth my mother, *have you not forgot to wind up the clock?*——*Good G—!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time,——*Did ever woman, ſince the creation of the world, interrupt a man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?* Pray, what was your father ſaying?——Nothing.

CHAP. II.

——Then, poſitively, there is nothing in the queſtion, that I can ſee, either good or bad.——Then let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unſeaſonable queſtion at leaſt,—becauſe it ſcattered and diſperſed the animal ſpirits, whoſe buſineſs it was to have eſcorted and gone hand-in-hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him ſafe to the place deſtin'd for his reception.

The Homunculus, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice:—to the eye of reaſon, in ſcientific reſearch, he ſtands confeſs'd—a Being guarded and circumſcribed with rights:—— The minuteſt philoſophers, who, by-the-by, have the moſt enlarged underſtandings, (their ſouls being inverſely

verſely as their inquiries) ſhew us inconteſtibly, That the HOMUNCULUS is created by the ſame hand,—engender'd in the ſame courſe of nature,—endowed with the ſame loco-motive powers and faculties with us :——That he conſiſts, as we do, of ſkin, hair, fat, fleſh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations ;———is a Being of as much activity,——and, in all ſenſes of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of England.—He may be benefited, he may be injured,—he may obtain redreſs ;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which *Tully*, *Puſſendorf*, or the beſt ethic writers allow to ariſe out of that ſtate and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone ?——or that, through terror of it, natural to ſo young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miſerably ſpent;——his muſcular ſtrength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal ſpirits ruffled beyond deſcription,—and that in this ſad diſorder'd ſtate of nerves, he had laid down a prey to ſudden ſtarts, or a ſeries of melancholy dreams and fancies for nine long, long months together.——I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thouſand weakneſſes both of body and mind, which no ſkill of the phyſician or the philoſopher could ever afterwards have ſet thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle Mr. *Toby Shandy* do I ſtand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philoſopher, and much given to cloſe reaſoning upon the ſmalleſt matters, had oft, and heavily, complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle *Toby* well remember'd, upon his obſerving a moſt unaccountable obliquity,

obliquity, (as he call'd it), in my manner of ſetting up my top, and juſtifying the principles upon which I had done it,—the old gentleman ſhook his head, and in a tone more expreſſive by half of ſorrow than reproach,—he ſaid his heart all along foreboded, and he ſaw it verified in this, and from a thouſand other obſervations he had made upon me, That I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child :—— *But alas!* continued he, ſhaking his head a ſecond time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Triſtam's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

——My mother, who was ſitting by, look'd up,—but ſhe knew no more than her backſide what her father meant;—but my uncle, Mr. *Toby Shandy*, who had been often informed of the affair,—underſtood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themſelves ill at eaſe, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret from firſt to laſt, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardneſs in my nature to diſappoint any one ſoul living, that I have been ſo very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no leſs read than the *Pilgrim's Progreſs* itſelf—and, in the end, prove the very thing which *Montaigne* dreaded his eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window,—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little to his turn; and therefore muſt beg pardon for going on a little further in the ſame way: For which cauſe,

right

right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on tracing every thing in it, as *Horace* ſays, *ab Ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this faſhion altogether: But that gentleman is ſpeaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy,—(I forget which;)—beſides, if it was not ſo, I ſhould beg Mr. *Horace*'s pardon;—for in writing what I have ſet about, I ſhall confine myſelf neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To ſuch, however, as do not chuſe to go ſo far back into theſe things, I can give no better advice, than that they ſkip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquiſitive.

————Shut the door.————I was begot in the night, betwixt the firſt *Sunday* and the firſt *Monday* in the month of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I am poſitive I was.—But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our own family, but now made public for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a *Turkey* merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of———, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he was in truth a ſlave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the firſt *Sunday night* of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the *Sunday night* came,——to wind up a large houſe-clock which we had ſtanding upon the back-ſtairs head, with his own hands:—And being

ing ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty years of age, at the time I have been ſpeaking of,—he had likewiſe gradually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period, in order, as he would often ſay to my uncle *Toby*, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſter'd with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which I fear I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that, from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas which have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up,—but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popp'd into her head,—*& vice verſâ*:—which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious *Locke*, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, "That "on *Ladyday*, which was on the 25th of the ſame "month in which I date my geniture,—my father ſet "out upon his journey to *London* with my eldeſt bro- "ther *Bobby*, to fix him at *Weſtminſter* ſchool;" and, as it appears from the ſame authority, "That he "did not get down to his wife and family till the "*ſecond week in May* following,"—it brings the thing almoſt to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

———But pray, Sir, What was your father doing all *December*,—*January*, and *February?*——Why, Madam,—he was all that time afflicted with a ſciatica.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of *November*, 1718, which to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any huſband could in reaſon have expected, —was I *Triſtram Shandy*, Gentleman, brought forth in this ſcurvy and diſaſterous world of ours.—I wiſh I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets, (except *Jupiter* or *Saturn*, becauſe I never could bear cold weather); for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for *Venus*) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made upof the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt;——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to public charges, and employments of dignity or power;—but that is not my caſe;——and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it:—for which cauſe I affirm it over again to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſcating againſt the wind in *Flanders*;—I have been the continual ſport of what the world calls fortune; and though I will not wrong her by ſaying, She has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil;—yet with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that, in every page of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious Dutcheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall HERO ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I inform'd you exactly *when* I was born;—but I did not inform you, *how*. *No*; that particular was reſerved

entirely for a chapter by itſelf;—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once.—You muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not only my life, but my opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other: As you proceed further with me, the ſlight acquaintance which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.——*O diem præclarum!*—— then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out,—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:——Or if I ſhould ſeem now and then to trifle upon the road,——or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me; or in ſhort, do any thing,—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who, with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of Dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world;—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great

great world, of four *Engliſh* miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived is ſuppoſed to be the center.——She had been left, it ſeems, a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year; and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage,—grave deportment,——a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs and ſilence under it call'd out the louder for a friendly lift,—the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touch'd with pity: and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her huſband's flock had for many years been expoſed, inaſmuch, as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife of any kind or degree to be got at, let the caſe have been never ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles riding; which ſaid ſeven long miles, in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the Gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth, the parſon join'd his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife had given by inſtitution,——he chearfully paid the fees for the ordinaries licence himſelf, amounting, in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen ſhillings and fourpence; ſo that, betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.*

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties, and powers uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood. But it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kind of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coax'd many of the old licenced matrons in the neighbourhood to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inſerted.

I own I never could envy *Didius* in theſe kinds of fancies of his:——But every man to his own taſte.—Did not Dr. *Kunaſtrokius*, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himſelf,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running horſes,—their coins and their cockle-ſhells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,——their maggots and their butterflies?—and ſo long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,———pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt HOBBY-HORSES: and, for my part, I ſeldom do; nor could I with any ſort of grace had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the Moon, to be both fidler and painter, according as the fly ſtings;—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of

of pads myſelf, upon which in their turns (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wiſe man;———and beſides, am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: Nor does it much diſturb my reſt when I ſee ſuch great Lords and tall Perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes;—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace:———others, on the contrary, tuck'd up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering it away like ſo many little party-colour'd devils aſtride a mortgage,———and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks—So much the better—ſay I to myſelf;—for in caſe the worſt ſhould happen, the world will make a ſhift to do excellently well without them;—and for the reſt,——why,——God ſpeed them,——e'en let them ride on without oppoſition from me; for were their Lordſhips unhorſed this very night,——'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worſe mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of theſe inſtances therefore can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt.—But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard; and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions, and, what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones;——when I behold ſuch a one, my Lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment;—when I ſee ſuch a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love

to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes,—then, my Lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

My Lord,

" I Maintain this to be a dedication, notwithſtanding its ſingularity in the three great eſſentials, " of matter, form, and place : I beg, therefore, you " will accept it as ſuch, and that you will permit me " to lay it, with the moſt reſpectful humility, at " your Lordſhip's feet,—when you are upon them, " —which you can be when you pleaſe ;—and that " is, my Lord, whenever there is occaſion for it, and " I will add, to the beſt purpoſes too. I have the " honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt devoted,

and moſt humble ſervant,

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, of this or any other realm in Chriſtendom; ——nor has it yet been hawk'd about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall ; but is honeſtly a true Virgin-Dedication untried on, upon any ſoul living.

I

I labour this point ſo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might ariſe againſt it, from the manner in which I propoſe to make the moſt of it;—which is, the putting it up fairly to public ſale; which I now do.

—Every author has a way of his own, in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry;—I reſolved within myſelf, from the very beginnig, to deal ſquarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If therefore there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, in theſe his Majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will ſuit, (for by-the-by, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it)——it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas;——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My Lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your Lordſhip ſees, is good, the colouring tranſparent,—the drawing not amiſs;—or to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience,—and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20,—I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the compoſition as 9,—the colouring as 6,—the expreſſion 13 and a half,—and the deſign,—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to underſtand my own *deſign*, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this,—there is keeping in it, and the dark ſtrokes in the HOBBY-HORSE, (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully:——and beſides

beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble.*

Be pleaſed, my good Lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. *Dodſley*, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: All which, from the words, *De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*, and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your Lordſhip.—The reſt I dedicate to the MOON, who, by-the-by, of all the PATRONS or MATRONS I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddeſs,

If thou art not too buſy with CANDID and Miſs CUNEGUND's affairs,—take *Triſtram Shandy*'s under thy protection alſo.

CHAP. X.

WHatever degree of ſmall merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted,—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory;——certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: And yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parſon himſelf, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the deſign firſt,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to ſome ſhare of it,—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The

The world at that time was pleaſed to determine the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account,—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office ;———and that was, in never appearing better or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to *Roſinante*, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him ; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that *Roſinante* was broken-winded ; and that moreover *Roſinante*, as is the happineſs of moſt *Spaniſh* horſes, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the HERO's horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for a contrary opinion : But it is as certain at the ſame time, that *Roſinante*'s continency (as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the *Yangueſian* carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the world in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatic work,—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don *Quixote*'s horſe ;——in all other points the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt

juſt ſuch another,—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade as HUMILITY herſelf could have beſtrided.

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the figure of this horſe of his;—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peak'd ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilver-headed ſtuds, and a noble pair of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of gray ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black ſilk fringe, *poudrè d'or*,—all which he purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand emboſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.—— But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy door;—and, in lieu of them, had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him,——you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.——Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſs'd,—the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well,——the ſpinning-wheel forgot its round,————even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations,—to hear the groans of the ſerious, ——and the laughter of the light-hearted,—all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was, ——he loved a jeſt in his heart—and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light,

light, in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf: So that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—inſtead of giving the true cauſe,——he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt,—he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved;—that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit,—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and oppoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferably to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a Death's head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along,——to as much account as in his ſtudy;——that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as ſteadily on the one as in the other,—that briſk trotting and ſlow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compoſe his ſermon,—he could compoſe his cough,——and, in caſe nature gave a call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep.—In ſhort, the parſon upon ſuch encounters would aſſign any cauſe, but the true cauſe,—and he with-held the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows: In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,——to run into the oppoſite extreme. ——In the language of the country where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt of the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country,——it ſo fell out that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt,—as much as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapp'd, or ſpavin'd, or greas'd;—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or ſomething, in ſhort, or other had befallen him which would let him carry no fleſh;—ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of,—and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffic, to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at lengh, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: Beſides this he conſidered, that with half the ſum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good;——and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this,

this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty, and ſickneſs, and affliction, dwelt together.

For theſe reaſons he reſolved to diſcontinue the expence; and there appeared but two poſſible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and theſe were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his ſteed upon any application whatever,—or elſe be content to ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt,—— he very chearfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explain'd it, as I ſaid, to his honour,—yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chuſing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyric upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiritual and refined ſentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs knight of *La Mancha*, whom, by-the-by, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone further to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: The thing I had in view was to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit,—the devil a ſoul could find it out;—I

ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.———But no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up,—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembred.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire.—"The parſon had a returning fit of pride which "had juſt ſeiz'd him; and he was going to be well "mounted once again in his life; and if it was ſo, "'twas plain as the ſun at noon-day, he would pocket "the expence of the licence, ten times told, the very "firſt year;——ſo that every body was left to "judge what were his views in this act of chari-"ty."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely eaſy upon that ſcore,—it being juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh,——and the whole world at the ſame time behind him,—and ſtands accountable to a judge of whom he will have no cauſe to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of ſome men: Order them as they will, they paſs through a certain medium which ſo twiſts and refracts them from their true directions————that, with all the titles to praiſe which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheleſs forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.——But to know by what means this came

came to paſs,—and to make that knowledge of uſe to you, I inſiſt upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain ſuch a ſketch of his life and converſation, as will carry its moral along with it.—When this is done, if nothing ſtops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parſon's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation) it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for near,——I was within an ace of ſaying nine hundred years;——but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indiſputable in itſelf;——and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying,—It had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think, ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us all together, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, "That his "own great grandfather was the man who did ei-"ther this or that."

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced againſt by the prudent care of the *Yorick*'s family, and their religious preſervation of theſe records I quote, which do further inform us, That the family was originally of *Daniſh* extraction, and had been tranſplanted into *England* as early as in the reign of *Horwendillus*, king of *Denmark*, in whoſe court, it ſeems, an anceſtor

of this Mr. *Yorick*'s, and from whom he was lineally deſcended, held a conſiderable poſt to the day of his death. Of what nature this conſiderable poſt was, this record ſaith not;—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally aboliſhed as altogether unneceſſary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Chriſtian world.

It has often come into my head, that this poſt could be no other than that of the king's chief Jeſter —and that *Hamlet*'s *Yorick*, in our *Shakeſpeare*, many of whoſe plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts,—was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into *Saxo-Grammaticus*'s *Daniſh* hiſtory, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leiſure, and can eaſily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourſelf.

I had juſt time, in my travels through *Denmark* with Mr. *Noddy*'s eldeſt ſon, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through moſt parts of *Europe*, and of which original journey performed by us two, a moſt delectable narrative will be given in the progreſs of this work: I had juſt time, I ſay, and that was all, to prove the truth of an obſervation made by a long ſojourner in that country;—— namely, "That nature was neither very laviſh, nor was ſhe very ſtingy in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants; —but, like a diſcreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; obſerving ſuch an equal tenor in the diſtribution of her favours, as to bring them, in thoſe points, pretty near to a level with each other; ſo that you will meet with few inſtances in that kingdom of refin'd parts: but a great deal of good plain houſehold-underſtanding amongſt all ranks of people, of which every body has a ſhare;" which is, I think, very right.

With us, you ſee, the caſe is quite different;—we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great

great genius;—or 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead :—not that there is a total want of intermediate ſteps ;—no,—we are not ſo irregular as that comes to ;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unſettled iſland, where Nature, in her gifts and diſpoſitions of this kind, is moſt whimſical and capricious ; Fortune herſelf not being more ſo in the bequeſt of her goods and chattels than ſhe.

This is all that ever ſtagger'd my faith in regard to *Yorick*'s extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeem'd not to have had one ſingle drop of *Daniſh* blood in his whole craſis ; in nine hundred years, it might poſſibly have all run out :——I will not philoſophize one moment with you about it ; for happen how it would, the fact was this,—That inſtead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, you would have look'd for, in one ſo extracted ;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions ;——with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt climate could have engendered and put together. With all this ſail, poor *Yorick* carried not one ounce of ballaſt ; he was utterly unpractiſed in the world ; and, at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, unſuſpicious girl of thirteen : So that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſome body's tackling ; and as the grave and more ſlow-paced were oftenеſt in his way——you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill luck to get the moſt entangled. For aught I know, there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch *Fracas*:—For, to ſpeak the truth, *Yorick* had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity ;——not to gravity as ſuch ;——for where gravity was wanted, he would be the moſt grave or ſerious

of mortal men for days and weeks together ;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly ; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however ſheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, That gravity was an arrant ſcoundrel ; and he would add,—of the moſt dangerous kind too,—becauſe a ſly one ; and that, he verily believed, more honeſt, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and ſhop-lifting in ſeven. In the naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, he would ſay, There was no danger,—but to itſelf; —whereas the very eſſence of gravity was deſign, and conſequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man was worth ; and that, with all its pretenſions,—it was no better, but often worſe, than what a *French* wit had long ago defined it,—*viz. A myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind ;*—which definition of gravity, *Yorick*, with great imprudence, would ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractiſed in the world, and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. *Yorick* had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain *Engliſh* without any periphraſis,——and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſonage, time, or place ;—ſo that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the Hero of the piece,——what his ſtation,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;————but if it was a dirty action,—— without more ado,——

The

The man was a dirty fellow,—and ſo on:—And as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enliven'd throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wings to *Yorick*'s indiſcretion. In a word, though he never ſought, yet, at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhun'd occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was *Yorick*'s cataſtrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE *Mortgager* and *Mortgagée* differ the one one from the other, not more in length of purſe, than the *Jeſter* and *Jeſtée* do, in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-four; which, by-the-by, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of the beſt of *Homer*'s can pretend to;—namely, That the one raiſes a ſum and the other a laugh at your expence, and think no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive, till, at length, in ſome evil hour,—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe incidental mementos. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this

this ſtamp, which, notwithſtanding *Eugenius*'s frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy;—but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſs'd out in courſe.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion,—to the uttermoſt mite. To which *Yorick*, with his uſual careleſſneſs of heart, would as often anſwer with a pſhaw!—and if the ſubject was ſtarted in the fields,—with a hop, ſkip, and a jump, at the end of it: but if cloſe pent up in the ſocial chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not ſo readily fly off in a tangent,—*Eugenius* would then go on with his lecture upon diſcretion, in words to this purpoſe, though ſomewhat better put together.

"Truſt me, dear *Yorick*, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.——In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee, it happens, that a perſon laugh'd at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou viewеſt him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies,——and muſters up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him from a ſenſe of common danger;—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to ſay, that for every ten jokes,—thou haſt got a hundred enemies; and till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thy ears, and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of intent

intent in theſe ſallies.———I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive:—But conſider, my dear lad, the fools cannot diſtinguiſh this,—and that knaves will not; and thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other,—whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from ſome baneful corner ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct ſhall ſet right.——The fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it,—thy faith queſtioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by Malice in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes:—The beſt of us, my dear lad, lie open there,—and truſt me,—truſt me, *Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enow from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*"

Yorick ſcarce ever heard this ſad vaticination of his deſtiny read over to him, but with a tear ſtealing from his eye, and a promiſſory look attending it, that he was reſolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more ſobriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with * * * * * and * * * * * at the head of it, was form'd before the firſt prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, juſt as *Eugenius* had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,—with ſo little mercy on the ſide of the allies,—and ſo little ſuſpicion in *Yorick*, of what was carrying on againſt him,—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o'er-ripening,—they had ſmote his

his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for ſome time; till, overpower'd by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more ſo, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the ſword; and though he kept up his ſpirits in appearance to the laſt, he died, nevertheleſs, as was generally thought, quite broken hearted.

What inclined *Eugenius* to the ſame opinion, was as follows:

A few hours before *Yorick* breath'd his laſt, *Eugenius* ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewell of him. Upon his drawing *Yorick*'s curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, *Yorick*, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter,—he would thank him again and again;—he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered *Eugenius*, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not *Yorick*, ſaid he.—*Yorick* replied, with a look up, and a gentle ſqueeze of *Eugenius*'s hand, and that was all,—but it cut *Eugenius* to his heart.—Come,—come, *Yorick*, quoth *Eugenius*, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wants them;——who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——*Yorick* laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head;—for my part, continued *Eugenius*, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, *Yorick*, how to part with thee,——and would gladly flatter my hopes, added *Eugenius*,

genius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.——I beſeech thee, *Eugenius*, quoth *Yorick*, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of *Eugenius*,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee nothing that ails it, replied *Eugenius*. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid *Yorick*, let me tell you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapen'd with the blows which ***** and *****, and ſome others have ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with *Sancho Pança*, that ſhould I recover, and "Mitres thereupon be ſuffer'd to rain down from "heaven as thick as hail, not one of 'em would fit "it."——*Yorick*'s laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he utter'd this:—yet ſtill it was utter'd with ſomething of a *Cervantic* tone;—and as he ſpoke it, *Eugenius* could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit which, (as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueez'd his hand,——and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walk'd. *Yorick* followed *Eugenius* with his eyes to the door,—he then cloſed them,—and never opened them more.

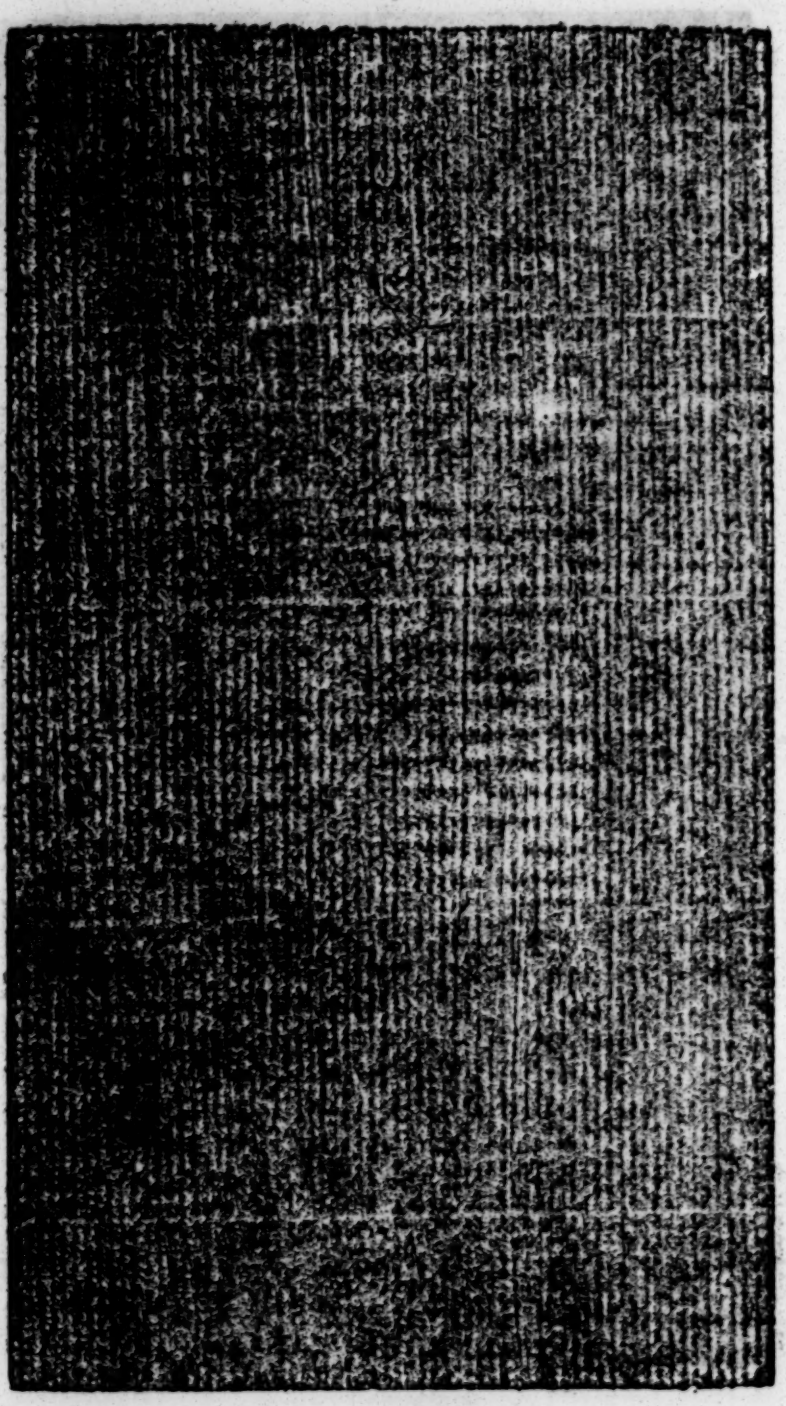
He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the pariſh of———, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend *Eugenius*, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph and elegy.

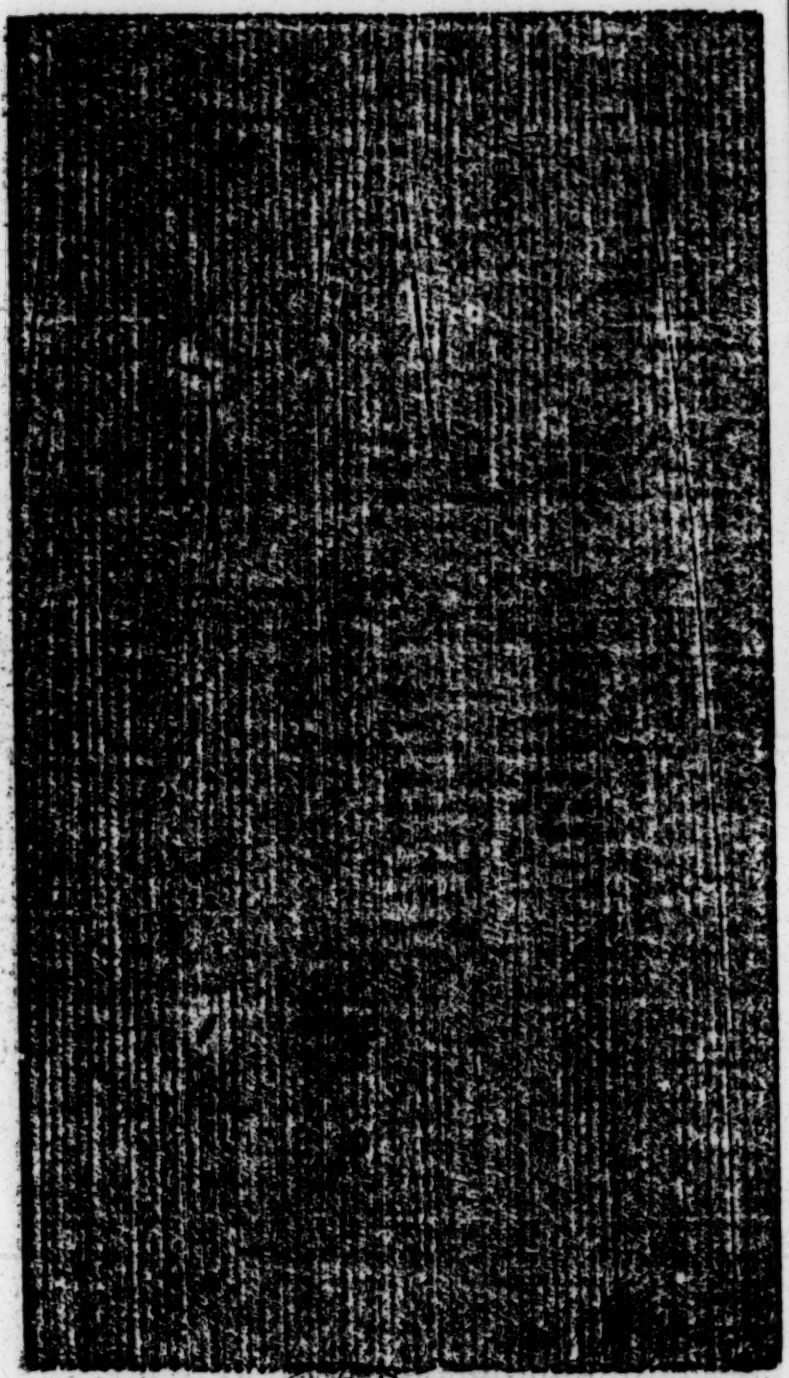
Alas! poor YORICK!

Ten times in a day has *Yorick*'s ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tunes, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him:——a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by the ſide of his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,——and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas! poor YORICK!

CHAP.





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CHAP. XIII.

IT is ſo long ſince the reader of this rhapſodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is ſuch a body ſtill in the world, and whom, upon the beſt judgment I can form upon my own plan at preſent,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: But as freſh matter may be ſtarted, and much unexpected buſineſs fall out betwixt the reader and myſelf, which may require immediate diſpatch,——'twas right to take care that the poor woman ſhould not be loſt in the mean time;—becauſe when ſhe is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a perſon of no ſmall note and conſequence throughout our whole village and townſhip;—that her fame had ſpread itſelf to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every ſoul living, whether he has a ſhirt to his back or no,—— has one ſurrounding him;—which ſaid circle, by the way, whenever 'tis ſaid that ſuch a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*,——I deſire may be enlarged or contracted in your worſhip's fancy, in a compound ratio of the ſtation, profeſſion, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (meaſuring both ways) of the perſonage brought before you.

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh; which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, That ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-houſe and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles, as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney;——But I muſt

here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explain'd in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,—not to ſwell the work;—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing;——but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or inuendos, as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;—which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpight of all the gentlemen reviewers in *Great Britain*, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary,——I am determined ſhall be the caſe.——I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage-ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be clear'd up, before we could proceed any further in this hiſtory;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards—it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory,—though it be but the hiſtory of *Jack Hickathriſt* or *Tom Thumb*, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—ſtraight forward;——for inſtance, from *Rome* all the way to *Loretto*, without ever once turning his head aſide either to the right hand or to the left,—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he ſhould get to his journey's end;——but

——but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: For, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:
Anecdotes to pick up:
Inſcriptions to make out:
Stories to weave in:
Traditions to ſift:
Perſonages to call upon:
Panegyrics to paſte up at this door:
Paſquinades at that;——All which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To ſum up all; there are archives at every ſtage to be look'd into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:——In ſhort, there is no end of it;——for my own part, I declare I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could,—and am not yet born:—I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not *how*;—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance,—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;—and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year;——which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article in my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is ſo much more fully expreſſed in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows.

"**And this Indenture further wit-**
"**neſſeth,** That the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, merchant, "in conſideration of the ſaid intended marriage to be "had, and, by God's bleſſing, to be well and truly "ſolemnized and conſummated between the ſaid "*Walter Shandy* and *Elizabeth Mollineux* aforeſaid, "and divers other good and valuable cauſes and "conſiderations him thereunto ſpecially moving,— "doth grant, covenant, condeſcend, conſent, con- "clude, bargain, and fully agree to and with *John* "*Dixon* and *James Turner*, Eſqrs. the above-named "truſtees, *&c. &c.*—**to wit,**—That in caſe it "ſhould hereafter ſo fall out, chance, happen, or o- "therwiſe come to paſs,—That the ſaid *Walter Shan-* "*dy*, merchant, ſhall have left off buſineſs before the "time or times, that the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux* "ſhall, according to the courſe of nature, or other- "wiſe, have left off bearing and bringing forth chil- "dren;—and that, in conſequence of the ſaid *Wal-* "*ter Shandy* having ſo left off buſineſs, ſhall, in de- "ſpight, and againſt the free-will, conſent, and "good-liking of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux*,— "make a departure from the city of *London*, in order "to retire to, and dwell upon, his eſtate at *Shandy-* "*Hall*, in the county of——, or at any other coun- "try ſeat, caſtle, hall, manſion-houſe, meſſuage, or "grange-houſe, now purchaſed, or hereafter to be "purchaſed, or upon any part or parcel thereof:—

"That

" That then, and as often as the ſaid *Elizabeth Mol-*
" *lineux* ſhall happen to be enceint with child or
" children ſeverally and lawfully begot, or to be be-
" gotten, upon the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth Molli-*
" *neux* during her ſaid coverture,——he the ſaid
" *Walter Shandy* ſhall, at his own proper coſt and
" charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon
" good and reaſonable notice, which is hereby agreed to
" be within ſix weeks of her the ſaid *Elizabeth Mol-*
" *lineux*'s full reckoning, or time of ſuppoſed and
" computed delivery,—pay, or cauſe to be paid, the
" the ſum of one hundred and twenty pounds of
" good and lawful money, to *John Dixon* and *James*
" *Turner*, Eſqrs. or aſſigns,—upon TRUST and con-
" fidence, and for and unto the uſe and uſes, intent,
" end, and purpoſe following :—**That is to ſay,**
" —That the ſaid ſum of one hundred and twenty
" pounds ſhall be paid into the hands of the ſaid *E-*
" *lizabeth Mollineux*, or to be otherwiſe applied by
" them the ſaid truſtees, for the well and truly hiring
" of one coach, with able and ſufficient horſes, to car-
" ry and convey the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mol-*
" *lineux*, and the child or children which ſhe ſhall be
" then and there enceint and pregnant with,—unto
" the city of *London*; and for the further paying and
" defraying of all other incidental coſts, charges, and
" expences whatſoever,—in and about, and for, and
" relating to her ſaid intended delivery and lying-in,
" in the ſaid city or ſuburbs thereof. And that the
" ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux* ſhall and may, from time
" to time, and at all ſuch time and times as are here
" covenanted and agreed upon,—peaceably and quiet-
" ly hire the ſaid coach and horſes, and have free in-
" greſs, egreſs, and regreſs throughout her journey,
" in and from the ſaid coach, according to the tenor,
" true intent, and meaning of theſe preſents, without
" any let, ſuit, trouble, diſturbance, moleſtation, diſ-
" charge, hindrance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation,
" interruption, or incumbrance whatſoever.—And
" that it ſhall moreover be lawful to and for the ſaid
" *Elizabeth Mollineux*, from time to time, and as oft

" or

" or often as ſhe ſhall well and truly be advanced in
" her ſaid pregnancy, to the time heretofore ſtipula-
" ted and agreed upon,—to live and reſide in ſuch
" place or places, and in ſuch family or fami-
" lies, and with ſuch relations, friends, and o-
" ther perſons within the ſaid city of *London*, as ſhe
" at her own will and pleaſure, notwithſtanding her
" preſent coverture, and as if ſhe was a *femme*
" *ſole* and unmarried,——ſhall think fit.——
" **And this Indenture further witneſſeth,**
" That for the more effectually carrying of the ſaid
" covenant into execution, the ſaid *Walter Shandy*
" merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain, ſell, re-
" leaſe, and confirm unto the ſaid *John Dixon*, and
" *James Turner*, Eſqrs. their heirs, executors, and
" aſſigns, in their actual poſſeſſion, now being by vir-
" tue of an indenture of bargain and ſale for a year
" to them the ſaid *John Dixon* and *James Turner*,
" Eſqrs. by him the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, merchant,
" thereof made; which ſaid bargain and ſale for a
" year, bears date the day next before the date of
" theſe preſents, and by force and virtue of the ſta-
" tute for transferring of uſes into poſſeſſion,——**All**
" that the manor and lorſhip of *Shandy* in the coun-
" ty of——, with all the rights, members, and ap-
" purtenances thereof; and all and every the meſ-
" ſuages, houſes, buildings, barns, ſtables, orchards,
" gardens, backſides, toſts, crofts, garths, cottages,
" lands, meadows, feedings, paſtures, marſhes, com-
" mons, woods, underwoods, drains, fiſheries, wa-
" ters, and water-courſes;—together with all rents,
" reverſions, ſervices, annuities, fee-farms, knights
" fees, views, of frank-pledge, eſcheats, reliefs, mines,
" quarries, goods and chattels of felons and fugi-
" tives, felons of themſelves, and put in exigent, deo-
" dands, free warrens, and all other royalties and
" ſeignories, rights and juriſdictions, privileges and
" hereditaments whatſoever.——**And alſo** the ad-
" vowſon, donation, preſentation and free diſpoſition
" of the rectory or perſonage of *Shandy* aforeſaid,
" and all and every the tenths, tithes, glebe-lands"

In

——In three words,——" My mother was to lay in " (if ſhe choſe it) in *London*."

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle *Toby Shandy*;—a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my father, which was this:—" That in caſe my mother hereafter ſhould, at any " time, put my father to the trouble and expence of a " *London* journey upon falſe cries and tokens;—— " that for every ſuch inſtance ſhe ſhould forfeit all " the right and title which the covenant gave her " to the next turn;——but to no more,—and ſo on, " *toties quoties*, in as effectual a manner, as if ſuch a " covenant betwixt them had not been made."—This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water,—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo might miſlead her judgment;—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That, in the latter end of *September*, 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain,—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doom'd, by marriage-articles, to have my noſe ſqueez'd as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my

my life, have purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member,—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettiſh kind of a humour. The firſt twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which he ſaid might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved;—then what vexed him more than every thing elſe, was the provoking time of the year,——which, as I told you, was towards the end of *September*, when his wall-fruit and green gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling:——"Had he been "whiſtled up to *London*, upon a *Tom Fool*'s errand, "in any other month of the whole year, he ſhould "not have ſaid three words about it."

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtain'd from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and regiſter'd down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe *Bobby* ſhould fail him. "The diſappointment of this, he "ſaid, was ten times more to a wiſe man than all "the money which the journey, *&c.* had coſt him, "put together,—rot the hundred and twenty pounds, "———he did not mind it a ruſh."

From *Stilton*, all the way to *Grantham*, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolences of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church the firſt *Sunday*;——of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpen'd a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions,—and place his

his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation ;—that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them, all the way.

From *Grantham*, till they had croſs'd the *Trent*, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair.—" Certainly, he " would ſay to himſelf, over and over again, " the " woman could not be deceived herſelf ;——if ſhe " could,——what weakneſs !——tormenting word ! " which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, " before all was over, play'd the duce and all with " him ;"——for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was utter'd, and ſtruck full upon his brain,—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were ;——that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body,——as well as weakneſs of the mind,—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf for a ſtage or two together, How far the cauſe of all theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.——In a word, as ſhe complained to my uncle *Toby*, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt moods,—pſhawing and piſhing all the way down,—yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill

to

to himſelf;—which was the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice, which my uncle *Toby*'s clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign;—when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrin'd and out of temper,——took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,——to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was, to lie-in of her next child in the country to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of that in his temper which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of perſeverance in a good cauſe,—and of obſtinacy in a bad one: Of this my mother had ſo much knowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas to no purpoſe to make any remonſtrance,—ſo ſhe e'en reſolved to ſit down quietly, and make the moſt of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determin'd, that my mother ſhould lie-in of me in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. *Maningham* was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind,——notwithſtanding there was a ſcientific operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wrote a five ſhillings book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf,——but had likewiſe

ſikewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs births, and ſome other caſes of danger which belay us in getting into the world; notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh,——never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it;—no; that's pitiful beyond deſcription;—it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world,—which is *March* 9. 1759,——that my dear, dear *Jenny* obſerving I look'd a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five-and-twenty ſhillings a-yard,—told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble;—and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of tenpence a-yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; only what leſſen'd the honour of it ſomewhat, in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits in relation to his choice.—To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice,—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as poſſible in a caſe of this kind;——he felt himſelf concern'd in a particular manner, that all ſhould go right in the preſent caſe;—from the accumulated ſorrow he lay open to, ſhould any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in

at *Shandy-Hall*.——He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.——"Alas o'day;—had Mrs. *Shandy*, poor "Gentlewoman! had but her wiſh in going up to "town juſt to lie-in and come down again;—which, "they ſay, ſhe begg'd and pray'd for upon her bare "knees,——and which, in my opinion, conſidering "the fortune which Mr. *Shandy* got with her,—was "no ſuch mighty matter to have complied with, the "lady and her babe might both of 'em have been a-"live at this hour."

This exclamation, my father knew was unanſwerable;—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offſpring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious about this point:—my father had extenſive views of things,——and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deeply concern'd in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another —ſet in ſo ſtrong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights:—though, by-the-by,——a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in, a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor; and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down,——a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by *French* politics or *French* invaſions;

——nor

——nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution,—which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared, that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at once, in a ſtate-apoplexy; and then he would ſay, *The Lord have mercy upon us all.*

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper,—without the remedy along with it.

" Was I an abſolute prince," he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he roſe from his arm-chair, " I would appoint able judges " at every avenue of my metropolis, who ſhould take " cognizance of every fool's buſineſs who came there; " —and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, it " appeared not of weight ſufficient to leave his own " home, and come up, bag and baggage, with his " wife and children, farmers ſons, *&c. &c.* at his " backſide, they ſhould be all ſent back, from con- " ſtable to conſtable, like vagrants as they were, to " the place of their legal ſettlements. By this means " I ſhall take care, that my metropolis totter'd not " through its own weight;—that the head be no " longer too big for the body;—that the extremes, " now waſted and pin'd in, be reſtor'd to their due " ſhare of nouriſhment, and regain, with it, their na- " tural ſtrength and beauty:—I would effectually " provide, That the meadows and corn-fields, of my " dominion, ſhould laugh and ſing;—that good " chear and hoſpitality flouriſh once more;—and " that ſuch weight and influence be put thereby into " the hands of the Squirality of my kingdom, as ſhould " counterpoiſe what I perceive my Nobility are now " taking from them.

" Why are there ſo few palaces and gentlemen's " ſeats," he would aſk, with ſome emotion, as he walked acroſs the room, " throughout ſo many de- " licious provinces in *France?* Whence is it that the

" few remaining *Chateaus* amongſt them are ſo diſman-
" tled,—ſo unfurniſhed, and in ſo ruinous and deſo-
" late a condition?—becauſe, Sir," (he would ſay)
" in that kingdom no man has any country-intereſt
" to ſupport;—the little intereſt of any kind, which
" any man has any where in it, is concentrated in
" the court, and the looks of the Grand Monarch;
" by the ſun-ſhine of whoſe countenance, or the
" clouds which paſs acroſs it, every *French* man
" lives or dies."

Another political reaſon which prompted my father ſo ſtrongly to guard againſt the leaſt evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,——was, That any ſuch inſtance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veſſels of the gentry, in his own, or higher ſtations;——which, with the many other uſurped rights which that part of the conſtitution was hourly eſtabliſhing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical ſyſtem of domeſtic government eſtabliſhed in the firſt creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir *Robert Filmer*'s opinion, That the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the eaſtern parts of the world, were, originally, all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſehold and paternal power;—which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government;—— the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies,——was very troubleſome in ſmall ones,—and ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and public, put together,—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begg'd and entreated, ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chuſe for her;—my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted upon

upon her privilege in this matter, to chuſe for herſelf,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end;——talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a Chriſtian,—like a heathen,—like a huſband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man:—My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;—for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match;—'twas ſeven to one.—What could my mother do?——She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrine perſonal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with my father with ſo equal an advantage,——that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle *Toby Shandy* in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this:— Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have drop'd in it,——"That I am a married man."—I own the tender appellation of my dear, dear *Jenny*,—with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might, naturally enough, have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice, and that you do ſo much of it to me, as well as to yourſelf,—as not to prejudge or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence, than I am poſitive, at preſent, can be produced againſt me:—Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, Madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear *Jenny* is my kept miſtreſs;—no,—that would be flattering my charac-

ter in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impoſſibility for ſome volumes that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands.—It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear *Jenny*! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Conſider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear *Jenny* may be my friend.——Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendſhip between the two ſexes may ſubſiſt, and be ſupported without ——— Fy! Mr. *Shandy*:—Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious ſentiment, which ever mixes in friendſhip, where there is a difference of ſex. Let me entreat you to ſtudy the pure and ſentimental parts of the beſt *French* Romances;——it will really, Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what a variety of chaſte expreſſion this delicious ſentiment, which I have the honour to ſpeak of, is dreſs'd out.

CHAP. XIX.

I Would ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in Geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe,——knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too, in philoſophy,—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common tract,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of Chriſtian names, on which he

he thought a great deal more depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was, That there was a ſtrange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irreſiſtibly impreſs'd upon our characters and conduct.

The Hero of *Cervantes* argued not the point with more ſerioufneſs,——nor had he more faith,——or more to ſay on the powers of Necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds,—or on DULCINEA's name, in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of TRISMEGISTUS or ARCHIMEDES, on the one hand,—or of NYKY and SIMKIN on the other. How many CÆSARS and POMPEYS, he would ſay, by mere inſpiration of the names, have been render'd worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and ſpirits been totally depreſs'd and NICODEMUS'D into nothing.

I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks, (or, as the caſe happen'd) my father would ſay,—that you do not heartily ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to thoſe, he would add, who have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it;——and yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in ſtating a caſe to you,—not as a party in the diſpute,—but as a judge, and truſting my appeal upon it to your own good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in this matter;——you are a perſon free from as many narrow prejudices of education as moſt men;—and, if I may preſume to penetrate further into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely becauſe it wants friends. Your ſon!—your dear ſon,—from whoſe ſweet and open temper you have ſo much to expect.—Your BILLY, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS?—Would you, my dear

dear Sir, he would ſay, laying his hand upon your breaſt, with the genteeleſt addreſs,—and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had propoſed the name for your child, and offered you his purſe along with it, would you have conſented to ſuch a deſecration of him?——O my God! he would ſay, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;——you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatneſs of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more ſo, is the principle of it:—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypotheſis, namely, That was your ſon called JUDAS,—the ſordid and treacherous idea, ſo inſeparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his ſhadow, and, in the end, made a miſer and a raſcal of him, in ſpight, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to anſwer this argument,——But, indeed, to ſpeak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irreſiſtible, both in his orations and diſputations;—he was born an orator;—Θεοδίδακτος.—Perſuaſion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logic and Rhetoric were ſo blended up in him,—and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd gueſs at the weakneſſes and paſſions of his reſpondent,——that NATURE might have ſtood up and ſaid,——"This man is e-"loquent." In ſhort, whether he was on the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the queſtion, 'twas hazardous in either caſe to attack him:——And yet, 'tis ſtrange, he had never read *Cicero* nor *Quintilian de Oratore*, nor *Iſocrates*, nor *Ariſtotle*, nor *Longinus* amongſt the ancients;—— nor *Voſſius*, nor *Skioppius*, nor *Ramus*, nor *Farnaby* amongſt the moderns;—and what is more

more aſtoniſhing, he had never in his whole life the leaſt light or ſpark of ſubtilty ſtruck into his mind, by one ſingle lecture upon *Crackenthorp* or *Burgerſdicius*, or any *Dutch* logician or commentator;—he knew not ſo much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* conſiſted; ſo that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at *Jeſus College* in ****,—it was a matter of juſt wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned ſociety,—that a man who knew not ſo much as the names of his tools, ſhould be able to work after that faſhion with 'em.

To work with them in the beſt manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;——for he had a thouſand little ſceptical notions of the comic kind to defend,——moſt of which notions, I verily believe, at firſt entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la Bagatelle;* and as ſuch he would make merry with them for half an hour or ſo, and having ſharpen'd his wit upon 'em, diſmiſs them till another day.

I mention this, not only as a matter of hypotheſis or conjecture upon the progreſs and eſtabliſhment of my father's many odd opinions,—but as a warning to the learned reader againſt the indiſcreet reception of ſuch gueſts, who, after a free and undiſturbed entrance, for ſome years, into our brains,—at length claim a kind of ſettlement there,——working ſometimes like yeaſt;—but more generally after the manner of the gentle paſſion, beginning in jeſt,—but ending in downright earneſt.

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions,—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right;——the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Chriſtian names, however it gain'd footing,

ing, he was ſerious;—he was all uniformity;——he was ſyſtematical, and, like all ſyſtematic reaſoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I repeat it over again;—he was ſerious;—and, in conſequence of it, he would loſe all kind of patience whenever he ſaw people, eſpecially of condition, who ſhould have known better,——as careleſs and as indifferent about the name they impoſed upon their child,—or more ſo, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would ſay, look'd ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, *viz.* That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciouſly given, 'twas not like the caſe of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be clear'd,——and, poſſibly, ſome time or other, if not in the man's life, at leaſt after his death,—be, ſomehow or other, ſet to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would ſay, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:——He knew as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſum'd a power over ſurnames;—but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep further.

It was obſervable, that though my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names;—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom*, were of this claſs: Theſe my father call'd neutral names;—affirming of them, without a ſatyr, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently born them;—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each others effects; for which reaſon, he would often declare, He would not

not give a cherry-ſtone to chuſe amongſt them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of Chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at *Epſom*, when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank heav'n it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing.—*William* ſtood pretty high:——*Numps* again was low with him;—and *Nick*, he ſaid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for TRISTRAM;—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world,—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: So that in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by-the-by, he was frequently involved,——he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth, above the key of the diſcourſe,——and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, Whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembred,——whether he had ever read,—or even whether he had ever heard tell of a man, call'd *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No—, he would ſay,—TRISTRAM!—The thing is impoſſible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions,—unleſs he gives them proper vent:—It was the identical thing which my father did;—for in the year ſixteen, which was too years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*—ſhewing the world, with great candour and modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page, —Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul ?—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman, who though ſingular,—yet inoffenſive in his notions,—ſo played upon in them by croſs propoſes ; ——to look down upon the ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes ; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had purpoſedly been plann'd and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations.——In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day ſuffering ſorrow ;—ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM !——Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound ! which, to his ears, was uniſon to *Nicompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.——By his aſhes ! I ſwear it,—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf in traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man,—it muſt have been here ;—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

————How could you, Madam, be ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chapter ? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papiſt.*——Papiſt ! You told me no ſuch thing, Sir. Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, by direct inference, could tell you ſuch a thing —Then, Sir, I muſt have miſs'd a page. No, Madam,—you have not miſs'd a word.——Then I was aſleep, Sir,—My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge ; and as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as ſoon as you get to the next full ſtop, and read the whole chapter over again.

I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs or cruelty, but from the beſt of motives; and therefore ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back:—'Tis to rebuke a vitious taſte which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf,—of reading ſtraight forwards, more in queſt of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them.—— The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions as it goes along; the habitude of which made *Pliny* the younger affirm, "That he never read a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome profit from it." The ſtories of *Greece* and *Rome*, run over without this turn and application,—do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the hiſtory of *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, or of the Seven Champions of *England*, read with it.

——.——But here comes my fair Lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I deſired you?—You have: and did you not obſerve the paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, which admits the Inference?——Not a Word like it! Then, Madam, be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to ſay, "It was *neceſſary* I ſhould be born before I was chriſten'd." Had my mother, Madam, been a Papiſt, that conſequence did not follow *.

* The *Romiſh* Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in caſes of danger, *before* it is born;—but upon this proviſo, That ſome part or other of the child's body be ſeen by the baptizer:——But the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, by a deliberation held amongſt them, *April* 10, 1733,—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child's body ſhould appear,——that baptiſm ſhall, nevertheleſs, be adminiſtred to it by injection,—*par le moyen d'un petite canulle*,—Anglicè *a ſquirt*—'Tis very ſtrange that St. *Thomas Aquinas*, who had ſo good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of ſchool divinity,—ſhould, after ſo much pains beſtow-

It is a terrible misfortune for this ſame book of mine, but more ſo to the Republic of Letters ;—ſo that my own is quite ſwallowed up in the conſideration of it,—that this ſelf-ſame vile pruriency for freſh adventures in all things, has got ſo ſtrongly into our habit and humours,—and ſo wholly intent are we upon ſatisfying the impatience of our concupiſcence that way,—that nothing but the groſs and more carnal parts of a compoſition will go down :—The ſubtle hints and ſly communications of ſcience fly off, like ſpirits, upwards ;——the heavy moral eſcapes downwards ; and both the one and the other are as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wiſh the male-reader has not paſs'd by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the famale-reader has been detected. I wiſh it may have its effects ;—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

Memoire preſenté à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne *.

UN Chirurgien Accoucheur, repreſente à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, *qu'il y a des cas, quoique trés rares, où une mere ne ſçaurçit accoucher, & même où l'enfant eſt tellement renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mere, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de ſon corps, ce qui ſeroit un cas, ſuivant le Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins ſous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien,*

ed upon this,—give up the point at laſt, as a ſecond *La choſe impoſſible*,—" Infantes in maternis uteris exiſtentes (quoth St. *Thomas*) baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*."—O *Thomas ! Thomas !*

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm, *by injection*, as preſented to the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*,—with their conſultation thereupon, it is as follows.

* Vide Deventer. Paris Edit. 4to, 1734. p. 366.

qui

qui conſulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, *de pouvoir baptiſer immediatement l'enfant, ſans fair aucun tort à la mere.——Il demand ſi ce moyen, qu'il vient de propoſer, eſt permis & légitime, et s'il peut s'en ſervir dans le cas qu'il vient d' expoſer.*

REPONSE.

LE Conſeil eſtime, que la queſtion propoſée ſouffre de grandes difficultes. Les Théologiens poſent d'un coté pour principe, que le baptême, qui eſt une naiſſance ſpirituelle, ſuppoſe une premiere naiſſance ; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renâitre en Jeſus Chriſt, *comme ils l'enſeignent. S* Thomas, 3 part. quæſt. 88. artic. 11. *ſuit cette doctrine comme une verité conſtante : l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs Meres ; et S.* Thomas *eſt fondé ſur ce, que les enfans ne ſont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes ; d'où il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objeƈt d'une action extérieure, pour recevoir par leur miniſtére, les ſacremens néceſſaires au ſalut :* Pueri in maternis uteris exiſtentes nondum prodierunt in lucem, ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant ; unde non poſſunt ſubjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum miniſterium ſacramenta recipiant ad ſalutem. *Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les Théologiens ont établi ſur les mêmes matiéres, & ils deffendent tous d'une maniére uniforme de baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, s'ils ne ſont paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui ſont les régles des diocéſes, paroît former une autorité qui termine la queſtion preſente : Cependant le Conſeil de conſcience conſiderant d'un coté, que le raiſonnement des théologiens eſt uniquement fondé ſur une raiſon de convenance, & que la deffenſe des rituels, ſuppoſe que l'on ne peut baptiſer immediatement les enfans ainſi refermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, ce qui eſt contre la ſuppoſition preſente ; & d'un*

autre côté, conſiderant que les mêmes théologiens enſeignent, que l'on peut riſquer les ſacremens que Jeſus Chriſt *a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais néceſſaires pour ſanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs eſtimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de ſalut, parcequ'ils ſont capables de damnation;—pour ces conſiderations, & en égard à l'expoſé, ſuivant lequel on aſſure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiſer ces enfans ainſi renfermés, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere, le Conſeil eſtime que l'on pourroit ſe ſervir du moyen propoſé, dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laiſſé ces ſortes d'enfans ſans aucuns ſecours, & ſuppoſant, comme il eſt expoſé, que le moyen dont il s'agit eſt propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autoriſant la pratique propoſée, de changer une regle univerſellement établie, le Conſeil croit que celui qui conſulte doit s'addreſſer à ſon evêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, & du danger, du moyen propoſé, & comme, ſous le bon plaiſir de l'evêque, le Conſeil eſtime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui a le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'egliſe, et d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne ſçauroit obliger, quelque ſage & quelque utile que paroiſſe la maniére de baptiſer dont il s'agit, le conſeil ne pourroit l'approuver ſans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conſeile au moins à celui qui conſulte, de s'addreſſer à ſon evêque, & de lui faire part de la preſent déciſion, afin que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſur leſquelles les docteurs ſouſſignés s'appuyent, il puiſſe être autoriſé dans le cas de néceſſité, ou il riſqueroit trop d'attendre que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l'enfant. Au reſte le conſeil, en eſtimant que l'on pourroit s'en ſervir croit cependant, que ſi les enfans dont il s'agit, venoint au monde, contre l'eſperance de ceux qui ſe ſeroient ſervis du même moyen, il ſeroit néceſſaire de les baptiſer* ſous condition, *& en cela le Conſeil ſe conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de ſon corps, enjoignent*

néantmoins,

néantmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiſer ſous condition, *s'il vient heureuſement au monde.*

Déliberé en *Sorbonne*, le 10 *Avril*, 1733.

A. Le Moyne,
L. De Romigny,
De Margilly.

Mr *Triſtram Shandy*'s compliments to Meſſrs. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all the Homunculi at once, ſlap-daſh, by *injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, That if the Homunculi do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, That each and every one of them ſhall be baptized again (*ſous condition.*)——And provided, in the ſecond place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. *Shandy* apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une* petit canulle, and *ſans faire aucun tort à la mere.*

CHAP. XXI.

———I wonder what's all that noiſe, and running backwards and forwards for, above ſtairs, quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my uncle *Toby*,——who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black-pluſh breeches which he had got on;—What can they be doing, brother? quoth my father,—we can ſcarce hear ourſelves talk.

I think, replied my uncle *Toby*, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of his left thumb, as he be-

gan his ſentence,——I think, ſays he:——But to enter rightly into my uncle *Toby*'s ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the out-lines of which I ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

—Pray, what was that man's name,—for I write in ſuch a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,——who firſt made the obſervation, "That there was great inconſtancy in our air and climate?" Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, "That it is this which has furniſhed us with ſuch a variety of odd and whimſical characters;"—that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at leaſt a century and a half after him:—Then again,—that this copious ſtore-houſe of original materials, is the true and natural cauſe that our Comedies are ſo much better than thoſe of *France*, or any others that either have, or can be wrote upon the Continent;——that diſcovery was not fully made till about the middle of King *William*'s reign,—when the great *Dryden*, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I miſtake not) moſt fortunately hit upon it. Indeed towards the latter end of Queen *Anne*, the great *Addiſon* began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators;—but the diſcovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and laſtly, that this ſtrange irregularity in our climate, producing ſo ſtrange an irregularity in our characters,——doth thereby, in ſome ſort, make us amends, by giving us ſomewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not ſuffer us to go out of doors,—that obſervation is my own;—and was ſtruck out by me this very rainy day, *March* 26. 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus,—thus my fellow-labourers and aſſociates in this great harveſt of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by ſlow ſteps of caſual increaſe,

creaſe, that our knowledge phyſical, metaphyſical, phyſiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, æ-nigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, che-mical, and obſtetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (moſt of 'em ending, as theſe do, in *ical*) have, for theſe two laſt centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ακμὴ of their perfec-tions, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of theſe laſt ſeven years, we cannot poſ-ſibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatſoever;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;—and that in time, *As war begets pover-ty, poverty peace*,——muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge;—and then——we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

———Happy! thrice happy Times! I only wiſh that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little alter'd,—or that it could have been put off with any convenience to my father or mother, for ſome twenty or five-and-twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have ſtood ſome chance.———

But I forget my uncle *Toby*, whom all this while we have left knocking the aſhes out of his tobacco pipe.

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had not there appear'd too many ſtrong lines in it of a family-likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft times wondered, that my father,

father, tho' I believe he had his reaſons for it, upon his obſerving ſome tokens of excentricity in my courſe when I was a boy,—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way; for all the SHANDY-FAMILY were of an original character throughout; ——I mean the males,—the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt DINAH, who, about ſixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman; for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of Chriſtian names, would often ſay, She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange,——and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted, between my father and my uncle *Toby*. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt,—as is generally the caſe:—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the SHANDY FAMILY any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge its office.———Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.———My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic *Feſcue*,—or in the deciſive Manner of *Tacitus*, who outwits himſelf and his reader,—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive:—to them I write,——and by them I ſhall be read,——if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long, to the very end of the world.

Why

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf, ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows:

My uncle TOBY SHANDY, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,—poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was, a moſt extreme and unparallel'd modeſty of nature;——though I correct the word *nature*, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing; and that is, Whether this modeſty of his was natural or acquir'd.——Which ever way my uncle *Toby* came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things:——and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſs'd him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: That female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my uncle *Toby* had contracted all this from this very ſource;—that he had ſpent a great part of his time in converſe with your ſex; and, from thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which ſuch fair examples render irreſiſtible,—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wiſh I could ſay ſo;—for unleſs it was with his ſiſter-in-law, my father's wife, and my mother,——my uncle *Toby* ſcarce exchanged three words with the ſex in as many years.——no, he got it, Madam, by a blow.——A blow!—Yes, Madam, it was owing

to

to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of *Namur*, which ſtruck full upon my uncle *Toby*'s groin.—Which way could that effect it? The ſtory of that, Madam, is long and intereſting;—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in its proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you;—'Till then, it is not in my power to give further light into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already,—— That my uncle *Toby* was a gentleman of unparallel'd modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarified by the conſtant heat of a little family-pride,——they both ſo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt DINAH touch'd upon, but with the greateſt emotion.——The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face;—but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family would ſet my uncle *Toby*'s humour and modeſty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aſide, in the greateſt concern imaginable, to expoſtulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the ſtory reſt.

My father, I believe, had the trueſt love and tenderneſs for my uncle *Toby*, that ever one brother bore towards another; and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reaſon could have deſir'd of another, to have made my uncle *Toby*'s heart eaſy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philoſopher in grain,—ſpeculative,—ſyſtematical;—and my aunt *Dinah*'s affair was a matter of as much conſequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to *Copernicus*:—The backſlidings of *Venus* in her orbit fortified

fied the *Copernican* ſyſtem, call'd ſo after his name; and the backſlidings of my aunt *Dinah* in her orbit, did the ſame ſervice in eſtabliſhing my father's ſyſtem, which, I truſt, will for ever hereafter be call'd the *Shandean Syſtem*, after his.

In any other family diſhonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a ſenſe of ſhame as any man whatever;——and neither he, nor, I dare ſay, *Copernicus*, would have divulged the affair in either caſe, or have taken the leaſt notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*, my father would ſay, conſtruing the words to my uncle *Toby*, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, DINAH was my aunt;—*ſed magis amica veritas*——but TRUTH is my ſiſter

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the ſource of many a fraternal ſquabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family diſgrace recorded,——and the other would ſcarce ever let a day paſs to an end without ſome hint at it.

For God's ſake, my uncle *Toby* would cry,——and for my ſake, and for all our ſakes, my dear brother *Shandy*,—do let this ſtory of our aunt's and her aſhes ſleep in peace;——how can you,——how can you have ſo little feeling and compaſſion for the character of our family?——What is the character of a family to an hypotheſis? my father would reply.——Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?——The life of a family!—my uncle *Toby* would ſay, throwing himſelf back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg.——Yes, the life,——my father would ſay, maintaining his point. How many thouſands of 'em are there every year that comes caſt away, (in all civilized countries at leaſt)——and conſider'd as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypotheſis. In my plain ſenſe of things, my uncle *Toby*, would anſwer,——every ſuch inſtance is downright MURDER, let who will

will commit it.——There lies your miſtake, my father would reply;——for, in *Foro Scientiæ* there is no ſuch thing as MURDER;——'tis only DEATH, brother.

My uncle *Toby* would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whiſtling half a dozen bars of *Lillabullero*.——You muſt know it was the uſual channel thro' which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurpriſed him;——but eſpecially when any thing, which he deem'd very abſurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons. Firſt, That, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of argument——as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam*, *ex Abſurdo*, *ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatſoever:——And, ſecondly, That it may be ſaid by children's children, when my head is laid to reſt,——that their learned graadfather's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's:——That he had invented a name, and generouſly thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience. And if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince,—they may add, if they pleaſe, to one of the beſt arguments too.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, ſtrictly order and command, That it be known and diſtinguiſhed by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fiſtulatorium*, and no other;—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever heareafter be treated of in the ſame chapter.

As

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man;—and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman:—As theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture;——and, moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other,—let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop *Hall*, I mean the famous Dr. *Joſeph Hall*, who was Biſhop of *Exeter*, in King *James* the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his Divine Art of Meditation, imprinted at *London*, in the year 1610, by *John Beal*, dwelling in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, "That it is an abomi-"nable thing for a man to commend himſelf;"—and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out;—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreſſions (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,—not for want of penetration in him,—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreſſion;—and it is this; That tho' my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far and as often too as any writer in *Great Britain*; yet I conſtantly

ſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my uncle *Toby*'s moſt whimſical character;—when my aunt *Dinah* and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſyſtem: Notwithſtanding all this you perceive that the drawing of my uncle *Toby*'s character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impoſſible,—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touch'd in, as we went along, ſo that you are much better acquainted with my uncle *Toby* now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too,—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progreſs in her elliptic orbit, which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy;—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought,—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſome ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtably, are the ſunſhine;——they are the life, the ſoul of reading:—Take them out of this book for inſtance,—you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: reſtore them to the writer;——he ſteps forth like a bridegroom;—bids All hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author, whoſe diſtreſs, in this matter, is truly pitiable: For, if he begins a digreſſion,—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock-ſtill;—and if he goes on with his main work,——then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the Fountain of health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Have a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically, and I will not balk my fancy.—Accordingly I ſet off thus.

If the fixure of *Momus*'s glaſs, in the human breaſt, according to the propoſed emendation of that arch-critic, had taken place,——firſt, This fooliſh conſequence would certainly have followed,—That the very wiſeſt and the very graveſt of us all, in one coin or other, muſt have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, ſecondly, That had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair, and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in;—view'd the ſoul ſtark naked;—obſerved all her motions,—her machinations;

tions;—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth;——watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricios; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, *&c.*——then taken your pen and ink, and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to:—But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet,—in the planet *Mercury* (belike) it may be ſo, if not better ſtill for him;——for there the intenſe heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the ſun, to be more than equal to that of red hot iron,—muſt, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit them for the climate (which is the final cauſe); ſo that, betwixt them both, all the tenements of their ſouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elſe, for aught the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhew to the contrary, but one fine tranſparent body of clear glaſs (bating the umbilical knot);—ſo that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paſſing through them, become ſo monſtrouſly refracted,——or return reflected from their ſurfaces in ſuch tranſverſe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be ſeen through;—his ſoul might as well, unleſs, for more ceremony,—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I ſay, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own houſe.

But this, as I ſaid above, is not the caſe of the inhabitants of this earth;—our minds ſhine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncryſtalized fleſh and blood; ſo that if we would come to the ſpecific characters of them, we muſt go ſome other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactneſs.

Some,

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind inſtruments.—*Virgil* takes notice of that way in the affair of *Dido* and *Æneas* ;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame ;——and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the *Italians* pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-inſtrument they uſe,—which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place ;—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us,—but never think of making a drawing by it ;—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *ad populum* : —And therefore I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations ;—but this often gives a very incorrect outline,—unleſs, indeed, you take a ſketch of his repletions too ; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of the lamp,—and be render'd ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his *Non Naturals*. ——Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be call'd his Non-natural's,—is another queſtion.

There are others, fourthly, who diſdain every one of theſe expedients ;—not from any fertility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphic Brethren * of the bruſh have ſhewn in taking copies — Theſe, you muſt know, are your great hiſtorians.

† Pentagraph, an inſtrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

One of theſe you will ſee drawing a full-length character *againſt the light* ;—that's illiberal,—diſhoneſt,—and hard upon the character of the man who ſits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *Camera* ;—that is moſt unfair of all,—becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors, in giving you my uncle *Toby*'s character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;———nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or on the other ſide of the *Alps* ;—nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges,—or touch upon his Non-Naturals ;—but, in a word, I will draw my uncle *Toby*'s character from his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my uncle *Toby*'s character,——I would here previouſly have convinced him, that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitch'd upon.

A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, though I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other, yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies,—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the HOBBY-HORSE.—By long journies and much friction, it ſo happens that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;———ſo that if you

you are able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle *Toby* always rode upon, was, in my opinion, an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from *York* to *Dover*,—— from *Dover* to *Penzance* in *Cornwall*, and from *Penzance* to *York* back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,——whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no: But as the Philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the ſceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion, ſave that of riſing up upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room;—ſo would my uncle Toby uſe no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about;—leaving the world after that to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle *Toby* mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my uncle *Toby* ſo well, ——that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him:—But to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you firſt, how my uncle *Toby* came by him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wound in my uncle *Toby's* groin, which he received at the ſiege of *Namur*, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he ſhould return to *England*, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffer'd unſpeakable miſeries,—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliations from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os ilium*,——both which bones were diſmally cruſh'd, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its ſize,—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle *Toby*'s groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it,—which he would often tell him was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in *London*, and had taken a houſe; and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle *Toby* could no where be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe,——he aſſign'd him the very beſt apartment in it.—And what was a much more ſincere mark of his affection ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother *Toby*, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it;—my uncle's viſiters at leaſt thought ſo, and in their

their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject,—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my uncle *Toby* received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himſelf out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What theſe perplexities of my uncle *Toby* were, ——'tis impoſſible for you to gueſs:—If you could, —I ſhould bluſh; not as a relation,—not as a man, —nor even as a woman,—but I ſhould bluſh as an author; inaſmuch as I ſet no ſmall ſtore by myſelf upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to gueſs at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of ſo nice and ſingular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the leaſt judgment or probable conjecture to yourſelf, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

THE

LIFE

AND

OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὰς Ἀνθρώπους ὐ τὰ Πραγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δογματα.

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THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I Have begun a new book, on purpoſe that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle *Toby* was involved, from the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of *Namur*, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King *William*'s wars,—but if he has not,—I then inform him, that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* upon the point of the advanced counterſcarp, before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the *Engliſh* were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of *St. Roch*: The iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this; That the *Dutch* lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard,

—and that the *Engliſh* made themſelves maſters of the covered way before *St. Nicolas*'s gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the *French* officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle *Toby* was an eye-witneſs at *Namur*,——the army of the beſiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from ſeeing much of each other's operations,—my uncle *Toby* was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between the ſcarp and counterſcarp,——the glacis and covered way,——the half-moon and ravelin,——as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms;——ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle *Toby* was in one of his beſt explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle *Toby*, was this,—that in the attack of the counterſcarp before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, extending itſelf from the bank of the *Maes* quite up to the great water-ſtop,—the ground was cut and croſs-cut with ſuch a multitude of dikes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides,—— and he would get ſo ſadly bewilder'd and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards

to

to ſave his life; and was oft times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle *Toby Shandy* more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh inquirers,—he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great command of himſelf,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men:—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered way without falling down the counterſcarp, nor croſs the dike without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly:—He did ſo—and theſe little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read *Hippocrates*, yet, whoever has read *Hyppocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion,—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner!)——may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxiſms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

—My uncle *Toby* could not philoſophize upon it;—'twas enough he felt it was ſo,—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months together, he was reſolved ſome way or other to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lie in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing, and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortifications of the town and citadel of *Namur*, with its invirons, it might be a

means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon,—becauſe my uncle *Toby*'s wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi baſtion of *St Roch* :——ſo that he was pretty confident he could ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding in when the ſtone ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes, and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanations, but, in the end, it prov'd the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. II.

THERE is nothing ſo fooliſh, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things ſo badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refined taſte run it down : Nor is there any thing ſo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offenſive, of beſtowing your attention upon the reſt of your gueſts in ſo particular a way, as if there was no ſuch thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

———I guard againſt both : for, in the firſt place, I have left half a dozen places purpoſely open for them;—and, in the next place, I pay them all court, Gentlemen, I kiſs your hands,—I proteſt no company could give me half the pleaſure,—by my ſoul I am glad to ſee you,——I beg only you will make no ſtrangers of yourſelves, but ſit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaiſance ſo far, as to have left a ſeventh open for them,—and in this very ſpot I ſtand on;—but being told by a critic, (tho' not by occupation,—

occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myſelf well enough, I ſhall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I ſhall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

———How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle *Toby*, who, it ſeems, was a military man, and whom you have repreſented as no fool,—be at the ſame time ſuch a confuſed, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critic, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it. ———'Tis language unurbane,——and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and ſatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the firſt cauſes of human ignorance and confuſion. It is moreover the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have ſuited my uncle *Toby*'s character as a ſoldier excellently well,—and had he not accuſtomed himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to whiſtle the *Lillabullero*,—as he wanted not courage, 'tis the very anſwer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You ſee as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my ſimilies, my alluſions, my illuſtrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I muſt ſuſtain my character properly, and contraſt it properly too,—elſe what would become of me? Why, Sir, I ſhould be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place againſt a critic,—I ſhould have made an opening for a couple.

———Therefore I anſwer thus:

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ſuch a book as *Locke*'s Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding?———Don't anſwer me raſhly,—becauſe many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it who underſtand it not:—If either of theſe is your caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I will tell you in three words

what the book is.—It is a hiſtory.—A hiſtory! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourſelf.——It is a hiſtory-book, Sir, (which may poſſibly recommend it to the world) of what paſſes in a man's own mind; and if you will ſay ſo much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphyſic circle.

But this by the way.

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cauſe of obſcurity and confuſion, in the mind of man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the firſt place. Secondly, ſlight and tranſient impreſſions made by objects when the ſaid organs are not dull. And, thirdly, a memory like unto a ſieve, not able to retain what it has received.—Call down *Dolly* your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter ſo plain that *Dolly* herſelf ſhall underſtand it as well as *Malbranch*.——When *Dolly* has indited her epiſtle to *Robin*, and has thruſt her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right-ſide;——take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception, can, by nothing in this world, be ſo aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which *Dolly*'s hand is in ſearch of.—Your organs are not ſo dull that I ſhould inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red ſeal-wax.

When this is melted and dropp'd upon the letter, if *Dolly* fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over harden'd, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the uſual impulſe which was wont to imprint it. Very well: If *Dolly*'s wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too ſoft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impreſſion, how hard ſoever *Dolly* thruſts againſt it; and laſt of all, ſuppoſing

ſuppoſing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but a p-plied thereto in careleſs haſte, as her Miſtreſs rings t he bell;—in any one of theſe three caſes, the print, l eft by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a braſs-jack.

Now you muſt underſtand that not one of theſe was the true cauſe of the confuſion in my uncle *Toby*'s diſcourſe; and it is for that very reaſon I enlarge upon them ſo long, after the manner of great phyſiologiſts, to ſhew the world what it did *not* ariſe from.

What it did ariſe from, I have hinted above, and a fertile ſource of obſcurity it is,—and ever will be;—and that is, the unſteady uſes of words, which have perplexed the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings.

It is ten to one (at *Arthur*'s) whether you have ever read the literary hiſtories of paſt ages;—if you have,—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachies, have they occaſioned and perpetuated with ſo much gall and ink-ſhed,—that a good natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic! when thou haſt weigh'd all this, and conſider'd within thyſelf how much of thy own knowledge, diſcourſe, and converſation has been peſtered and diſordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:——What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about ἐσια and ὑποστασις, and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about ſpirit;—about eſſences, and about quinteſſences;——about ſubſtances, and about ſpace——what confuſion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a ſenſe:—when thou conſiders this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle *Toby*'s perplexities;—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp and his counterſcarp;—his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin

velin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,——by heaven! his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. III.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* got his map of *Namur* to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application, which, by-the-by, did my uncle *Toby*'s wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled, by the help of ſome margina documents at the feet of the elephant, together with *Gobeſius*'s military architecture and pyroballogy, tranſlated from the *Flemiſh*, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterſcarp with great order;——but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his firſt motive made neceſſary,—my uncle *Toby* was able to croſs the *Maes* and *Sambre*; make diverſions as far as *Vauban*'s line, the abbey of *Salſines*, *&c.* and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of *St. Nicolas*, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it. The more my uncle *Toby* pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it;—by the ſame proceſs and electrical aſſimilation, as I told you, thro' which I ween the ſouls of connoiſſeurs themſelves, by long friction and incumbition,

incumbition, have the happineſs, at length, to get all be-virtu'd,—be-pictur'd,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle *Toby* drank of this ſweet fountain of ſcience, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirſt; ſo that, before the firſt year of his confinement had well gone round, there was ſcarce a fortified town in *Italy* or *Flanders*, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan; reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the hiſtories of their ſieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works; all which he would read with that intenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the ſecond year my uncle *Toby* purchaſed *Ramelli* and *Cataneo*, tranſlated from the *Italian*;—— likewiſe *Stevinus*, *Marolis*, the Chevalier *de Ville Lorini*, *Cochorn*, *Sheeter*, the Count *de Pagan*, the Marſhal *Vauban*, Monſ. *Blondel*, with almoſt as many more books of military architecture, as Don *Quixote* was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in *Auguſt*, ninety-nine, my uncle *Toby* found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles:—And having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with *N. Tartaglia*, who it ſeems was the firſt man who detected the impoſition of a cannon-ball's doing all that miſchief under the notion of a right line.—This *N. Tartaglia* proved to my uncle *Toby* to be an impoſſible thing.

——Endleſs is the Search of Truth!

No ſooner was my uncle *Toby* ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was inſenſibly led on,

on, and reſolved in his mind to inquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old *Maltus*, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to *Gallileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe path to be a PARABOLA,—or elſe an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic ſection of the ſaid path was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, form'd by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemi-parameter,———ſtop! my dear uncle *Toby*,—ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewilder'd tract;—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the maſes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom, KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee.—O my uncle! fly—fly—fly from it as from a ſerpent—Is it fit, good-natur'd man! thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?—Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms,—check thy perſpirations,—evaporate thy ſpirits,—waſte thy animal ſtrength,—dry up thy radical moiſture,—bring thee into a coſtive habit of body, impair thy health,—and haſten all the infirmities of thy old age.—O my uncle! my uncle *Toby!*

CHAP. IV.

I Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not underſtand this,——That the beſt plain narrative in the world, tack'd very cloſe to the laſt ſpirited apoſtrophe to my uncle *Toby*,—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter,—though I was in the middle of my ſtory.

———Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common

common with painters;—Where an exact copying makes our pictures leſs ſtriking, we chuſe the leſs evil; deeming it even more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth, than beauty.—This is to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis;* but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe,—'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle *Toby* perceiving that the parameter and ſemi-parameter of the conic ſection angred his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily irregularity of a clean ſhirt——to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven,——and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound, concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing how it went on: When, lo! —all of a ſudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery, —complain'd to my father, grew impatient with the ſurgeon;—and one morning as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed at leaſt by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment;—adding, that had it not been for the kind looks, and fraternal cheerings of the beſt of brothers,—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: My uncle *Toby*'s eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected.—My uncle *Toby*, by nature, was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect.—The ſurgeon was confounded;—

not

not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater, marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too: In the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my uncle *Toby*'s carriage;—he had never once dropp'd one fretful or diſcontented word;—he had been all patience,—all ſubmiſſion.

—We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it;——but we oftener treble the force:—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed;—but much more ſo, when he heard my uncle *Toby* go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly,——or ſending for Monſieur *Ronjat*, the King's Sergeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;—the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter-paſſion to it: Theſe my uncle *Toby* had in common with his ſpecies:—and either of them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors;——but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way;—and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhew'd itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my uncle *Toby*'s head:—There was ſo, and 'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my uncle *Toby* in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. V.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of a ruling paſſion,——or, in other words, when his HOBBY HORSE grows headſtrong,—farewell cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My

My uncle *Toby*'s wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his ſurpriſe, and could get leave to ſay as much—he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happen'd, which there was no ſigns of,—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my uncle *Toby*'s mind. —The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid,—he broil'd with impatience to put his deſign in execution; —and ſo, without conſulting further with any ſoul living,——which, by-the-by, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one ſoul's advice, —he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change. —So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's,—he pack'd up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, *&c.*—and, by the help of a crutch on one ſide, and *Trim* on the other,——my uncle *Toby* embark'd for *Shandy-Hall*.

The reaſon, or rather the riſe, of this ſudden demigration, was as follows:

The table in my uncle *Toby*'s room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, *&c.* about him,—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crouded upon it;—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compaſſes; and in ſtooping to take the compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of inſtruments and ſnuffers;—and as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling,—he thruſt Monſieur *Blondel* off the table, and Count *de Pagan* o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my uncle *Toby* was, to think of redreſſing all theſe evils by himſelf,—he rung his bell for his man *Trim*;—*Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby*, prithee ſee what confuſion I have here been making.—I muſt have ſome better contrivance, *Trim*.—Can'ſt not thou take my rule and meaſure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and beſpeak me one as big again?—Yes, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow;—but I hope your Honour will be ſoon well enough to get down to your country ſeat, where,—as your Honour takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I muſt here inform you, that this ſervant of my uncle *Toby*'s, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company;——his real name was *James Butler*,—but having got the nick name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle *Toby*, unleſs when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been diſabled for the ſervice, by a wound on his left knee by a muſket-bullet, at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*;—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his ſervant; and of excellent uſe was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, ſempſter, and nurſe; and indeed, from firſt to laſt, waited upon him and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him ſtill, was the ſimilitude of their knowledge:—For Corporal *Trim*, (for ſo, for the future, I ſhall call him) by four years occaſional attention to his Maſter's diſcourſe upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually

tinually into his Maſter's plans, *&c.* excluſive and beſides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-ſervant, *Non Hobby-horſical per ſe* ;———had become no mean proficient in the ſcience ; and was thought, by the cook and chambermaid, to know as much of the nature of ſtrong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himſelf.

I have but one more ſtroke to give to finiſh Corporal *Trim*'s character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow lov'd to adviſe,—or rather to hear himſelf talk : his carriage, however, was ſo perfectly reſpectful, 'twas eaſy to keep him ſilent when you had him ſo ; but ſet his tongue a-going,——you had no hold of him ;——he was voluble ;——the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the reſpectfulneſs of Corporal *Trim*'s manner, interceding ſo ſtrong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,——you could not well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was ſeldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at leaſt, this fault, in *Trim*, broke no ſquares with 'em. My uncle *Toby*, as I ſaid, loved the man ;—and beſides, as he ever look'd upon a faithful ſervant,—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to ſtop his mouth.—Such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durſt preſume, continued *Trim*, to give your Honour my advice, and ſpeak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—ſpeak,—ſpeak what thou thinkeſt upon the ſubject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim*, (not hanging his ears and ſcratching his head like a country lout, but) ſtroking his hair back from his forehead, and ſtanding erect as before his diviſion.——I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinn'd againſt the hangings,—I think, quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble ſubmiſſion to your Honour's better judgment,—that theſe ravelins, baſtions,

curtins, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourſelves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleaſed with: As ſummer is coming on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might ſit out of doors, and give me the nography—— (call it ichnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or citadel, your honour was pleaſed to ſit down before—and I will be ſhot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind.—I dare ſay thou would'ſt *Trim*, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles——That I could do very well, quoth my uncle—I would begin with the foſsé; and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth,—I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle,—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the ſcarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterſcarp.—Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—And when I had ſloped them to your mind,—an' pleaſe your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the fineſt fortifications are done in *Flanders*, with ſods,——and as your Honour knows they ſhould be———and I would make the walls and parapets with ſods too;—The beſt engineers call them gazons, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*;—Whether they are gazons or ſods is not much matter, replied *Trim*, your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or ſtone;——I know they are, *Trim*, in ſome reſpects,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbiſh down with it, which might fill the foſsé, (as was the caſe at *St. Nicolas's Gate*) and facilitate the paſſage over it.

Your Honour underſtands theſe matters, replied Corporal *Trim*, better than any officer in his Majeſty's ſervice;——but would your honour pleaſe to

let

let the beſpeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions, like a horſe, and make fortifications for you ſomething like a tanſy, with all their batteries, ſaps, ditches, and paliſadoes, that it ſhould be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and ſee it.

My uncle *Toby* bluſhed as red as ſcarlet as *Trim* went on ;—but it was not a bluſh of guilt,—of modeſty,—or of anger ;—it was a bluſh of joy ;—he was fired with Corporal *Trim*'s project and deſcription.—*Trim !* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, thou haſt ſaid enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued *Trim*, on the very day that his Majeſty and the Allies take the field, and demoliſh them town by town as faſt as —— *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, ſay no more.—Your Honour, continued *Trim* might ſit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would———Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——Beſides, your Honour would get not only pleaſure and good paſtime,—but good air, and good exerciſe, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou haſt ſaid enough, *Trim*,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project mightily ;—And if your Honour pleaſes, I'll, this moment, go and buy a pioneer's ſpade to take down with us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of——Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture;——and thruſting a guinea into *Trim*'s hand, ——*Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſay no more;—but go down, *Trim*, this moment, my lad, and bring up my ſupper this inſtant.

Trim ran down and brought up his Maſter's ſupper —to no purpoſe :——*Trim*'s plan of operation ran ſo in my uncle *Toby*'s head, he could not taſte it. —*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get me to bed ;—'twas all one.—Corporal *Trim*'s deſcription had fired

his imagination,—my uncle *Toby* could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſider'd it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to him;—ſo that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at *Shandy*, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre;—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal *Trim* wiſhed for;—ſo that as *Trim* uttered the words, "A rood and a "half of ground to do what they would with,"—— this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted, all at once, upon the retina of my uncle *Toby*'s fancy;———which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt, of heightening his bluſh to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

Never did lover poſt down to a belov'd miſtreſs with more heat and expectation, than my uncle *Toby* did, to enjoy this ſelf-ſame thing in private:—I ſay in private;——for it was ſheltered from the houſe, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three ſides, from mortal ſight, by rough holly and thickſet flowering ſhrubs;—ſo that the idea of not being ſeen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleaſure preconceived in my uncle *Toby*'s mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about, ——or private ſoever it might ſeem,—to think, dear uncle *Toby*, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,—and not have it known!

How

How my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* managed this matter,—with the hiſtory of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no unintereſting under-plot in the epitaſis and working up of this drama —At preſent the ſcene muſt drop,—and change for the parlour fire-ſide.

CHAP. VI.

———What can they be doing, brother? ſaid my father.—I think, replied my uncle *Toby*,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the aſhes out of it as he began his ſentence;—I think, replied he,—it would not be amiſs, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, *Obadiah?*—quoth my father;—my brother and I can ſcarce hear ourſelves ſpeak.

Sir, anſwer'd *Obadiah*, making a bow towards his left ſhoulder,—my Miſtreſs is taken very badly;—and where's *Suſannah* running down the garden there, as if they were going to raviſh her?——Sir, ſhe is running the ſhorteſt cut into the town, replied *Obadiah*, to fetch the old midwife.———Then ſaddle a horſe, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife, with all our ſervices,—and let him know your Miſtreſs is fallen into labour,—and that I deſire he will return with you with all ſpeed.

It is very ſtrange, ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my uncle *Toby*, as *Obadiah* ſhut the door,—as there is ſo expert an operator as Dr. *Slop* ſo near—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the very laſt in this obſtinate humour of hers, in truſting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;——and not only the life of my child, brother, but her own life, and with

it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, my ſiſter does it to ſave the expence:—A pudding's end,—replied my father,——the doctor muſt be paid the ſame for inaction as action,—if not better,—to keep him in temper.

———Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the ſimplicity of his heart,—but MODESTY:—My ſiſter, I dare ſay, added he, does not care to let a man come ſo near her * * * *. I will not ſay whether my uncle *Toby* had completed the ſentence or not;———'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had,——as, I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle *Toby* had not fully arrived at his period's end.—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians ſtyle the *Apoſiopeſis*.—Juſt heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the *Italian* artiſts—the inſenſible MORE or LESS, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddleſtick, *et cætera*,—give the true ſwell, which give the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen!—be nice;—be cautious of your language;——and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——"My ſiſter, mayhap," quoth my uncle *Toby*, "does not chuſe to let a man come ſo near her * * * *" Make this daſh,—'tis an Apoſiopeſis.—Take the daſh away, and write *Backſide*,——'tis Bawdy.—Scratch Backſide out, and put *Cover'd way* in,—'tis a Metaphor;—and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much

much in my uncle *Toby*'s head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence,—that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe, or not the caſe;—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe ſo critically, happened thro' accident or anger,—will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THO' my father was a good natural philoſopher,—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapp'd ſhort in the middle,——he had nothing to do,—as ſuch,—but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no ſuch thing;—he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action ſtill more emphaſis,—he ſtarted up upon both his legs to do it.

This look'd ſomething like heat;——and the manner of his reply to what my uncle *Toby* was ſaying, prov'd it was ſo.

—"Not chuſe," quoth my father, repeating my uncle *Toby*'s words, "to let a man come ſo near her"——By heaven, brother *Toby*, you would try the patience of a *Job*;—aad I think I have the plagues of one already, without it.——Why?—Where?—Wherein?——Wherefore?—Upon what account, replied my uncle *Toby*, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.——To think, ſaid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing ſo little about women!—I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*; and I think, continued he, that the ſhock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;—which ſhock you know I ſhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the ſex,—has given me juſt cauſe to ſay,

That

That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em, or their concerns either.——Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is ſaid in *Ariſtotle*'s *Maſter-Piece*, "That when "a man doth think of any thing which is paſt,—he "looketh down upon the ground;—but that when "he thinketh of ſomething which is to come, he look-"eth up towards the heavens."

My uncle *Toby*, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither,—for he look'd horizontally.—Right end,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, form'd by a bad joint in the chimney-piece.—Right end of a woman!——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is, than the man in the moon;—and if I was to think, continued my uncle *Toby*, (keeping his eye ſtill fix'd upon the bad joint) this month together, I am ſure I ſhould not be able to find it out.

Then, brother *Toby*, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a freſh pipe)—every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother *Toby*, has two handles—Not always, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—At leaſt, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the ſame thing.—Now, if a man was to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the make, the ſhape, the conſtruction, com-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which conſtitute the whole of that animal, call'd Woman, and compare them analogically—I never underſtood rightly the meaning of that word,——quoth my uncle *Toby*.——ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different—Here a devil of a rap at the door

ſnapp'd

ſnapp'd my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the ſame time cruſhed the head of as notable and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation;—it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely deliver'd of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf,—(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtic miſadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading ſince my uncle *Toby* rung the bell, when *Obadiah* was order'd to ſaddle a horſe, and go for Dr. *Slop* the man-midwife;—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed *Obadiah* time enough, poetically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come;———though, morally and truly ſpeaking, the man, perhaps, has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſtance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door;—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three fifths,——ſhould take upon him to inſult over me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability, of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration and of its ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas,—and is the true ſcholaſtic pendulum,——and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter,—adjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would

I would therefore desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from *Shandy-Hall* to Dr. *Slop*, the man midwife's house;—and that whilst *Obadiah* has been going those said miles and back, I have brought my uncle *Toby* from *Namur*, quite across all *Flanders*, into *England*:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have since travelled him and Corporal *Trim*, in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into *Yorkshire*;—all which put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. *Slop* upon the stage,—as much, at least (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,—when I have said all I can about them;—and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a profess'd ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal:———If I am thus pressed——I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—by acquainting him, that *Obadiah* had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard before he met with Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him,—and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself;—but this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IMagine to yourself, a little, squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such

Such were the outlines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, which, —if you have read *Hogarth*'s analyſis of beauty, and if you have not, I wiſh you would,—you muſt know, may as certainly be caracatur'd and convey'd to the mind by three ſtrokes as three hundred.

Imagine ſuch a one,—for ſuch, I ſay, were the outlines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony,—of a pretty colour; —but of ſtrength,—alack!——ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not ———Imagine to yourſelf, *Obadiah* mounted upon a ſtrong monſter of a coach-horſe, prick'd into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

Pray, Sir, let me intereſt you a moment in this deſcription.

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate,——ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approach'd, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. *Slop* in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of *Whiſton*'s comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horſe.———In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's pony quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been, when you read (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy-Hall*, and had approach'd to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall,—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane,——when *Obadiah* and his coach-

horſe turn'd the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible, than ſuch a rencounter,—ſo imprompt! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Dr. *Slop* was!

What could Dr. *Slop* do?—He croſs'd himſelf + —Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a papiſt.—No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel. He had ſo;—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all;—for in croſſing himſelf, he let go his whip,—and in attempting to ſave his whip betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipp'd, he loſt his ſtirrup,—in loſing which, he loſt his ſeat;—and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by-the-by, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that, without waiting for *Obadiah*'s onſet, he left his pony to its deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. *Slop*;—— once as he was falling,—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.—Ill-timed complaiſance!——had not the fellow better have ſtopp'd his horſe, and got off and help'd him?—Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow:—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that *Obadiah* could not do it all at once;——he rode in a circle three times round Dr. *Slop*, before he could fully accompliſh it any how;—and at the laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an exploſion of mud, that *Obadiah* had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Dr. *Slop* ſo beluted, and ſo tranſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Dr. *Slop* entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle *Toby* were diſcourſing upon the nature of women,—it was hard to determine whether Dr. *Slop*'s figure, or Dr. *Slop*'s preſence, occaſioned more ſurpriſe to them; for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for *Obadiah* to remount him,—*Obadiah* had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unaneal'd,* with all his ſtains and blotches on him. ——He ſtood like *Hamlet*'s ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door (*Obadiah* ſtill holding his hand) with all the majeſty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmear'd,—and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with *Obadiah*'s exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle *Toby* to have triumph'd over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. *Slop* in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion, "That mayhap his ſiſter might not "care to let ſuch a Dr. *Slop* come ſo near her "* * * * *." But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle *Toby* was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it.—No; the reaſon was,—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Dr. *Slop*'s preſence, at that time, was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; tho', it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have ſolved it; for he had apprized Dr. *Slop* but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing ſince, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a

ride to *Shandy-Hall*, as he did, merely to ſee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—meaſuring their diſtance,—and keeping his mind ſo intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing elſe,—common-place infirmity of the greateſt mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonſtration, and ſo waſting all their ſtrength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door, ſtruck likewiſe ſtrong upon the ſenſorium of my uncle *Toby*,—but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcileable pulſations inſtantly brought *Stevinus*, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle *Toby*'s mind:—What buſineſs *Stevinus* had in this affair,—is the greateſt problem of all;—it ſhall be ſolved,—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

WRiting, when properly managed, (as you may be ſure I think mine is), is but a different name for converſation: As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—ſo no author, who underſtands the juſt boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would preſume to think all: The trueſt reſpect which you can pay to the reader's underſtanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him ſomething to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourſelf.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as buſy as my own.

'Tis

'Tis his turn now;—I have given an ample deſcription of Dr. *Slop*'s ſad overthrow, and of his ſad appearance in the back-parlour;——his imagination muſt now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. *Slop* has told his tale;—and in what words, and with what aggravations his fancy chuſes:——Let him ſuppoſe, that *Obadiah* has told his tale alſo, and with ſuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will beſt contraſt the two figures as they ſtand by each other:—Let him imagine, that my father has ſtepp'd up ſtairs to ſee my mother:—And, to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the doctor waſh'd,——rubb'd down,——condoled with,—felicitated,—got into a pair of *Obadiah*'s pumps, ſtepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. *Slop!*—ſtay thy obſtetric hand;—return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm;—little doſt thou know what obſtacles;—little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes retard its operation!—Haſt thou, Dr. *Slop*,—haſt thou been entruſted with the ſecret articles of this ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place? Art thou aware, that at this inſtant, a daughter of *Lucina* is put obſtetrically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true.—Beſides, great ſon of *Pilumnus!* what canſt thou do?——Thou haſt come forth unarm'd;—thou haſt left thy *tire tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *ſquirt*, and all thy inſtruments of ſalvation and deliverance behind thee.———By heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two piſtols at thy bed's head!—Ring;—call;—ſend *Obadiah* back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed.

Make great haſte, *Obadiah*, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I'll give him another.

CHAP. XII.

YOUR ſudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop* (all three of them ſitting down to the fire together, as my uncle *Toby* began to ſpeak)—inſtantly brought the great *Stevinus* into my head, who, you muſt know, is a favourite author with me.——Then added my father, making uſe of the argument *Ad crumenam*,—— I will lay twenty guineas to a ſingle crown piece, (which will ſerve to give a way to *Obadiah* when he gets back) that this ſame *Stevinus* was ſome engineer or other,—or has wrote ſomething or other,—either directly or indirectly, upon the ſcience of fortification.

He has ſo,—replied my uncle *Toby*.—I knew it, ſaid my father;—though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot ſee what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. *Slop*'s ſudden coming, and a diſcourſe upon fortification:—yet I fear'd it.——Talk of what we will, brother,—or let the occaſion be never ſo foreign or unfit for the ſubject,—you are ſure to bring it in: I would not, brother *Toby*, continued my father—I declare I would not have my head ſo full of curtins and horn-works———That, I dare ſay, you would not, quoth Dr. *Slop*, interrupting him, and laughing moſt immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;——he would grow teſty upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a ſerious diſcourſe, was as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe;—he ſaw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*,——the curtins my brother *Shandy* mentions here, have nothing to do with bed-ſteads;—though,

though, I know, *Du Cange* ſays, "That bed-cur-"tains, in all probability, have taken their name "from them;"—nor have the horn-works, he ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom:——But the *curtin*, Sir, is the word we uſe in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two baſtions and joins them.——Beſiegers ſeldom offer to carry on their attacks directly againſt the curtin, for this reaſon, becauſe they are ſo well *flanked*. ('Tis the caſe of other curtins, quoth Dr. *Slop*, laughing). However, continued my uncle *Toby*, to make them ſure, we generally chuſe to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the foſſé or ditch:—The common men, who knew very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or conſtruction, for we make them exactly alike in all points;—for they always conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight, but in form of a creſcent.—Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little teſtily)—In their ſituations, anſwered my uncle *Toby*:—For when a ravelin, brother, ſtands before the curtin, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewiſe is a half-moon, and no more, ſo long as it ſtands before its baſtion;—but was it to change place, and get before the curtin,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that caſe is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.—I think, quoth my father, that the noble ſcience of defence has its weak ſides,—as well as others.

—As for the horn-works (heigh! ho! ſighed my father) which, continued my uncle *Toby*, my brother was ſpeaking of, they are a very conſiderable part of an outwork;—they are called by the *French* engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover ſuch places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than the reſt;—'tis form'd by two epaulments or demi-

mi-baſtions,—they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth your trouble.——I own, continued my uncle *Toby*, when we crown them,—they are much ſtronger; but then they are very expenſive, and take up a great deal of ground; ſo that, in my opinion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe the double tenaille——By the mother who bore us! —— brother *Toby*, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,——you would provoke a ſaint:—Here have you got us, I know not how, not only ſouſe into the middle of the old ſubject again; but ſo full is your head of theſe confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour,—and you hear her cry out—yet nothing will ſerve you but to carry off the man-midwife ——*Accoucheur*,—if you pleaſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*.—With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,——but I wiſh the whole ſcience of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thouſands,——and it will be mine, in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother *Toby*, have my brains ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, paliſadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and ſuch trumpery, to be proprietor of *Namur*, and of all the towns in *Flanders* with it.

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this ſecond book, "That he was a man of "courage:—And will add here, where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth.—I know no man under whoſe arm I would ſooner have taken ſhelter: nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this inſult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;——but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it;——all was mix'd up ſo kindly within him, my uncle *Toby* had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzz'd about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle *Toby*, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go poor devil, get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?—This world ſurely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened;—but whether it was, that the action itſelf was more in uniſon to my nerves at that age of pity, which inſtantly ſet my whole frame into one vibration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſation;—or how far the manner and expreſſion of it might go towards it;—or in what degree, or by what ſecret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a paſſage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the leſſon of univerſal good will then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby*, has never ſince been worn out of my mind: And though I would not depreciate what the ſtudy of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the univerſity, have done for me in that reſpect, or diſcredit the other helps of an expenſive education beſtowed upon me, both at home and abroad ſince;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impreſſion.

☞ This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

I could not give the reader this ſtroke in my uncle *Toby*'s picture, by the inſtrument with which I drew the other parts of it,——that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeneſs;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader muſt long ago have noted; he had

had a much more acute and quick ſenſibility of nature, attended with a little ſoreneſs of temper. Though this never tranſported him to any thing which looked like malignancy;——yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to ſhew itſelf in a drolliſh and witty kind of peeviſhneſs:——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature,——at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this ſubacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle *Toby*, whom he truly loved,——he would feel more pain, ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt *Dinah*, or where an hypotheſis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appear'd with great advantage in this affair which aroſe about *Stevinus*.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,—that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him, and that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes, at my uncle *Toby*'s, could not be unfelt by him.—No,—as I ſaid above, my uncle *Toby* did feel them, and very ſenſibly too.

Pray, Sir, what ſaid he?—How did he behave?—Oh, Sir!—it was great: For as ſoon as my father had done inſulting his HOBBY-HORSE,—he turned his head, without the leaſt emotion, from Dr. *Slop*, to whom he was addreſſing his diſcourſe, and look'd up into my father's face, with a countenance ſpread over with ſo much good-nature;—ſo placid;—ſo fraternal;—ſo inexpreſſibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my uncle *Toby*'s hands as he ſpoke.—Brother *Toby*, ſaid he,—I beg thy pardon;—forgive, I pray thee, this raſh humour which my mother gave me.—My dear, dear brother, anſwer'd my uncle *Toby*, riſing up by my father's help, ſay no more about it;—you are heartily welcome,

had

had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;—a brother worſe;—but to hurt a brother of ſuch gentle manners,—ſo unprovoking,—and ſo unreſenting;—'tis baſe:—By heaven, 'tis cowardly.——You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—had it been fifty times as much.——Beſides, what have I to do, my dear *Toby*, cried my father, either with your amuſements or your pleaſures, unleſs it was in my power (which it is not) to increaſe their meaſure?

—Brother *Shandy*, anſwer'd my uncle *Toby*, looking wilfully in his face,—you are much miſtaken in this point;—for you do increaſe my pleaſure very much, in begetting children for the *Shandy* family at your time of life——But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, Mr. *Shandy* increaſes his own.———Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, out of *principle*.—In a family way, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*.—Pſhaw!—ſaid my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

CHAP. XIV.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my uncle *Toby* were left both ſtanding, like *Brutus* and *Caſſius* at the cloſe of the ſcene making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words,—he ſat down;—my uncle *Toby* exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal *Trim*, who was in waiting, to ſtep home

home for *Stevinus*;—my uncle *Toby*'s houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropp'd the ſubject of *Stevinus*;—but my uncle *Toby* had no reſentment in his heart, and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

Your ſudden appearance, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, inſtantly brought *Stevinus* into my head. (My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon *Stevinus*'s head)——Becauſe, continued my uncle *Toby*, the celebrated ſailing chariot, which belonged to Prince *Maurice*, and was of ſuch wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty *German* miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by *Stevinus*, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have ſpared your ſervant the trouble, quoth Dr. *Slop* (as the fellow is lame) of going for *Stevinus*'s account of it, becauſe, in my return from *Leyden* through the *Hague*, I walked as far as *Schevling*, which is two long miles, on purpoſe to take a view of it.

—That's nothing, replied my uncle *Toby*, to what the learned *Peireskius* did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*, and from *Schevling* to *Paris* back again, in order to ſee it,—and nothing elſe.

Some men cannot bear to be outgone.

The more fool *Peireskius*, replied Dr. *Slop*. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of *Peireskius* at all;——but that *Peireskius*'s indefatigable labour, in trudging ſo far on foot out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. *Slop*, in that affair, to nothing;—the more fool *Peireskius*, ſaid he again:—

Why

Why ſo?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill upon my father's mind;—but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.—Why ſo?—ſaid he, Why is *Peireskius*, or any man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite for that, or any other morſel of ſound knowledge? For, notwithſtanding I know nothing of the chariot in queſtion, continued he, the inventor of it muſt have had a very mechanical head; and though I cannot gueſs upon what principles of philoſophy he has achiev'd it;———yet certainly his machine has been conſtructed upon ſolid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have anſwer'd at the rate my brother mentions.

It anſwered, replied my uncle *Toby*, as well, if not better; for, as *Peireskius* elegantly expreſſes it, ſpeaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus;* which, unleſs I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as ſwift as the wind itſelf.*

But pray, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (though not without begging pardon for it, at the ſame time) upon what principles was this ſelf-ſame chariot ſet a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be ſure, replied Dr. *Slop;*———and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the queſtion, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(eſpecially they whoſe wives are not paſt child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon ſudden calls, to which the ſex is ſubject,—if the wind only ſerved,—but would be excellent good huſbandry to make uſe of the winds, which coſt nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horſes, which (the devil take 'em) both coſt and eat a great deal.

For that very reaſon, replied my father, "Becauſe "they coſt nothing, and becauſe they eat nothing," —the ſcheme is bad;—it is the conſumption of our

 products,

products, as well as the manufacture of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,—brings in money, and ſupports the value of our lands;—and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generouſly recompenſe the ſcientific head which brought forth ſuch contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily ſuppreſs the uſe of them.

My father here had got into his element,——and was going on as proſperouſly with his diſſertation upon trade, as my uncle *Toby* had before, upon his of fortification;———but, to the loſs of much ſound knowledge, the Deſtinies in the morning had decreed that no diſſertation of any kind ſhould be ſpun by my father that day;———for as he opened his mouth to begin the next ſentence,

CHAP. XV.

IN popp'd Corporal *Trim* with *Stevinus*:—But 'twas too late,—all the diſcourſe had been exhauſted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look firſt into it, and ſee if thou canſt ſpy aught of a ſailing chariot in it.

Corporal *Trim*, by being in the ſervice, had learned to obey,—and not to remonſtrate;——ſo taking the book to a ſide-table, and running over the leaves; an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid *Trim*, I can ſee no ſuch thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make ſure work of it, an' pleaſe your Honour;—ſo taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves

leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good ſound ſhake.

There is ſomething fallen out, however, ſaid *Trim*, an' pleaſe your Honour; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one:—Prithee Corporal, ſaid my father, ſmiling, what is it then?—I think, anſwered *Trim*, ſtooping to take it up,—'tis more like a ſermon.—for it begins with a text of ſcripture, and the chapter and verſe;—and then goes on, not as a chariot,—but like a ſermon directly.

The company ſmiled.

I cannot conceive how it is poſſible, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for ſuch a thing as a ſermon to have got into my *Stevinus*.

I think 'tis a ſermon, replied *Trim*;—but if it pleaſe your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page;—for *Trim*, you muſt know, loved to hear himſelf read almoſt as well as talk.

I have ever a ſtrong propenſity, ſaid my father, to look into things which croſs my way, by ſuch ſtrange fatalities as theſe;—and as we have nothing better to do, at leaſt till *Obadiah* gets back, I ſhould be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. *Slop* has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,—if he is as able to do it, as he ſeems willing. An' pleaſe your Honour, quoth *Trim*, I officiated two whole campaigns in *Flanders*, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.—He can read it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, as well as I can.—*Trim*, I aſſure you, was the beſt ſcholar in my company, and ſhould have had the next halbert, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal *Trim* laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his maſter;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the

room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen, by his audience.

CHAP. XVI.

——If you have any objection,—ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*. Not in the leaſt, replied Dr. *Slop*;—for it does not appear on which ſide of the queſtion it is wrote;——it may be a compoſition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—ſo that we run equal riſks.——'Tis wrote upon neither ſide, quoth *Trim*, for 'tis only upon *Conſcience*, an' pleaſe your Honours.

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good humour,—all but Dr. *Slop*, who, turning his head about towards *Trim*, look'd a little angry.

Begin, *Trim*,——and read diſtinctly, quoth my father;—I will, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right hand.

CHAP. XVII.

——But before the Corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude;——otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented, by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture,—ſtiff,—perpendicular,—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;—his eye fix'd, as if on duty;—his look determined,—clenching the ſermon in his left hand, like his firelock:—In a word, you would be apt to paint *Trim*, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action:—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body ſwayed, and bent forwards juſt ſo far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon;—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very

very well, to be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence:—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain,—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactneſs,—does it not ſhew us, by the way,—how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the duce Corporal *Trim*, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly;——or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe, or imitation, *&c.* ſhall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bed-chamber, and fire-ſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body ſway'd, and ſomewhat bent forwards;——his right leg firm under him, ſuſtaining ſeven-eights of his whole weight;—the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently,—but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of ſcience too:—for conſider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up;—ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined,—becauſe the foot could be no further advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him mechanically to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it,——and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters;—need I add,—to orators?—I think not; for, unleſs they practiſe it,—they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal *Trim*'s body and legs.—He held the ſermon looſely,—not careleſsly, in his left

hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detach'd a little from his breaſt ;——his right-arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment, in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal *Trim*'s eyes and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him ;—he look'd frank,—unconſtrained,—ſomething aſſured, ——but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critic aſk how Corporal *Trim* could come by all this ; I've told him it ſhall be explain'd ; —but ſo he ſtood before my father, my uncle *Toby*, and Dr. *Slop*,—ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure,—a ſtatuary might have modelled from it ;——nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt Fellow of a College,—or the *Hebrew* Profeſſor himſelf, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows :

The SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

——*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience.*——

"TRuſt !—Truſt we have a good conſcience !"

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that ſentence a very improper accent ; for you curl up your noſe, man, and read it with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the Parſon was going to abuſe the Apoſtle.

He is, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied *Trim*. Pugh! ſaid my father, ſmiling.

Sir,

Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up the Apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe him,—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded ſo ſoon, Dr. *Slop*, that the writer is of our Church?—for aught can ſee yet,—he may be of any Church:——Becauſe anſwered Dr. *Slop*, if he was of ours,——he durſt no more take ſuch a licence,—than a bear by his beard:——If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to inſult an Apoſtle,——a ſaint,——or even the paring of a ſaint's nail,—he would have his eyes ſcratched out.——What, by the ſaint? quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Dr. *Slop*,—he would have an old houſe over his head. Pray is the Inquiſition an ancient building, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. *Slop*.—An' pleaſe your Honours, quoth *Trim*, the Inquiſition is the vileſt——Prithee ſpare thy deſcription, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, ſaid my father.—No matter for that, anſwered Dr. *Slop*,—it has its uſes; for though I'm no great advocate for it, yet in ſuch a caſe as this, he would ſoon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquiſition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for, heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, ſaid my uncle *Toby* haſtily:—How came he there, *Trim*?——O, Sir! the ſtory will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thouſand times;—but it is too long to be told now;—your Honour ſhall hear it from firſt to laſt ſome day when I am working beſide you in our fortifications;——but the ſhort of the ſtory is this:——That my brother *Tom* went over a ſervant to *Lisbon*,—and then married a *Jew*'s widow, who kept a ſmall ſhop, and ſold ſauſages, which, ſome how or other, was the cauſe of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife

and

and two ſmall children, and carried directly to the Inquiſition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a ſigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honeſt lad lies confined at this hour ;—he was as honeſt a ſoul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his handkerchief), as ever blood warm'd.

———The tears trickled down *Trim*'s cheeks faſter than he could well wipe them away.—A dead ſilence in the room enſued for ſome minutes.—Certain proof of pity !

Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he ſaw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on, —and put this melancholy ſtory out of thy head :—I grieve that I interrupted thee ;—but prithee begin the ſermon again ;—for if the firſt ſentence in it is matter of abuſe, as thou ſayeſt, I have a great deſire to know what kind of provocation the Apoſtle has given.

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returning his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

The SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

———*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience.*——

" TRuſt ! truſt we have a good conſcience ! Sure-
" ly if there is any thing in this life which a
" man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of
" which he is capable of arriving upon the moſt in-
" diſputable evidence, it muſt be this very thing,—
" whether he has a good confcience or no.'

[I

[I am poſitive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

" If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a " ſtranger to the true ſtate of this account;—he muſt " be privy to his own thoughts and deſires;——he " muſt remember his paſt purſuits, and know certain- " ly the true ſprings and motives, which, in general, " have governed the actions of his life."

[I defy him without an aſſiſtant, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

" In other matters we may be deceived by falſe " appearances; and, as the wiſe man complains, " *hardly do we gueſs aright at the things that are up-* " *on the earth, and with labour do we find the things* " *that are before us.* But here the mind has all the " evidence and facts within herſelf;—is conſcious of " the web ſhe has wove;—knows its texture and fine- " neſs, and the exact ſhare which every paſſion has " had in working upon the ſeveral deſigns which vir- " tue or vice has plann'd before her."

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim* reads very well, quoth my father.]

" Now,—as conſcience is nothing elſe but the " knowledge which the mind has within herſelf of " this; and the judgment, either of approbation or " cenſure, which it unavoidably makes upon the ſuc- " ceſſive actions of our lives; 'tis plain, you will ſay, " from the very terms of the propoſition,—whenever " this inward teſtimony goes againſt a man, and he " ſtands ſelf-accuſed,—that he muſt neceſſarily be a " guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the re- " port is favourable on his ſide, and his heart con- " demns him not;—that it is not a matter of *truſt*, " as the Apoſtle intimates,—but a matter of *certain-* " *ty* and fact, that the conſcience is good, and that " the man muſt be good alſo."

[Then

[Then the Apoſtle is altogether in the wrong, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Proteſtant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will preſently appear that *St. Paul* and the Proteſtant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly ſo, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as eaſt is to weſt;—but this, continued he, lifting both his hands, comes from the liberty of the preſs.

It is no more, at the worſt, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the ſermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

" At firſt ſight this may ſeem to be a true ſtate of " the caſe; and I make no doubt but the knowledge " of right and wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon the " mind of man,—that did no ſuch thing ever hap- " pen, as that the conſcience of a man, by long ha- " bits of ſin, might (as the ſcripture aſſures it may) " inſenſibly become hard;—and, like ſome tender " parts of his body, by much ſtreſs and continual " hard uſage, loſe, by degrees, that nice ſenſe and " perception with which God and Nature endow'd " it:—Did this never happen;—or was it certain " that ſelf-love could never hang the leaſt bias upon " the judgment;—or that the little intereſts below, " could riſe up and perplex the faculties of our up- " per regions, and encompaſs them about with " clouds and thick darkneſs:———Could no ſuch " thing as favour and affection enter this ſacred " COURT:—Did WIT diſdain to take a bribe in it; " —or was aſham'd to ſhew its face as an advocate " for an unwarrantable enjoyment:—Or, laſtly, " were we aſſured, that INTEREST ſtood always un- " concern'd whilſt the cauſe was hearing,—and that " paſſion never got into the judgment-ſeat, and pro- " nounc'd ſentence in the ſtead of reaſon, which is " ſuppoſed always to preſide and determine upon the " caſe:———Was this truly ſo, as the objection muſt

" ſuppoſe;

" ſuppoſe; —no doubt then, the religious and moral
" ſtate of a man would be exactly what he himſelf e-
" ſteem'd it;—and the guilt or innocence of every
" man's life could be known, in general, by no better
" meaſure, than the degrees of his own approbation
" and cenſure.

" I own, in one caſe, whenever a man's conſcience
" does accuſe him (as it ſeldom errs on that ſide) that
" he is guilty; and, unleſs in melancholy and hypo-
" condriac caſes, we may ſafely pronounce upon it,
" that there is always ſufficient ground for the accu-
" ſation.

" But the converſe of the propoſition will not hold
" true;——namely, that whenever there is guilt, the
" conſcience muſt accuſe; and if it does not, that a
" man is therefore innocent.—This is not fact:—So
" that the common conſolation which ſome good
" Chriſtian or other is hourly adminiſtring to him-
" ſelf,—that he thanks God his mind does not miſ-
" give him; and that, conſequently, he has a good
" conſcience, becauſe he has a quiet one,—is falla-
" cious;—and as current as the inference is, and as
" infallible as the rule appears at firſt ſight, yet, when
" you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this
" rule upon plain facts,—you ſee it liable to ſo much
" error from a falſe application;—the principle up-
" on which it goes ſo often perverted;—the whole
" force of it loſt, and ſometimes ſo vilely caſt away,
" that it is painful to produce the common examples
" from human life which confirm the account.

" A man ſhall be vicious and utterly debauched in
" his principles;—exceptionable in his conduct to the
" world; ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open commiſſion
" of a ſin which no reaſon or pretence can juſtify;—
" a ſin by which, contrary to all the workings of hu-
" manity, he ſhall ruin for ever the deluded partner
" of his guilt;—rob her of her beſt dowery; and not
" only cover her own head with diſhonour, but in-

" volve

" volve a whole virtuous family in ſhame and ſorrow " for her ſake.—Surely, you will think conſcience " muſt lead ſuch a man a troubleſome life;—he can " have no reſt night or day from its reproaches.

" Alas! CONSCIENCE had ſomething elſe to do, " all this time, than break in upon him; as *Elijah* " reproached the God *Baal*,——this domeſtic God " *was either talking, or purſuing, or was in a jour-* " *ney, or peradventure he ſlept and could not be a-* " *woke.*

" Perhaps HE was gone out in company with HO- " NOUR to fight a duel; to pay off ſome debt at " play;——or dirty annuity, the bargain of his luſt; " Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time was engaged at " home, talking loud againſt petty larceny, and exe- " cuting vengeance upon ſome ſuch puny crimes as " his fortune and rank in life ſecured him againſt all " temptation of committing; ſo that he lives as mer- " rily," [If he was of our church tho', quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]—" ſleeps as ſoundly in his bed;— " and at laſt meets death as unconcernedly;—per- " haps much more ſo than a much better man."

All this is impoſſible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father; the caſe could not happen in our church.——It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.—I own, quoth Dr. *Slop* (ſtruck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment)—that a man in the *Romiſh* church may live as badly;—but then he cannot eaſily die ſo.—'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a raſcal dies.—I mean, anſwer'd Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits of the laſt ſacraments.—Pray how many have you in all, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for I always forget?—Seven, anſwered Dr. *Slop*.—Humph!—ſaid my uncle *Toby*;—tho' not accented as a note of acquieſcence,—but as an interjection of that particular ſpecies of ſurpriſe, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected,

expected.—Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, underſtood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume againſt the ſeven ſacraments.———Humph! replied Dr. *Slop*, (ſtating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not ſeven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal ſins?——Seven golden candleſticks?——Seven heavens?———'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.——Are there not ſeven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?—That there are, quoth my father, with a moſt affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the reſt of thy characters, *Trim*.]

"Another is ſordid, unmerciful," (here *Trim* waved his right hand) "a ſtrait-hearted, ſelfiſh wretch, "incapable either of private friendſhip or public ſpi- "rit. Take notice how he paſſes by the widow and "orphan in their diſtreſs, and ſees all the miſeries "incident to human life without a ſigh or a prayer." [And pleaſe your Honours, cried *Trim*, I think this is a viler man than the other.]

"Shall not conſcience riſe up and ſting him on "ſuch occaſions?—No; thank God there is no oc- "caſion; *I pay every man his own;—I have no for-* "*nication to anſwer to my conſcience;—no faithleſs* "*vows or promiſes to make up;—I have debauched no* "*man's wife or child; thank God, I am not as other* "*men, adulterers, unjuſt, or even as this libertine,* "*who ſtands before me.*

"A third is crafty and deſigning in his nature. "View his whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning "contexture of dark arts and unequitable ſubterfu- "ges, baſely to defeat the true intent of all laws,— "plain dealing, and the ſafe enjoyment of our ſeveral "properties.——You will ſee ſuch a one working "out a frame of little deſigns upon the ignorance "and perplexities of the poor and needy man;—

" ſhall raiſe a fortune upon the inexperience of a " youth, or the unſuſpecting temper of his friend, " who would have truſted him with his life.

" When old age comes on, and repentance calls " him to look back upon this black account, and ſtate " it over again with his conſcience.———Con- " SCIENCE looks into the STATUTES at LARGE ;— " finds no expreſs law broken by what he has done; " perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and " chattels incurred ;—ſees no ſcourge waving over " his head, or priſon opening his gates upon him:— " What is there to affright his conſcience?—Con- " ſcience has got ſafely entrenched behind the Let- " ter of the Law ; ſits there invulnerable, fortified " with **Caſes** and **Reports** ſo ſtrongly on all " ſides ;—that it is not preaching can diſpoſſeſs it of " its hold."

[Here Corporal *Trim* and my uncle *Toby* exchanged looks with each other.—Aye,—aye, *Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby*, ſhaking his head,— theſe are but ſorry fortifications, *Trim*.———O ! very poor work, anſwered *Trim*, to what your Honour and I make of it. ———The character of this laſt man, ſaid Dr. *Slop*, interrupting *Trim*, is more deteſtable than all the reſt ;———and ſeems to have been taken from ſome pettifogging lawyer amongſt you :——Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could not poſſibly continue ſo long *blinded* ;—three times in a year, at leaſt, he muſt go to confeſſion. Will that reſtore it to ſight, quoth my uncle *Toby?*—Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father, or *Obadiah* will have got back before thou haſt got to the end of thy ſermon ;—'tis a very ſhort one, replied *Trim*.—I wiſh it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely.—*Trim* went on.]

" A fourth man ſhall want even this refuge ;— " ſhall break through all this ceremony of ſlow chi- " cane,——ſcorns the doubtful workings of ſecret " plots and cautious trains to bring about his pur- " poſe:

" poſe:—See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats,
" lies, perjures, robs, murders.——Horrid!——But
" indeed much better was not to be expected, in the
" preſent caſe,—the poor man was in the dark!—his
" prieſt had got the keeping of his conſcience;—and
" all he would let him know of it, was, That he
" muſt believe in the Pope;—go to Maſs;—croſs
" himſelf;—tell his beads;———be a good Catho-
" lic; and that this, in all conſcience, was enough to
" carry him to heaven. What;—if he perjures!—
" Why,—he had a mental reſervation in it.—But if
" he is ſo wicked and abandoned a wretch as you re-
" preſent him;—if he robs,—if he ſtabs,—will not
" conſcience, on every ſuch act, receive a wound it-
" ſelf? Aye,—but the man has carried it to confeſ-
" ſion;——the wound digeſts there, and will do well
" enough, and in a ſhort time be quite healed up by
" abſolution. O Popery! what haſt thou to anſwer
" for?—when, not content with the too many natu-
" ral and fatal ways, thro' which the heart of man is
" every day thus treacherous to itſelf above all
" things,—thou haſt wilfully ſet open this wide gate
" of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller,
" too apt, God knows, to go aſtray of himſelf; and
" confidently ſpeak peace to himſelf, when there is
" no peace.

" Of this the common inſtances which I have
" drawn out of life, are too notorious to require
" much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of
" them, or thinks it impoſſible for a man to be ſuch
" a bubble to himſelf,—I muſt refer him a moment
" to his own reflections, and will then venture to truſt
" my appeal with his own heart.

" Let him conſider in how different a degree of de-
" teſtation, numbers of wicked actions ſtand *there*,
" tho' equally bad and vitious in their own natures;
" —he will ſoon find that ſuch of them, as ſtrong in-
" clination and cuſtom have prompted him to com-
" mit, are generally dreſs'd out and painted with all

" the falſe beauties which a ſoft and a flattering
" hand can give them ;—and that the others, to
" which he feels no propenſity, appear, at once, na-
" ked and deformed, ſurrounded with all the true
" circumſtances of folly and diſhonour.

" When *David* ſurpriſed *Saul* ſleeping in the cave,
" and cut off the ſkirt of his robe,—we read his heart
" ſmote him for what he had done :—But in the mat-
" ter of *Uriah*, where a faithful and gallant ſervant,
" whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell
" to make way for his luſt,—where conſcience had ſo
" much greater reaſon to take the alarm, his heart
" ſmote him not. A whole year had almoſt paſſed
" from the firſt commiſſion of that crime, to the time
" *Nathan* was ſent to reprove him ; and we read not
" once of the leaſt ſorrow or compunction of heart
" which he teſtified, during all that time, for what
" he had done.

Thus conſcience, this once able monitor,——placed
" on high as a judge within us, and intended by our
" Maker as a juſt and equitable one too —by an un-
" happy train of cauſes and impediments, takes often
" ſuch imperfect cognizance of what paſſes,—does its
" office ſo negligently,—ſometimes ſo corruptly,—
" that it is not to be truſted alone ; and therefore we
" find there is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſſity of
" joining another principle with it to aid, if not go-
" vern, its determinations.

" So that if you would form a juſt judgment of
" what is of infinite importance to you not to be miſ-
" led in,———namely, in what degree of real me-
" rit you ſtand either as an honeſt man, an uſeful ci-
" tizen, a faithful ſubject to your king, or a good
" ſervant to your God,—call in religion and morali-
" ty.—Look,—What is written in the law of God?
" ——How readeſt thou?——Conſult calm reaſon
" and the unchangeable obligations of juſtice and
" truth ;—what ſay they?

" Let

" Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon
" theſe reports;—and then if thy heart condemns
" thee not, which is the caſe the Apoſtle ſuppoſes,—
" the rule will be infallible;" [Here Dr. *Slop* fell aſleep] " *thou wilt have confidence towards God*;—
" that is, have juſt grounds to believe the judgment
" thou haſt paſſed upon thyſelf, is the judgment of
" God, and nothing elſe but an anticipation of that
" righteous ſentence which will be pronounced upon
" thee hereafter by that Being, to whom thou art
" finally to give an account of thy actions.

" *Bleſſed is the man*, indeed then, as the author of
" the book of *Eccleſiaſticus* expreſſes it, *who is not*
" *prick'd with the multitude of his ſins: Bleſſed is the*
" *man whoſe heart hath not condemn'd him*; *whether*
" *he be rich, or whether he be poor, if he gave a good*
" *heart* (a heart thus guided and informed) *he ſhall*
" *at all times rejoice in a chearful countenance*; *his*
" *mind ſhell tell him more than ſeven watchmen that*
" *ſit above upon a tower on high.*"———[A tower has no ſtrength, quoth my uncle *Toby*, unleſs 'tis flank'd.] " In the darkeſt doubts it ſhall conduct him
" ſafer than a thouſand caſuiſts, and give the ſtate he
" lives in a better ſecurity for his behavour than all
" the clauſes and reſtrictions put together, which law-
" makers are forced to multiply:———*Forced*, I ſay,
" as things ſtand; human laws not being a matter
" of original choice, but of pure neceſſity, brought in
" to fence againſt the miſchievous effects of thoſe
" conſciences which are no law unto themſelves;
" well intending, by the many proviſions made,——
" that in all ſuch corrupt and miſguided caſes, where
" principles and the checks of conſcience will not
" make us upright,——to ſupply their force, and, by
" the terrors of goals and halters, oblige us to it."

[I ſee plainly, ſaid my father, that this ſermon has been compoſed to be preached at the Temple,———or at ſome aſſize.——I like the reaſoning,——and am ſorry that Dr. *Slop* has fallen aſleep before the time

of his conviction ;———for it is now clear, that the Parſon, as I thought at firſt, never inſulted St. *Paul* in the leaſt ;——nor has there been, brother, the leaſt difference between them.——A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby* ;——the beſt friends in the world may differ ſometimes.——True, —brother *Toby*, quoth my father, ſhaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* ſhall go on.

Well,—what doſt thou think of it? ſaid my father, ſpeaking to Corporal *Trim*, as he reach'd his tobacco-box.

I think, anſwer'd the Corporal, that the ſeven watchmen upon the tower, who, I ſuppoſe, are all centinels there,——are more, an' pleaſe your Honour, than were neceſſary ;—and, to go on at that rate, would harraſs a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it ; becauſe two centinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myſelf in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued *Trim*, riſing an inch higher in his figure, as he ſpoke,—and all the time I had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty King *William*, in relieving the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never left more than two in my life.—Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*; ——but you do not conſider, *Trim*, that the towers in *Solomon*'s days, were not ſuch things as our baſtions, flank'd and defended by other works ;—this, *Trim*, was an invention ſince *Solomon*'s death ; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtin, in his time; —or ſuch a foſsé as we make with a curvette in the middle of it, and with cover'd ways and counter-ſcarps paliſadoed along it, to guard againſt a *Coup de main* :—So that the ſeven men upon the tower were a party, I dare ſay, from the *Corps de Garde*, ſet there, not only to look out, but to defend it.—They could be no more, an' pleaſe your Honour, than a Corporal's Guard.—My father ſmiled inward-

ly,

ly,—but not outwardly;—the ſubject between my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* being rather too ſerious, conſidering what had happened, to make a jeſt of:—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had juſt lighted,—he contented himſelf with ordering *Trim* to read on. He read on as follows:]

"To have the fear of God before our eyes, and, in "our mutual dealings with each other, to govern "our actions by the eternal meaſures of right and "wrong:—The firſt of theſe will comprehend the "duties of religion;—the ſecond, thoſe of morality, "which are ſo inſeparably connected together, that "you cannot divide theſe two *tables*, even in ima-"gination (though the attempt is often made in "practice) without breaking and mutually deſtroy-"ing them both.

"I ſaid the attempt is often made, and ſo it is; "——there being nothing more common than to ſee "a man who has no ſenſe at all of religion,—and in-"deed has ſo much honeſty as to pretend to none, "who would take it as the bittereſt affront, ſhould "you but hint at a ſuſpicion of his moral character, "—or imagine he was not conſcientiouſly juſt and "ſcrupulous to the uttermoſt mite.

"When there is ſome appearance that it is ſo,— "though one is unwilling even to ſuſpect the appear-"ance of ſo amiable a virtue as moral honeſty, yet "were we to look into the grounds of it, in the "preſent caſe, I am perſuaded we ſhould find little "reaſon to envy ſuch a one the honour of his mo-"tive.

"Let him declaim as pompouſly as he chuſes up-"on the ſubject, it will be found to reſt upon no better "foundation than either his intereſt, his pride, his "eaſe, or ſome ſuch little and changeable paſſion as

"will

" will give us but ſmall dependence upon his actions
" in matters of great ſtreſs.

" I will illuſtrate this by an example.

" I know the banker I deal with, or the phyſician
" I uſually call in," [There is no need, cried Dr. *Slop*, (waking) to call in any phyſician in this caſe,
" to be neither of them men of much religion :
" hear them make a jeſt of it every day, and treat
" all its ſanctions with ſo much ſcorn, as to put the
" matter paſt doubt. Well;—notwithſtanding this,
" I put my fortune into the hands of the one ;—and
" what is dearer ſtill to me, I truſt my life to the ho-
" neſt ſkill of the other.

" Now, let me examine what is my reaſon for this
" great confidence.——Why, in the firſt place, I be-
" lieve there is no probability that either of them will
" employ the power I put into their hands to my diſ-
" advantage ;—I conſider that honeſty ſerves the
" purpoſes of this life :—I know their ſucceſs in the
" world depends upon the fairneſs of their character.
" In a word —I'm perſuaded, that they cannot hurt
" me, without hurting themſelves more.

" But put it otherwiſe, namely, that intereſt lay,
" for once, on the other ſide ; that a caſe ſhould hap-
" pen, wherein the one, without ſtain to his reputa-
" tion, could ſecrete my fortune, and leave me naked
" in the world ;—or that the other could ſend me
" out of it, and enjoy an eſtate by my death, with-
" out diſhonour to himſelf or his art :—In this caſe,
" what hold have I of either of them ?—Religion,
" the ſtrongeſt of all motives, is out of the queſtion :
" Intereſt, the next moſt powerful motive in the world,
" is ſtrongly againſt me :—What have I left to caſt
" into the oppoſite ſcale to balance this temptation ?
" —Alas ! I have nothing,—nothing but what is
" lighter than a bubble—I muſt lie at the mercy of
" Honour, or ſome ſuch capricious principle.—Strait

" ſecurity

" ſecurity for two of my moſt valuable bleſſings !—
" my property and my life.

" As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon
" morality without religion ;—ſo, on the other hand,
" there is nothing better to be expected from religion
" without morality ;—nevertheleſs, 'tis no prodigy
" to ſee a man whoſe real moral character ſtands ve-
" ry low, who yet entertains the higheſt notion of
" himſelf in the light of a religious man.

" He ſhall not only be covetous, revengeful, im-
" placable,——but even wanting in points of common
" honeſty; yet, inaſmuch as he talks aloud againſt
" the infidelity of the age,——is zealous for ſome
" points of religion, ——goes twice a day to church,
" ——attends the ſacraments,——and amuſes him-
" ſelf with a few inſtrumental parts of religion,——
" ſhall cheat his conſcience into a judgment that, for
" this, he is a religious man, and has diſcharged
" truly his duty to God: And you will find that
" ſuch a man, through force of this deluſion, gene-
" rally looks down with ſpiritual pride upon every o-
" ther man who has leſs affectation of piety,—though,
" perhaps, ten times more moral honeſty than him-
" ſelf.

" *This likewiſe is a ſore evil under the ſun ;* and I
" believe there is no one miſtaken principle, which,
" for its time, has wrought more ſerious miſchiefs.—
" For a general proof of this,—examine the hiſtory
" of the *Romiſh* church;"—[Well, what can you
make of that, cried Dr. *Slop ?*]—" ſee what ſcenes
" of cruelty, murders, rapines, bloodſhed," [They
may thank their own obſtinacy, cried Dr. *Slop*]
" have all been ſanctified by a religion not ſtrictly
" governed by morality.

" In how many kingdoms of the world," [Here
Trim kept waving his right hand from the ſermon to
the

the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the concluſion of the paragraph.]

" In how many kingdoms of the world has the " cruſading ſword of this miſguided ſaint-errant ſpa- " red neither age, or merit, or ſex, or condition!— " and, as he fought under the banners of a religion " which ſet him looſe from juſtice and humanity, he " ſhew'd none; mercileſsly trampled upon both,—— " heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pi- " tied their diſtreſſes."

[I have been in many a battle, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth *Trim*, ſighing, but never in ſo melancholy a one as this.—I would not have drawn a tricker in it, againſt theſe poor ſouls,——to have been made a general officer.——Why? what do you underſtand of the affair? ſaid Dr. *Slop*, looking towards *Trim* with ſomething more contempt than the Corporal's honeſt heart deſerved.—What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refuſed quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;—but to a woman or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my muſket at them, I would loſe my life a thouſand times.——Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and I'll give *Obadiah* another too.—God bleſs your Honour, replied *Trim*,—I had rather theſe poor women and children had it.——— Thou art an honeſt fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*. ———My father nodded his head,——as much as to ſay,——and ſo he is ———

But prithee *Trim*, ſaid my father, make an end,— for I ſee thou haſt but a leaf or two left.]

Corporal *Trim* read on.

" If the teſtimony of paſt centuries in this matter " is not ſufficient, conſider at this inſtant, how the " votaries of that religion are every day thinking to

" do

" do ſervice and honour to God, by actions which are " a diſhonour and ſcandal to themſelves.

" To be convinced of this, go with me for a mo- " ment into the priſons of the inquiſition." [God help my poor brother *Tom.*]—" Behold *Religion*, " with *Mercy* and *Juſtice* chained down under her " feet,—there ſitting ghaſtly upon a black tribunal, " propp'd up with racks and inſtruments of torment. " Hark!—hark! what a piteous groan!" [Here *Trim*'s face turned as pale as aſhes!] " See the melan- choly wretch who utter'd it,"—[Here the tears began to trickle down] " juſt brought forth to undergo the " anguiſh of a mock trial, and endure the utmoſt " pains that a ſtudied ſyſtem of cruelty has been able " to invent."—[D—n them all, quoth *Trim*, his co- lour returning into his face as red as blood].—" Be- " hold this helpleſs victim delivered up to his tormen- " tors,—his body ſo waſted with ſorrow and confine- " ment."——[Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor *Trim*, in a moſt paſſionate exclamation, dropping the ſermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together— I fear 'tis poor *Tom*. My father's and my uncle *Toby*'s hearts yearn'd with ſympathy for the poor fellow's di- ſtreſs,—even *Slop* himſelf acknowledged pity for him. —Why, *Trim*, ſaid my father, this is not a hiſtory, —'tis a ſermon thou art reading;—prithee begin the ſentence again.]—" Behold this helpleſs victim deli- " ver'd up to his tormentors,—his body ſo waſted " with ſorrow and confinement, you will ſee every " nerve and muſcle as it ſuffers.

" Obſerve the laſt movement of that horrid engine!" [I would rather face a cannon, quoth *Trim*, ſtamping.] ——" See what convulſions it has thrown him in- " to!——Conſider the nature of the poſture in which " he now lies ſtretched,—what exquiſite tortures he " endures by it!"——[I hope 'tis not in *Portugal*.]— " 'Tis all nature can bear! Good God! ſee how it " keeps his weary ſoul hanging upon his trembling " lips!" [I would not read another line of it, quoth *Trim*,

Trim, for all this world;—I fear, an' pleaſe your Honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Tom* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an hiſtorical account,—'tis a deſcription.—'Tis only a deſcription, honeſt man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it.—That's another ſtory, replied my father.—However, as *Trim* reads it with ſo much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the ſermon, *Trim*,—I'll finiſh it for thee, and thou mayſt go. I muſt ſtay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your Honour will allow me;—though I would not read it myſelf for a Colonel's pay.——Poor *Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby*. My father went on.]

" —Conſider the nature of the poſture in which he " now lies ſtretch'd,—what exquiſite torture he en- " dures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear!—Good " God! See how it keeps his weary ſoul hanging up- " on his trembling lips,—willing to take its leave, " ——but not ſuffered to depart!——Behold the " unhappy wretch led back to his cell!" [Then, thank God, however, quoth *Trim*, they have not killed him]—" See him dragg'd out of it again to " meet the flames, and the inſults in his laſt agonies, " which this principle,——this principle, that there " can be religion without mercy, has prepared for " him." [Then, thank God,—he is dead, quoth *Trim*, —he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worſt at him.—O Sirs!——Hold your peace, *Trim*, ſaid my father, going on with the ſermon, leſt *Trim* ſhould incenſe Dr. *Slop*,—we ſhall never have done at this rate.]

" The ſureſt way to try the merit of any diſputed " notion is, to trace down the conſequences ſuch a " notion has produced, and compare them with the " ſpirit of Chriſtianity;—'tis the ſhort and deciſive " rule which our Saviour hath left us, for theſe and " ſuch-like caſes, and it is worth a thouſand argu- " ments,—*By their fruits ye ſhall know them.*

" I will

" I will add no further to the length of this ſer-
" mon, than, by two or three ſhort and independent
" rules deducible from it.

" *Firſt*, Whenever a man talks loudly againſt reli-
" gion,—always ſuſpect that it is not his reaſon, but
" his paſſions which have got the better of his
" CREED. A bad life and a good belief are diſagree-
" able and troubleſome neighbours, and where they
" ſeparate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cauſe but
" quietneſs-ſake.

" *Secondly*, When a man, thus repreſented, tells
" you in any particular inſtance,—That ſuch a thing
" goes *againſt* his conſcience,—always believe he
" means exactly the ſame thing, as when he tells you
" ſuch a thing goes *againſt* his ſtomach;—a preſent
" want of appetite being generally the true cauſe of
" both.

" In a word,—truſt that man in nothing who has
" not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

" And, in your own caſe, remember this plain di-
" ſtinction, a miſtake in which has ruined thouſands,
" ——that your conſcience is not a law:—No, God
" and reaſon made the law, and have placed con-
" ſcience within you to determine;—not like an *Aſi-*
" *atic* Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his
" own paſſions,—but like a *Britiſh* judge in this land
" of liberty and good ſenſe, who makes no new law,
" but faithfully declares that law which he knows
" already written."

F I N I S.

Thou haſt read the ſermon extremely well. *Trim*, quoth my father.—If he had ſpared his comments, replied Dr. *Slop*, he would have read it much better.

I ſhould have read it ten times better, Sir, anſwered *Trim*, but that my heart was ſo full.—That was the very reaſon, *Trim*, replied my father, which has made thee read the ſermon as well as thou haſt done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compoſitions are fine; (I deny it, quoth Dr. *Slop*) I maintain it, that the eloquence of our pulpits, with ſuch ſubjects to inflame it,—would be a model for the whole world:—But, alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with ſorrow, that, like *French* politicians in this reſpect, what they gain in the cabinet they loſe in the field.——'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this ſhould be loſt. I like the ſermon well, replied my father,——'tis dramatic,——and there is ſomething in that way of writing, when ſkilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, ſaid Dr. *Slop*.—I know that very well, ſaid my father,—but in a tone and manner which diſguſted Dr. *Slop*, full as much as his aſſent, ſimply, could have pleaſed him.——But in this, added Dr. *Slop*, a little piqued,——our ſermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr, or a ſaint.—There are ſome very bad characters in this, however, ſaid my father, and I do not think the ſermon a jot the worſe for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—who's can this be?—How could it get into my *Stevinus*? A man muſt be as great a conjurer as *Stevinus*, ſaid my father, to reſolve the ſecond queſtion:—The firſt, I think, is not ſo difficult:—for unleſs my judgment greatly deceives me,——I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parſon of the pariſh.

The ſimilitude of the ſtyle and manner of it, with thoſe my father conſtantly had heard preach'd in his pariſh-church, was the ground of his conjecture,——proving it as ſtrongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove

prove ſuch a thing to a philoſophic mind, that it was *Yorick*'s and no one's elſe :———It was proved to be ſo *à poſteriori*, the day after, when *Yorick* ſent a ſervant to my uncle *Toby*'s houſe to inquire after it.

It ſeems that *Yorick*, who was inquiſitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed *Stevinus* of my uncle *Toby*, and had careleſsly popp'd his ſermon, as ſoon as he had made it, into the middle of *Stevinus*; and, by an act of forgetfulneſs, to which he was ever ſubject, he had ſent *Stevinus* home, and his ſermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated ſermon ! Thou waſt loſt, after this recovery of thee, a ſecond time, dropp'd thro' an unſuſpected fiſſure in thy maſter's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tatter'd lining,—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind foot of his Roſinante, inhumanly ſtepping upon thee as thou falledſt;—buried ten days in the mire,—raiſed up out of it by a beggar, ſold for a halfpenny to a pariſh-clerk,—transferred to his parſon,—loſt for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,—nor reſtored to his reſtleſs MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the ſtory.

Can the reader believe, that this ſermon of *Yorick*'s was preach'd at an aſſize, in the cathedral of *York*, before a thouſand witneſſes, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,———and within ſo ſhort a ſpace as two years and three months after *Yorick*'s death?—*Yorick*, indeed, was never better ſerved in his life !———but it was a little hard to male-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it, was in perfect charity with *Yorick*,—and, in conſcious juſtice, printed but a few copies to give away;—and that, I

am told, he could moreover have made as good a one himſelf, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have publiſhed this anecdote to the world ;—nor do I publiſh it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church ;—I leave that to others ;—but I find myſelf impelled by two reaſons, which I cannot withſtand.

The firſt is, That, in doing juſtice, I may give reſt to *Yorick*'s ghoſt ;—which, as the country-people,—and ſome others believe,——*ſtill walks*.

The ſecond reaſon is, That, by laying open this ſtory to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in caſe the character of parſon *Yorick*, and this ſample of his ſermons is liked,—that there are now in the poſſeſſion of the *Shandy* family as many as will make a handſome volume, at the world's ſervice,———and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

OBADIAH gain'd the two crowns without diſpute ; for he came in jingling, with all the inſtruments in the green baize bag we ſpoke of, ſlung acroſs his body, juſt as Corporal *Trim* went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. *Slop* (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of ſome ſervice to Mrs. *Shandy*, to ſend up ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.

I have ordered, anſwered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the leaſt difficulty ; —— for you muſt know, Dr. *Slop*, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, that by expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not ſo much as that, unleſs

unleſs the lean old mother of a midwife above-ſtairs cannot do without you.——Women have their particular fancies; and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the ſpecies,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Soveraines*, in whoſe hands, and in what faſhion, they chuſe to undergo it.

They are in the right of it,—quoth my uncle *Toby*. But, Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, not taking notice of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion, but turning to my father,—they had better govern in other points;—and a father of a family, who wiſhed its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up ſome other rights in lieu of it.—I know not, quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who ſhall bring our children into the world,—unleſs that,—of who ſhall beget them.——One would almoſt give up any thing, replied Dr. *Slop*.——I beg your pardon,—anſwered my uncle *Toby*.——Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, it would aſtoniſh you to know what Improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obſtetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one ſingle point of the ſafe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,—which has received ſuch lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has——I wiſh, quoth my uncle *Toby*, you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in *Flanders*.

CHAP. XIX.

I Have dropp'd the curtain over this ſcene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due courſe ;—for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elſewhere.—Writers had need look before them to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done,—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my uncle *Toby*, my father, and Dr. *Slop*, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this ;—that from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in the point of Chriſtian-names, and that other point previous thereto,—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting,—down to the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the high-way of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

—Mr. *Shandy*, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it ;—he placed things in his own light ;—he would weigh nothing in common ſcales ;—no,—he was too refined a reſearcher to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the ſcientific ſteel-yard, the fulcrum, he would ſay, ſhould be almoſt inviſible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets ;——without this the minutiæ of philoſophy, which ſhould always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.—Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was diviſible *in infinitum* ;—that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world. —In a word, he would ſay, error was error,—no matter

matter where it fell,—whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—'twas alike fatal to truth, and ſhe was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a miſtake in the duſt of a butterfly's wing,—as in the diſk of the ſun, the moon, and all the ſtars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of conſidering this properly, and of applying it ſkilfully to civil matters, as well as to ſpeculative truths, that ſo many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent conſtitution in church and ſtate, were ſo ſapp'd as eſtimators had reported.

You cry out, he would ſay, we are a ruined, undone people.—Why? he would aſk, making uſe of the ſorites or ſyllogiſm of *Zeno* and *Chryſippus*, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people?—Becauſe we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—Becauſe we are needy;—our poverty, and not our wills, conſent.—And wherefore, he would add,—are we needy?—From the neglect, he would anſwer, of our pence and our halfpence:—Our bank-notes, Sir, our guineas,—nay our ſhillings, take care of themſelves.

'Tis the ſame, he would ſay, throughout the whole circle of the ſciences;—the great, the eſtabliſhed points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themſelves;—but error—(he would add, looking earneſtly at my mother)—error, Sir, creeps in through the minute holes, and ſmall crevices, which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of;—The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reſerved for this place, is as follows:

Among

Amongſt the many and excellent reaſons with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. *Slop*'s aſſiſtance preferably to that of the old woman,—there was one of a very ſingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Chriſtian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philoſopher, he had put his whole ſtrength to, depending indeed upon it as his ſheet-anchor.——It failed him; though from nó defect in the argument itſelf; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his ſoul to make her comprehend the drift of it.—Curſed luck!—ſaid he to himſelf, one afternoon, as he walk'd out of the room, after he had been ſtating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpoſe;—curſed luck! ſaid he, biting his lip as he ſhut the door,—for a man to be maſter of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning in nature,—— and have a wife at the ſame time with ſuch a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a ſingle inference within ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from deſtruction.

This argument, though it was entirely loſt upon my mother,—had more weight with him than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it juſtice,—and ſet it forth with all the perſpicuity I am maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength of theſe two following axioms:

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own wit was worth a tun of other peoples; and,

Secondly, (Which, by-the-by, was the ground-work of the firſt axiom,—though it comes laſt) That every man's wit muſt come from every man's own ſoul,—and no other body's.

Now, as it is plain to my father, that all ſouls were by nature equal,—and that the great difference between the moſt acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtanding,

ing,——was from no original ſharpneſs or bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance above or below another,—but aroſe merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the ſoul principally took up her reſidence,——he had made it the ſubject of his inquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was ſatisfied it could not be where *Des Cartes* had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philoſophized, formed a cuſhion for her about the ſize of a marrow-pea; though, to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philoſopher plumb into the center of the miſtake, had it not been for my uncle *Toby*, who reſcued him out of it, by a ſtory he told him of a *Walloon* officer at the battle of *Landen*, who had one part of his brain ſhot away by a muſket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a *French* ſurgeon; and, after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, is nothing but the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their buſineſs without brains,—then certes the ſoul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain very thin, ſubtle, and very fragrant juice which *Coglioniſſimo Borri*, the great *Milaneze* phyſician, affirms, in a letter to *Bartholine*, to have diſcovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul; (for, you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living,—the one, according to the great *Metheglingius*, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*);—as for this opinion, I ſay, of *Borri*,—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined,

ſo

ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her reſidence, and ſitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle,—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhock'd his imagination; he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, ſeem'd the leaſt liable to objections of any, was, that the chief ſenſorium, or head-quarters of the ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum,—or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by *Dutch* anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion,—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, ſetting up another *Shandean* hypotheſis upon theſe corner-ſtones they had laid for him; —and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood its ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt;—that next to this and his Chriſtian name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all;—that the third cauſe, or rather what logicians call the *Cauſa ſine quâ non*, and without

out which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance,—was the preſervation of this delicate and fine-ſpun web, from the havoc which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremoſt.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipp'd into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senoneſis de Partu difficili* *, publiſhed by *Adrianus Smelvgot*, had found out, That the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no ſutures at that time, was ſuch,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to a weight of 470 pounds averdupoiſe acting perpendicularly upon it, —it ſo happened that, in 49 inſtances out of 50, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pie of. ——Good God! cried my father, what havoc and deſtruction muſt this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is ſuch a juice as *Borri* pretends,—is it not enough to make the cleareſt liquor in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehenſion, when he further underſtood, that this force, acting upon the ve-

* The author is here twice miſtaken;——for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis Icon.* The ſecond miſtake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by *Albofius*, 1580, may be ſeen at the end of *Cordius*'s works in *Spachius*. Mr. *Triſtram Shandy* has been led into this error, either from ſeeing *Lithopædus*'s name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr. ——, or by miſtaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,—from the too great ſimilitude of the names.

ry

ry vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itſelf, or cerebrum;——but that it neceſſarily ſqueez'd and propell'd the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate ſeat of the underſtanding.——Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us! cried my father,—can any ſoul withſtand this ſhock?—no wonder the intellectual web is ſo rent and tatter'd as we ſee it; and that ſo many of our beſt heads are no better than a puzzled ſkein of ſilk,—all perplexity,—all confuſion within ſide.

But when my father read on, and was let into the ſecret, that when a child was turn'd topſy-turvy, which was eaſy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that inſtead of the cerebrum being propell'd towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propell'd ſimply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt:—— By heavens! cried he, the world is in a conſpiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,—and the profeſſors of the obſtetric art are liſted into the ſame conſpiracy.—What is it to me which end of my ſon comes foremoſt into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum eſcapes uncruſhed!

It is the nature of an hypotheſis, when once a man has conceived it, that it aſſimilates every thing to itſelf as proper nouriſhment; and, from the firſt moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the ſtronger by every thing you ſee, hear, read, or underſtand. This is of great uſe.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was ſcarce a phænomenon of ſtupidity or of genius, which he could not readily ſolve by it;—it accounted for the eldeſt ſon being the greateſt blockhead in the family.—Poor devil, he would ſay,—he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.—It unriddled the obſervation of drivellers and monſtrous heads,—ſhewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe,—unleſs * * * * I don't know what. It won-

wonderfully explain'd and accounted for the acumen of the *Aſiatic* genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſun-ſhine, *&c.*—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme,—as they are condenſed in colder climates by the other;—but he traced the affair up to its ſpring head;—ſhew'd that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the faireſt parts of the creation;—their pleaſures more;—the neceſſity of their pains leſs, inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſtance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preſerved;—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the net-work was broke or diſplaced,—ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far,—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the *Cæſarian* ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hypotheſis! Here you ſee, he would ſay, there was no injury done to the ſenſorium;—no preſſure of the head againſt the pelvis;—no propulſion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or the *os coxcygis* on that:—and, pray, what were the happy conſequences? Why, Sir, your *Julius Cæſar*, who gave the operation a name;—and your *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, who was born ſo before ever the operation had a name;—your *Scipio Africanus*; your *Manlius Torquatus*; our *Edward* the Sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the ſame honour to the hypotheſis:—Theſe, and many more, who figur'd high in the annals of fame,—all came *ſide-way*, Sir, into the world.

This inciſion of the *abdomen* and *uterus*, ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head:—he had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the *epigaſtrium*, and

thoſe in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother, merely as a matter of fact;—but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to ſay no more of it,—contenting himſelf with admiring—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father Mr. *Shandy*'s hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother *Bobby* did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we ſpoke of:—For happening not only to be chriſten'd, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at *Epſom*,—being moreover my mother's *firſt* child,—coming into the world with his head *foremoſt*,—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts,—my father ſpelt all theſe together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end, he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the ſiſterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way,—and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. *Slop* was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe;—for though his new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance,—yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—tho' not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's ſyſtem,—but for reaſons merely obſtetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. *Slop*, in the enſuing diſcourſe, which went

went a little hard againſt my uncle *Toby*.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common ſenſe, could bear up againſt two ſuch allies in ſcience,—is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you pleaſe,—and whilſt your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and diſcover by what cauſes and effects in nature it could come to paſs, that my uncle *Toby* got his modeſty by the wound he received upon his groin.—You may raiſe a ſyſtem to account for the loſs of my noſe by marriage-articles,—and ſhew the world how it could happen that I ſhould have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in oppoſition to my father's hypotheſis, and the wiſh of the whole family, Godfathers and Godmothers not excepted.—Theſe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to ſolve, if you have time; but I tell you beforehand, it will be in vain,—for not the ſage *Alquiſe*, the magician in Don *Belianis* of *Greece*, nor the no leſs famous *Urganda*, the ſorcereſs his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of theſe matters till the next year,—when a ſeries of things will be laid open which he little expects.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia; meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis——in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, a ſeriis viciſſim ad joços tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS.
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

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THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

——"*I Wiſh*, Dr. *Slop*," quoth my uncle *Toby* (repeating his wiſh for Dr. *Slop* a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing, than he had wiſhed at firſt *)——"*I wiſh*, Dr. *Slop*," *quoth* my uncle *Toby*, "*you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in* "*Flanders.*"

My uncle *Toby*'s wiſh did Dr. *Slop* a diſſervice which his heart never intended any man,———Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas firſt into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

In all diſputes,—male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the caſe;—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wiſh coming ſideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is for the party wiſhed at,

* Vid. Vol. II. p. 159.

inſtantly

inſtantly to get upon his legs—and wiſh the *wiſher* ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value, ——ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were—nay ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of Wiſhes.———

Dr. *Slop* did not underſtand the nature of this defence ;——he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half; five had been fatal to it.—My father ſaw the danger ——the diſpute was one of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world, " Whether the child of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born without a head or with one :"———he waited to the laſt moment to allow Dr. *Slop,* in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it ; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with,——firſt in my uncle *Toby*'s face—then in his——then up—then down—then eaſt——eaſt and by eaſt, and ſo on,——coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs,—and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair ——my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my uncle *Toby*, ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. II.

" —WHAT prodigious armies you had in *Flanders !*"——

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a ſtriped *India* handkerchief from his right

right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle *Toby*——

——Now, in this I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than "*Whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left*,"——have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads.—But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its ſize and ſhape;—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent or not indifferent, juſt as the caſe happens?

As my father's *India* handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head call'd out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out;—which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe (unleſs, indeed, my father had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf, by holding the wig ſtiff in his left hand——or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been eaſy—natural—unforced: *Reynolds* himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now

Now as my father managed this matter,——— conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

—In the latter end of Queen *Anne*'s reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King *George* the firſt— "*Coat-pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt.*" ——I need ſay no more—the father of miſchief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP. III.

IT was not an eaſy matter in any king's reign (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally, quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat-pocket.—In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my uncle *Toby* diſcovered the tranverſe zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in, before the gate of St. *Nicolas*;—— the idea of which drew off his attention ſo entirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right hand to the bell, to ring up *Trim* to go and fetch his map of *Namur*, and his compaſſes and ſector along with it, to meaſure the returning angles of the traverſes of that attack,—but particularly of that one, where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face ——my uncle *Toby* diſmounted immediately.

—I did not apprehend your uncle *Toby* was o'horſeback.———

CHAP. IV.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmoſt reverence to both I ſpeak it, are, exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining;—rumple the one,—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception however in this caſe, and that is, when you are ſo fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a ſarcenet or thin perſian.

Zeno, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes Babylonius*, *Dionyſius Heracleotes*, *Antipater*, *Panætius*, and *Poſſidonius*, amongſt the *Greeks*;—*Cato*, and *Varro*, and *Seneca*, amongſt the *Romans*;—*Pantenus*, and *Clemens Alexandrinus*, and *Montaigne*, amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good honeſt, unthinking *Shandean* people as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this faſhion;——you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creaſed, and fretted and fridged the outſide of them all to pieces;——in ſhort, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the ſame time, not one of the inſides of 'em would have been one button the worſe, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conſcience that mine is made up ſomewhat after this ſort:—for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at ſuch a rate as it has been theſe laſt nine months together;——and yet I declare the lining to it,——as far as I am a judge of the matter,—it is not a threepenny-piece the worſe;—pell mell, helter ſkelter, ding dong, cut and thruſt, back ſtroke and fore ſtroke, ſide way and long way, have they been trimming it for me:—had there been the leaſt gumminеſs in my lining,——by heaven! it had all of it long ago been fray'd and fretted to a thread.

—You

—You Meſſrs. the monthly Reviewers!——how could you cut and ſlaſh my jerkin as you did?——how did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily and from my ſoul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs,—ſo God bleſs you;——only next month, if any one of you ſhould gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and rage at me, as ſome of you did laſt MAY (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exaſperated, if I paſs it by again with good temper,——being determined as long as I live or write (which in my caſe means the ſame thing) never to give the honeſt gentleman a worſe word or a worſe wiſh than my uncle *Toby* gave the fly which buzz'd about his noſe all *dinner-time*,——"Go,—"go, poor devil," quoth he,——"get thee gone, "——why ſhould I hurt thee? This world is ſurely "wide enough to hold both thee and me."

CHAP. V.

ANY man, Madam, reaſoning upwards, and obſerving the prodigious ſuffuſion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face, as I told you) he muſt have redden'd, pictorically and ſcientintically ſpeaking, ſix whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour:——any man, madam, but my uncle *Toby*, who had obſerved this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted,——had he been a lover of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from two ſuch inſtruments being put into exact tune,—he would inſtantly have ſkrew'd up his, to the ſame pitch;—and then the devil and all had broke looſe——the whole piece, Madam, muſt have been played off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—*con furia*,—like mad.

mad.——Grant me patience!——What has *con furia*, ——*con ſtrepito*,——or any other hurlyburly word whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I ſay, Madam, but my uncle *Toby*, the benignity of whoſe heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle *Toby* blamed nothing but the tailor who cut the pocket-hole;——ſo ſitting ſtill, till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpreſſible good-will—my father at length went on as follows.

CHAP. VI.

"—WHAT prodigious armies you had in *Flanders!*"

——Brother *Toby*, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honeſt a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created;——nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, ſhall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremoſt into the world:—but believe me, dear *Toby*, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though theſe, in my opinion, are well worth conſidering,——but the dangers and difficulties our children are beſet with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow;—little need is there to expoſe them to unneceſſary ones in their paſſage to it.——Are theſe dangers, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer,——are theſe dangers greater now o'days, brother, than in times paſt? Brother *Toby*, anſwered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,——our forefathers never looked further.——

My uncle *Toby* inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty—he whiſtled *Lillabullero*.

CHAP. VII.

WHILST my uncle *Toby* was whiſtling *Lillabullero* to my father, Dr. *Slop* was ſtamping, and curſing and damning at *Obadiah* at a moſt dreadful rate :——it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever, of the vile ſin of ſwearing to have heard him.—I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr. *Slop*'s maid delivered the green baize bag, with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to *Obadiah*, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body: ſo undoing the bow-knot, to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back at the ſpeed *Obadiah* threatened, they conſulted to take it off again ; and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots each of which *Obadiah*, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that *Obadiah* and the maid intended ; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom (the ſhape of the bag

bag being conical) that *Obadiah* could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had *Hymen* been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when *Obadiah* accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop —by heaven! Sir, the jingle was incredible.

As *Obadiah* had a wife and three children—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain,——he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greateſt patriots—— "*The poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himſelf* "*whiſtle.*"

CHAP. VIII.

AS *Obadiah* loved wind-muſic preferably to all the inſtrumental muſic he carried with him,—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted,——nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface—I ſcorn to enter into it.

As *Obadiah*'s was a mix'd caſe ——mark, Sirs,—I ſay, a mixed caſe; for it was obſtretical,—*ſcrip*-tical, ſquirtical, papiſtical—and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it,—caball-iſtical—and only partly muſical;—*Obadiah* made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered;—ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band

betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it,——he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with ſuch a multiplicity of round-a-bouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met,—that Dr. *Slop* muſt have had three fifths of *Job*'s patience at leaſt to have unlooſed them.—I think in my conſcience, that had NATURE been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt——and ſhe and Dr. *Slop* both fairly ſtarted together—there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that *Obadiah* had done to it,—and knowing likewiſe the great ſpeed the goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind——which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bay infallibly—at leaſt by twenty *knots*.——Sport of ſmall accidents, *Triſtram Shandy!* that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,——thy affairs had not been ſo depreſs'd—(at leaſt by the depreſſion of thy noſe) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned—as thou haſt been forced to leave them;—but 'tis over,—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

CHAP. IX.

GREAT wits jump: for the moment Dr. *Slop* caſt his eyes upon his bag (which he had not done till the diſpute with my uncle *Toby* about midwifery put him in mind of it)—the very ſame thought occurred.——'Tis God's mercy, quoth he (to himſelf) that Mrs. *Shandy* has had ſo bad a time of it,—

elſe ſhe might have been brought-to-bed ſeven times told, before one half of theſe knots could have got untied.——But here, you muſt diſtinguiſh———— the thought floated only in Dr. *Slop*'s mind, without ſail or ballaſt to it, as a ſimple propoſition; millions of which, as your worſhip knows, are every day ſwimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's underſtanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till ſome little guſts of paſſion or intereſt drive them to one ſide.

A ſudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the propoſition the very ſervice I am ſpeaking of. By all that's unfortunate, quoth Dr. *Slop*, unleſs I make haſte, the thing will actually befal me as it is.

CHAP. X.

IN the caſe of *knots*,——by which, in the firſt place, I would not be underſtood to mean ſlip-knots,—— becauſe in the courſe of my life and opinions——my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the cataſtrophe of my great uncle Mr. *Hammond Shandy*,——a little man,——but of high fancy:——he ruſhed into the duke of *Monmouth*'s affair:——nor, ſecondly, in this place, do I mean that particular ſpecies of knots, called bow-knots;——there is ſo little addreſs, or ſkill, or patience required in the unlooſing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—— But by the knots I am ſpeaking of, may it pleaſe your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honeſt, deviliſh tight, hard knots, made *bona fide*, as *Obadiah* made his;—in which there is no quibbling proviſion made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the ſtrings through the annulus or nooſe made by the ſecond *implication* of them—to get them ſlipp'd and undone by————I hope you apprehend me.

In the caſe of theſe *knots* then, and of the ſeveral obſtructions, which, may it pleaſe your reverences, ſuch knots caſt in our way in getting through life——every haſty man can whip out his penknife, and cut through them.——'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the moſt virtuous way, and which both reaſon and conſcience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—— Dr. *Slop* had loſt his teeth—his favourite inſtrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by ſome miſapplication of it, unfortunately ſlipping, he had formerly, in a hard labour, knock'd out three of the beſt of them with the handle of it:—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut cloſe.—The duce take it! I can make nothing of it either way, cried Dr. *Slop*.——The trampling over head near my mother's bedſide increaſed.—Pox take the fellow! I ſhall never get the knots untied as long as I live. My mother gave a groan—Lend me your penknife—I muſt e'en cut the knots at laſt———pugh!——pſha!—Lord! I have cut my thumb quite acroſs to the very bone—curſe the fellow——if there was not another man-midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout——I wiſh the ſcoundrel hang'd——I wiſh he was ſhot——I wiſh all the devils in hell had him for a blockhead!——

My father had a great reſpect for *Obadiah*, and could not bear to hear him diſpoſed of in ſuch a manner——he had moreover ſome little reſpect for himſelf——and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himſelf in it.

Had Dr. *Slop* cut any part about him, but his thumb——my father had paſs'd it by——his prudence had triumphed: as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curſes, Dr. *Slop*, upon great occaſions, quoth my father (condoling with him firſt upon the accident) are but ſo much waſte of our ſtrength and ſoul's health to no manner of purpoſe.—I own it, replied

plied Dr. *Slop*.———They are like ſparrow-ſhot, quoth my uncle *Toby* (ſuſpending his whiſtling) fired againſt a baſtion.——They ſerved, continued my father, to ſtir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony:—for my own part, I ſeldom ſwear or curſe at all——I hold it bad——but if I fall into it, by ſurpriſe, I generally retain ſo much preſence of mind (right, quoth my uncle *Toby*) as to make it anſwer my purpoſe—that is, I ſwear on till I find myſelf eaſy. A wiſe-and a juſt man however would always endeavour to proportion the vent given to theſe humours, not only to the degree of them ſtirring within himſelf—but to the ſize and ill intent of the offence upon which they are to fall.——"*Injuries come only from the heart*,"——quoth my uncle *Toby*. For this reaſon, continued my father, with the moſt *Cervantic* gravity, I have the greateſt veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in diſtruſt of his own diſcretion in this point, ſat down and compoſed (that is, at his leiſure) fit forms of ſwearing ſuitable to all caſes from the loweſt to the higheſt provocations which could poſſibly happen to him—which forms being well conſider'd by him, and ſuch moreover as he could ſtand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for uſe.—— I never apprehended, replied Dr. *Slop*, that ſuch a thing was ever thought of——much leſs executed. I beg your pardon, anſwered my father; I was reading, though not uſing, one of them to my brother *Toby* this morning, whilſt he pour'd out the tea——'tis here upon the ſhelf over my head;——but if I remember right, 'tis too violent for a cut of the thumb. ——Not at all, quoth Dr. *Slop*—the devil take the fellow.—Then, anſwered my father, 'tis much at your ſervice, Dr. *Slop*——on condition you will read it aloud;———ſo riſing up and reaching down a form of excommunication of the church of *Rome*, a copy of which, my father (who was curious in his collections) had procured out of the leger-book of the church of *Rocheſter*, writ by ERNULPHUS the biſhop——with a moſt affected ſerioufneſs of look and voice, which might

might have cajoled ERNULPHUS himſelf—he put it into Dr. *Slop*'s hands.—Dr. *Slop* wrapt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief, and with a wry face, though without any ſuſpicion, read aloud, as follows —my uncle *Toby* whiſtling *Lillabullero*, as loud as he could, all the time.

Textus de Eccleſiâ Roffenſi, per Ernulfum Epiſcopum.

CAP. XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei omnipotentis, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, et ſanctorum canonum, ſanctæque et intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,

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As the genuineneſs of the conſultation of the *Sorbonne* upon the queſtion of baptiſm, was doubted by ſome, and denied by others——'twas thought proper to print the original of this excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. *Shandy* returns thanks to the chapter clerk of the dean and chapter of *Rocheſter*.

——*Atque*

CHAP. XI.

"BY the authority of God Almighty, the Father, "Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the holy canons, "and of the undefiled Virgin *Mary*, mother and pa-"troneſs of our Saviour." I think there is no neceſſity, quoth Dr. *Slop*, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addreſſing himſelf to my father—as you have read it over, Sir, ſo lately, to read it aloud—and as Captain *Shandy* ſeems to have no great inclination to hear it——I may as well read it to myſelf. That's contrary to treaty, replied my father;—beſides, there is ſomething ſo whimſical, eſpecially in the latter part of it, I ſhould grieve to loſe the pleaſure of a ſecond reading. Dr. *Slop* did not altogether like it—but my uncle *Toby* offering at that inſtant to give over whiſtling, and read it himſelf to them;——Dr. *Slop* thought he might as well read it under the cover of my uncle *Toby*'s whiſtling—as ſuffer my uncle *Toby* to read it alone;——ſo raiſing up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin—he read it aloud as follows—my uncle *Toby* whiſtling *Lillabullero*, though not quite ſo loud as before.

"By

——*Atque omnium cœleſtium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, poteſtatum, cherubin ac ſeraphin, & ſanctorum patriarchum, prophetarum, & omnium apoſtolorum et evangeliſtarum, & ſanctorum innocentum, qui in conſpectu Agni ſoli digni inventi ſunt canticum cantare novum, et ſanctorum martyrum, et ſanctorum confeſſorum, et ſanctarum virginum, atque omnium ſimul ſanctorum et electorum Dei,—Excommunicamus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc maleſactorem, N. N. et a liminibus ſanctæ Dei eccleſiæ ſequeſtramus, ut æternis ſuppliciis excruciandus, mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, Recede à nobis, ſcientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: et ſicut aquâ ignis extinguitur, ſic extinguatur lucerna ejus in ſecula ſeculorum niſi reſpuerit, et ad ſatisfactionem venerit. Amen.*

os vel os s vel os s vel i n n

Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui hominem creavit.

os

Maledicat illum Dei Filius qui pro homine paſſus eſt.

os

Maledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in baptiſmo effuſus eſt.

os

Maledicat illam ſancta crux, quam Chriſtus pro noſtrâ ſalute hoſtem triumphans, aſcendit.

os

Maledicat illum ſancta Dei genetrix et perpetua Virgo Maria.

os

Maledicat illum ſanctus Michael, animarum ſuſceptor ſacrarum.

os

Maledicant illum omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus et poteſtates, omniſque militia cœleſtis.

Maledicat

" By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, " Son, and Holy Ghoſt, and of the undefiled Virgin " *Mary*, mother and patroneſs of our Saviour, and of " all the celeſtial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, " dominions, powers, cherubins and ſeraphins, and " of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the " apoſtles and evangeliſts, and of the holy innocents, " who in the ſight of the Holy Lamb, are found wor- " thy to ſing the new ſong of the holy martyrs and " holy confeſſors, and of the holy virgins, and of all " the ſaints together, with the holy and elect of God. " ——May he" (*Obadiah*) " be damn'd," (for ty- ing theſe knots)—" We excommunicate, and anathe- " matiſe him, and from the threſholds of the holy " church of God Almighty we ſequeſter him, that " he may be tormented, diſpoſed, and delivered " over with *Dathan* and *Abiram*, and with thoſe " who ſay unto the Lord God, Depart from us, we " deſire none of thy ways. And as fire is quenched " with water, ſo let the light of him be put out for " evermore, unleſs it ſhall repent him" (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) " and make ſatisfaction" (for them.) " Amen."

" May the Father who created man, curſe him.— " May the Son who ſuffered for us, curſe him.—May " the Holy Ghoſt who was given to us in baptiſm, " curſe him (Obadiah.)—May the holy croſs which " Chriſt for our ſalvation triumphing over his ene- " mies, aſcended, curſe him.

" May the holy and eternal Virgin *Mary*, mother " of God, curſe him.—May St. *Michael* the advocate " of holy ſouls, curſe him —May all the angels and " archangels, principalities and powers, and all the " heavenly armies, curſe him." [Our armies ſwore terribly in *Flanders*, cried my uncle *Toby*,—but no- thing to this.—For my own part, I could not have a heart to curſe my dog ſo.]

" May

os

Maledicat illum patriarcharum et prophetarum lau-

os

dabilis numerus. Maledicat illum ſanctus Johannes præcurſor et Baptiſta Chriſti, et ſanctus Petrus, et ſanctus Paulus, atque ſanctus Andreas, omneſque Chriſti apoſtoli, ſimul et cæteri diſcipuli, quatuor quoque evangeliſtæ, qui ſua predicatione mundum univerſum

os

converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus martyrum et confeſſorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus placitus inventus eſt.

os

Maledicant illum ſacrarum virginum chori, quæ mundi vana cauſâ honoris Chriſti reſpuenda contemp-

os

ſerunt. Maledicant illum omnes ſancti qui ab initio mundi uſque in finem ſeculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os

Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et omnia ſancta in eis manentia.

i n n

Maledictus ſit ubicunque fuerit, ſive in domo, ſive in agro, ſive in viâ, ſive in ſemitâ, ſive in ſilvâ, ſive in aquâ, ſive in eccleſiâ.

i n

Maledictus ſit vivendo, moriendo, — — —

— — — —

" May St. John the præcurſor and St. John the " Baptiſt, and St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. An- " drew, and all other Chriſt's apoſtles, together " curſe him. And may the reſt of his diſciples and " four evangeliſts, who by their preaching converted " the univerſal world; and may the holy and won- " derful company of martyrs and confeſſors, who by " their holy works are found pleaſing to God Al- " mighty, curſe him" (Obadiah.)

" May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for " the honour of Chriſt have deſpiſed the things of " the world, damn him.—May all the ſaints, who " from the beginning of the world to everlaſting a- " ges are found to be beloved of God, damn him.— " May the heavens and earth, and all the holy things " remaining therein, damn him," (Obadiah) " or " her," (or whoever elſe had a hand in tying theſe knots.)

" May he (Obadiah) be damn'd wherever he be— " whether in the houſe or the ſtables, the garden, or " the field, or the high-way, or in the path, or in the " wood, or in the water, or in the church.—May " he be curſed in living, in dying." [Here my uncle *Toby*, taking the advantage of a *minim* in the ſecond bar of his tune, kept whiſtling one continual note to the end of the ſentence——Dr *Slop* with his diviſion of curſes moving under him, like a running baſs all the way.] " May he be curſed in eating and " drinking, in being hungry, in being thirſty, in faſt- " ing, in ſleeping, in ſlumbering, in walking, in " ſtanding, in ſitting, in lying, in working, in reſt- " ing, in piſſing, in ſhiting, and in blood-let- " ting!

" May he" (*Obadiah*) " be curſed in all the facul- " ties of his body!

Maledictus sit intus et exterius.

Maledictus sit in capillis; maledictus sit in cerebro.

Maledictus sit in vertice, in temporibus, in fronte, in auriculis, in superciliis, in oculis, in genis, in maxillis, in naribus, in dentibus, mordacibus, in labris sive molibus, in labiis, in guttere, in humeris, in harnis, in brachiis, in manubus, in digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus stomacho tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in genitalibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus, et in unguibus.

Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum, a vertice capitis, usque ad plantam pedis——non sit in eo sanitas.

Maledicat illum Christus Filius Dei vivi toto suæ majestatis imperio

" May he be curſed inwardly and outwardly! "
" May he be curſed in the hair of his head!—May
" he be curſed in his brains, and in his vertex," (that is a ſad curſe quoth my father) " in his temples, in
" his forehead, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his
" cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his noſtrils, in his
" foreteeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in
" his ſhoulders, in his wriſts, in his arms, in his
" hands, in his fingers!

" May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breaſt, in
" his heart and purtenance, down to the very ſto-
" mach!

" May he be curſed in his reins, and in his groin,' (God in heaven forbid! quoth my uncle *Toby*) " in
" his thighs, in his genitals," (my father ſhook his head), " and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs,
" and feet, and toe-nails!

" May he be curſed in all the joints and articu-
" lations of his members, from the top of his head to
" the ſole of his foot! May there be no ſoundneſs
" in him!

" May the Son of the living God, with all the
" glory of his Majeſty"——[Here my uncle *Toby*, throwing back his head, gave a monſtrous, long, loud Whew—w—w———ſomething betwixt the interjectional whiſtle of *Hey day!* and the word itſelf.——

—By the golden beard of *Jupiter*—and of *Juno* (if her majeſty wore one) and by the beards of the reſt of your heathen worſhips, which by-the-by was no ſmall number, ſince what with the beards of your celeſtial gods, and gods aerial and aquatic—to ſay nothing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celeſtial goddeſſes your wives, or of the infernal goddeſſes your whores and concubines (that is, in caſe they wore 'em)——all which beards, as *Varro* tells me, upon his word and honour, when muſter'd up to-

——*et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad* damnandum *eum, nisi penituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.*

gether, made no leſs than thirty thouſand effective beards upon the Pagan eſtabliſhment;——every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being ſtroked and ſworn by—by all theſe beards together then——I vow and proteſt, that of the two bad caſſocks I am worth inthe world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever *Cid Hamet* offered his ——only to have ſtood by, and heard my uncle *Toby*'s accompanyment.]

——" curſe him!"——continued Dr. *Slop*—— " And may heaven, with all the powers which move " therein, riſe up againſt him, curſe and damn him" (*Obadiah*) " unleſs he repent and make ſatisfaction! " Amen. So be it,—ſo be it. Amen."

I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, my heart would not let me curſe the devil himſelf with ſo much bitterneſs.——He is the father of curſes, replied Dr. *Slop*.——So am not I, replied my uncle.——But he is curſed, and damn'd already, to all eternity, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am ſorry for it, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Dr. *Slop* drew up his mouth, and was juſt beginning to return my uncle *Toby* the compliment of his Whu—u—u——or interjectional whiſtle——when the door haſtily opening in the next chapter but one —put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourſelves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and becauſe we have the ſpirit to ſwear them,——imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a connoiſſeur :—though I declare I object only to a connoiſſeur in ſwearing,—as I would do to a connoiſſeur in painting, *&c. &c.* the whole ſet of 'em are ſo hung round and *befetiſh'd* with the bobs and trinkets of criticiſm :——or to drop my metaphor, which by-the-by is a pity,——for I have fetched it as far as from the coaſt of *Guinea* ;—— their heads, Sir, are ſtuck ſo full of rules and compaſſes, and have that eternal propenſity to apply them upon all occaſions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than ſtand to be pricked and tortur'd to death by 'em.

———And how did *Garrick* ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night?—Oh, againſt all rule, my lord,—moſt ungrammatically! betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in *number*, *caſe*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus,—ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſettling ;—and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three ſeconds and three fifths by a ſtop-watch, my lord, each time.——Admirable gramamarian!——But in ſuſpending his voice———was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe? Did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm?———Was the eye ſilent? Did you narrowly look?——I look'd only at the ſtop-watch, my lord.—Excellent obſerver!

And what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,——quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—— I had my rule and compaſſes, *&c.* my lord, in my pocket.——Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordſhip bid me look at; —upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of *Boſſu's*

Boſſu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its demenſions.——Admirable connoiſſeur!

—And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?——'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group!——and what a price!——for there is nothing of the colouring of *Titian*——the expreſſion of *Rubens*——the grace of *Raphael*——the purity of *Dominichino*—the *corregieſcity* of *Corregio*—the learning of *Pouſſin*—the airs of *Guido*——the taſte of the *Carrachi*'s—— or the grand contour of *Angelo*—Grant me patience, juſt heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horſe worth riding on, to kiſs the hand of that man whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands——be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great *Apollo*! if thou art in a giving humour——give me—I aſk no more, but one ſtroke of native humour, with a ſingle ſpark of thy own fire along with it——and ſend *Mercury*, with the *rules and compaſſes*, if he can be ſpared, with my compliments to—— no matter.

Now to any one elſe I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world for theſe two hundred and fifty years laſt paſt as originals——except St. *Paul*'s *thumb*——*God's fleſh and God's fiſh*, which were oaths monarchical, and, conſidering who made them, not much amiſs; and as kings oaths, 'tis not much matter whether they were fiſh or fleſh;——elſe, I ſay, there is not an oath, or at leaſt a curſe amongſt them, which has not been copied over and over again out of *Ernulphus* a thouſand times: but, like all other copies,

pies, how infinitely ſhort of the force and ſpirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath——and by itſelf paſſes very well——"*G—d damn you.*"—— Set it beſide *Ernulphus*'s——"God Almighty the Fa- "ther damn you—God the Son damn you—God the "Holy Ghoſt damn you"——you ſee 'tis nothing.— There is an orientality in his we cannot riſe up to: beſides, he is more copious in his invention———poſſeſs'd more of the excellencies of a ſwearer—had ſuch a thorough knowledge of the human frame, its membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations—that when *Ernulphus* curſed—no part eſcaped him.—'Tis true there is ſomething of a *hardneſs* in his manner—and, as in *Michael Angelo*, a want of *grace*——but then there is ſuch a greatneſs of *guſto!*—

My father, who generally look'd upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.——He conſider'd rather *Ernulphus*'s anathema, as an inſtitute of ſwearing, in which, as he ſuſpected, upon the decline of *ſwearing* in ſome milder pontificate, *Ernulphus*, by order of the ſucceeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it;——for the ſame reaſon that *Juſtinian*, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor *Tribonian* to collect the *Roman* or civil laws all together into one code or digeſt——leſt, through the ruſt of time—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition—they ſhould be loſt to the world for ever.

For this reaſon my father would oftentimes affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of *William* the Conqueror (*By the ſplendour of God*) down to the loweſt oath of a ſcavenger (*Damn your eyes*) which was not be found in *Ernulphus*.———In ſhort, he would add—I defy a man to ſwear *out* of it.

The

The hypotheſis is, like moſt of my father's, ſingular, and ingenious too;——nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

——BLESS my ſoul!——my poor miſtreſs is ready to faint——and her pains are gone—and the drops are done——and the bottle of julap is broke—and the nurſe has cut her arm——(and I, my thumb, cried Dr. *Slop*) and the child is where it was, continued *Suſannah*,——and the midwife has fallen backwards upon the edge of the fender, and bruiſed her hip as black as your hat.——I'll look at it, quoth Dr. *Slop*.——There is no need of that, replied *Suſannah*,——you had better look at my miſtreſs;——but the midwife would gladly firſt give you an account how things are, ſo deſires you would go up ſtairs and ſpeak to her this moment.

Human nature is the ſame in all profeſſions.

The midwife had juſt before been put over Dr. *Slop*'s head.——He had not digeſted it.—No, replied Dr. *Slop*, 'twould be full as proper, if the midwife came down to me.——I like ſubordination, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——and but for it, after the reduction of *Liſle*, I know not what might have become of the garriſon of *Ghent*, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.——Nor, replied Dr. *Slop* (parodying my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſical reflection, though full as hobby-horſically himſelf)—do I know, Captain *Shandy*, what might have become of the garriſon above ſtairs in the mutiny and confuſion I find all things are in at preſent, but for the ſubordination of fingers and thumbs to * * * * * *—the application of which, Sir, under this accident of mine, comes in ſo *à propos* that without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the *Shandy* family, as long as the *Shandy* family had a name.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the * * * * * *——in the laſt chapter.

It is a ſingular ſtroke of eloquence (at leaſt it was ſo when eloquence flouriſhed at *Athens* and *Rome*, and would be ſo now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you, *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A ſcar, an axe, a ſword, a pink'd doublet, a ruſty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-aſhes in an urn, or a threehalfpenny pickle-pot—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred.—Tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as *Tully*'s ſecond *Philippic*——it muſt certainly have beſhit the orator's mantle.——And then again, if too old,——it muſt have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action——ſo as to make him loſe by his child almoſt as much as he could gain by it.——Otherwiſe, when a ſtate-orator has hit the preciſe age to a minute——hid his BAMBINO in his mantle ſo cunningly that no mortal could ſmell it—and produced it ſo critically, that no ſoul could ſay, it came in by head and ſhoulders——Oh Sirs! it has done wonders.———It has open'd the ſluices, and turn'd the brains, and ſhook the principles, and unhing'd the politics, of half a nation.

Theſe feats however are not to be done, except in thoſe ſtates and times, I ſay, where orators wore mantles—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with ſome twenty or five-and-twenty yards of good purple, ſuperfine, marketable cloth in them——with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great ſtyle of deſign.———All which plainly ſhews, may it pleaſe your worſhips, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good ſervice it does at preſent, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing elſe in the world, but

but ſhort coats, and the diſuſe of *trunk-hoſe*.——We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth ſhewing.

CHAP. XV.

DR. *Slop* was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my uncle *Toby*——'twas as good as the beſt mantle in the world to him: for which purpoſe, when he foreſaw the ſentence would end in his new invented *forceps*, he thruſt his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, when your reverences took ſo much notice of the * * *; which had he managed—my uncle *Toby* had certainly been overthrown: the ſentence and the argument in that caſe jumping cloſely in one point, ſo like the two lines which form the ſalient angle of a raveline —Dr. *Slop* would never have given them up;——and my uncle *Toby* would as ſoon thought of flying, as taking them by force: but Dr. *Slop* fumbled ſo vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worſe evil (for they ſeldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his *forceps*, his *forceps* unfortunately drew out the *ſquirt* along with it.

When a propoſition can be taken in two ſenſes——'tis a law in diſputation, That the reſpondent may reply to which of the two he pleaſes, or find moſt convenient for him.——This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my uncle *Toby*'s ſide.—— "Good God!" cried my uncle *Toby*, "*Are children* "*brought into the world with a ſquirt?*"

CHAP. XVI.

—UPON my honour, Sir, you have tore every bit of the ſkin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps, cried my uncle *Toby*—and you have cruſh'd all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly. 'Tis your own fault, ſaid Dr. *Slop*——you ſhould have clench'd your two fiſts together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and ſat firm.——I did ſo, anſwered my uncle *Toby*. ——Then the points of my forceps have not been ſufficiently arm'd, or the rivet wants cloſing—or elſe the cut on my thumb has made me a little aukward —or poſſibly——'Tis well, quoth my father, interrupting the detail of poſſibilities—that the experiment was not firſt made upon my child's head-piece.——It would not have been a cherry-ſtone the worſe, anſwered Dr. *Slop*.—I maintain it, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, it would have broke the cerebellum (unleſs indeed the ſkull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect poſſet.—Pſhaw! replied Dr. *Slop*, a child's head is naturally as ſoft as the pap of an apple;——the ſutures give way——and beſides, I could have extracted by the feet after.——Not you, ſaid ſhe.—I rather with you would begin that way, quoth my father.

Pray do, added my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XVII.

—— AND pray, good woman, after all, will you take upon you to ſay, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head!——'Tis moſt certainly the head, replied the midwife. Becauſe, continued Dr. *Slop* (turning to my father) as poſitive as theſe old ladies generally are——'tis a point very difficult to know—— and yet of the greateſt conſequence

ſequence to be known;——becauſe, Sir. if the hip is miſtaken for the head—there is a poſſibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps *.

———What the poſſibility was, Dr. *Slop* whiſpered very low to my father, and then to my uncle *Toby*. ——There is no ſuch danger, continued he, with the head.—No, in truth, quoth my father—but when your poſſibility has taken place at the hip——you may as well take off the head too.

—It is morally impoſſible the reader ſhould underſtand this——'tis enough Dr. *Slop* underſtood it;——ſo taking the green baize bag in his hand, with the help of *Obadiah*'s pumps, he tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his ſize, acroſs the room to the door——and from the door was ſhewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartments.

CHAP. XVIII.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes—and no more ——cried my father, looking at his watch, ſince Dr. *Slop* and *Obadiah* arrived———and I know not how it happens, brother *Toby*———but to my imagination it ſeems almoſt an age.

——Here——pray, Sir, take hold of my cap——nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your ſervice; and I freely make you a preſent of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father ſaid, "*he knew not how it happen'd*,"—yet he knew very well how it happen'd; ——and at the inſtant he ſpoke it, was pre-determined in his mind to give my uncle *Toby* a clear account

of the matter, by a metaphyſical diſſertation upon the ſubject of *duration and its ſimple modes*, in order to ſhew my uncle *Toby* by what mechaniſm and menſurations in the brain it came to paſs, that the rapid ſucceſſion of their ideas, and the eternal ſcampering of the diſcourſe from one thing to another, ſince Dr. *Slop* had come into the room, had lengthened out ſo ſhort a period to ſo inconceivable an extent.——" I " know not how it happens——cried my father—— " but it ſeems an age."

—'Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to the ſucceſſion of our ideas.

My father, who had an itch in common with all philoſophers of reaſoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—propoſed infinite pleaſure to himſelf in this, of the ſucceſſion of ideas, and had not the leaſt apprehenſion of having it ſnatch'd out of his hands by my uncle *Toby*, who (honeſt man!) generally took every thing as it happened; ——and who, of all things in the world, troubled his brain the leaſt with abſtruſe thinking:——the ideas of time and ſpace——or how we came by thoſe ideas—or of what ſtuff they were made—or whether they were born with us——or we pick'd them up afterwards as we went along—or whether we did it in frocks——or not till we had got into breeches—with a thouſand other inquiries and diſputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and ſo forth, upon whoſe deſperate and unconquerable theories ſo many fine heads have been turned and crack'd —never did my uncle *Toby*'s the leaſt injury at all; my father knew it——and was no leſs ſurpriſed, than he was diſappointed, with my uncle's fortuitous ſolution.

Do you underſtand the theory of that affair? replied my father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

——But

——But you have ſome ideas, ſaid my father, of what you talk about?

No more than my horſe, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Gracious heaven! cried my father, looking upwards, and claſping his two hands together—there is a worth in thy honeſt ignorance, brother *Toby*—'twere almoſt a pity to exchange it for a knowledge.——— But I'll tell thee.——

To underſtand what *time* is aright, without which we never can comprehend *infinity*, inſomuch as one is a portion of the other——we ought ſeriouſly to ſit down and conſider what idea it is we have of *duration*, ſo as to give a ſatisfactory account how we came by it.—What is that to any body? quoth my uncle *Toby*. * *For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your mind*, continued my father, *and obſerve attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilſt you and I are talking together, and thinking, and ſmoaking our pipes, or whilſt we receive ſucceſſively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exiſt, and ſo we eſtimate the exiſtence, or the continuation of the exiſtence of ourſelves, or any thing elſe, commenſurate to the ſucceſſion of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourſelves, or any ſuch other thing co-exiſting with our thinking——and ſo according to that preconceived*——You puzzle me to death, cried my uncle *Toby*.

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that in our computations of *time*, we are ſo uſed to minutes, hours, weeks, and months ——— and of clocks (I wiſh there was not a clock in the kingdom) to meaſure out their ſeveral portions to us, and to thoſe who belong to us——that 'twill be well, if in time to come, the *ſucceſſion of our ideas* be of any uſe or ſervice to us at all.

Now whether we obſerve it or no, continued my father, in every ſound man's head, there is a regular

* Vide Locke.

ſucceſſion of ideas of one ſort or other, which follow each other in train juſt like—A train of artillery? ſaid my uncle *Toby*—A train of a fiddleſtick!—quoth my father—which follow and ſucceed one another in our minds at certain diſtances, juſt like the images in the inſide of a lanthorn turned round by the heat of a candle.—I declare, quoth my uncle *Toby*, mine are more like a ſmoke-jack.——Then, brother *Toby*, I have nothing more to ſay to you upon that ſubject, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here loſt!——My father in one of his beſt explanatory moods—in eager purſuit of a metaphyſic point into the very regions where clouds and thick darkneſs would ſoon have encompaſſed it about;———my uncle *Toby* in one of the fineſt diſpoſitions for it in the world;—his head like a ſmoke-jack:——the funnel unſwept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuſcated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!——By the tomb-ſtone of *Lucian*——if it is in being——if not, why then, by his aſhes! by the aſhes of my dear *Rabelais*, and dearer *Cervantes!*——my father and my uncle *Toby*'s diſcourſe upon TIME and ETERNITY—was a diſcourſe devoutly to be wiſhed for! and the petulancy of my father's humour in putting a ſtop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologic Treaſury* of ſuch a jewel, as no coalition of great occaſions and great men are ever likely to reſtore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THOUGH my father perſiſted in not going on with the diſcourſe—yet he could not get my uncle *Toby*'s ſmoke-jack out of his head—piqued as he was at firſt with it;—there was ſomething in the compariſon

compariſon at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpoſe, reſting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right ſide of his head upon the palm of his hand—but looking firſt ſtedfaſtly in the fire——he began to commune with himſelf, and philoſophize about it: but his ſpirits being wore out with the fatigues of inveſtigating new tracts, and the conſtant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of ſubjects which had taken their turn in the diſcourſe——the idea of the ſmoke-jack ſoon turned all his ideas upſide down—ſo that he fell aſleep almoſt before he knew what he was about.

As for my uncle *Toby*, his ſmoke-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell aſleep alſo.—Peace be with them both! ——Dr. *Slop* is engaged with the midwife and my mother above ſtairs.—*Trim* is buſy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the ſiege of *Meſſina* next ſummer——and is this inſtant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot pocker.—All my heroes are off my hands;——'tis the firſt time I have had a moment to ſpare—and I'll make uſe of it, and write my preface.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not ſay a word about it—here it is;——in publiſhing it—I have appealed to the world——and to the world I leave it;—it muſt ſpeak for itſelf.

All I know of the matter is—when I ſat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my underſtanding would hold out—a wiſe, aye, and a diſcreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or leſs) which the great Author and Beſtower of them had thought fit originally to give me——ſo that, as your worſhips ſee—'tis juſt as God pleaſes.

Now, *Agalaſtes* (ſpeaking diſpraiſingly) ſayeth, That there may be ſome wit in it, for aught he knows——but no judgment at all. And *Triptolemus* and *Phutatorius* agreeing thereto, aſk, How is it poſſible there ſhould? for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inaſmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as eaſt is from weſt.—So, ſays *Locke*—ſo are farting and hickuping, ſay I. But in anſwer to this, *Didius* the great church-lawyer, in his code *de fartandi et illuſtrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illuſtration is no argument—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glaſs clean to be a ſyllogiſm;—but you all, may it pleaſe your worſhips, ſee the better for it——ſo that the main good theſe things do, is only to clarify the underſtanding, previous to the application of the argument itſelf, in order to free it from any little

little motes, or ſpecks of opacular matter, which if left ſwimming therein, might hinder a conception, and ſpoil all.

Now, my dear Anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this Preface)——and to you, moſt ſubtle ſtateſmen and diſcreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wiſdom;—*Monopolos*, my politician; —*Didius*, my counſel;—*Kyſarcius*, my friend;—*Phutatorius*, my guide;—*Gaſtripheres*, the preſerver of my life; *Somnolentius*, the balm and repoſe of it—— not forgetting all others, as well ſleeping as waking, eccleſiaſtical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no reſentment to you, I lump all together.—Believe me, right worthy,

My moſt zealous wiſh and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in caſe the thing is not done already for us——is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which uſually goes along with them——ſuch as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without ſtint or meaſure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—ſcum and ſediment and all (for I would not have a drop loſt) into the ſeveral receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and ſpare places of our brains ——in ſuch ſort, that they might continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wiſh, until every veſſel of them, both great and ſmall, be ſo repleniſhed, ſaturated, and fill'd up therewith, that no more, would it ſave a man's life, could poſſibly be got either in or out.

Bleſs us!—what noble work we ſhould make!—— how ſhould I tickle it off!——and what ſpirits ſhould I find myſelf in, to be writing away for ſuch readers! —and you—juſt heaven!—with what raptures would you ſit and read——but oh!—'tis too much——I

am

am ſick——I faint away deliciouſly at the thoughts of it——'tis more than nature can bear!——lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am ſtone blind——I'm dying ——I am gone.——Help! Help! Help!—But hold —I grow ſomething better again, for I am beginning to foreſee, when this is over, that as we ſhall all of us continue to be great wits—we ſhould never agree amongſt ourſelves, one day to an end:——there would be ſo much ſatire and ſarcaſm——ſcoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it——thruſting and parrying in one corner or another——there would be nothing but miſchief among us.—Chaſte ſtars! what biting and ſcratching, and what a racket and a clatter we ſhould make, what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of ſore places——there would be no ſuch thing as living for us.

But then again, as we ſhould all of us be men of great judgment, we ſhould make up matters as faſt as ever they went wrong; and though we ſhould abominate each other ten times worſe than ſo many devils or devileſſes, we ſhould nevertheleſs, my dear creatures, be all courteſy and kindneſs——milk and honey——'twould be a ſecond land of promiſe——a paradiſe upon earth, if there was ſuch a thing to be had —ſo that, upon the whole, we ſhould have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what moſt diſtreſſes my invention at preſent, is how to bring the point itſelf to bear; for as your worſhips well know, that of theſe heavenly emanations of *wit* and *judgment*, which I have ſo bountifully wiſhed both for your worſhips and myſelf—there is but a certain *quantum* ſtored up for us all, for the uſe and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and ſuch ſmall *modicums* of 'em are only ſent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one by-corner or another—and in ſuch narrow ſtreams, and at ſuch prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it

it holds out, or could be ſufficient for the wants and emergencies of ſo many great eſtates, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be conſidered, that in *Nova Zembla*, *North Lapland*, and in all thoſe cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the artic and antartic circles—where the whole province of a man's concernments lies for near nine months together within the narrow compaſs of his cave—where the ſpirits are compreſſed almoſt to nothing—and where the paſſions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itſelf—there the leaſt quantity of *judgment* imaginable does the buſineſs—and of *wit*—there is a total and an abſolute ſaving—for as not one ſpark is wanted——ſo not one ſpark is given. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! What a diſmal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with ſo *plentiful a lack* of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's ſake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as faſt as we can ſouthwards into *Norway*——croſſing over *Swedeland*, if you pleaſe, through the ſmall triangular province of *Angermania* to the lake of *Bothnia*; coaſting along it through eaſt and weſt *Bothnia*, down to *Carelia*, and ſo on, through all thoſe ſtates and provinces which border upon the far ſide of the *Gulf* of *Finland*, and the north-eaſt of the *Baltic*, up to *Peterſbourg*, and juſt ſtepping into *Ingria*;——then ſtretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the *Ruſſian* empire—leaving *Siberia* a little upon the left hand, till we get into the very heart of *Ruſſian* and *Aſiatic Tartary*.

Now through this long tour which I have led you, you obſerve the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have juſt left: —for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look

look very attentively, you may perceive ſome ſmall glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable proviſion of good plain *houſehold* judgment, which, taking the quality aud quantity of it together, they make a very good ſhift with—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would deſtroy the proper balance betwixt them, and I am ſatisfied moreover they would want occaſions to put them to uſe.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant iſland, where you perceive the ſpring tide of our blood and humours runs high—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and leachery, and other whorſon paſſions upon our hands to govern and ſubject to reaſon—the *height* of our wit and the *depth* of our judgment, you ſee, are exactly proportioned to the *length* and *breadth* of our neceſſities—and accordingly we have them ſent down amongſt us in ſuch a flowing kind of decent and creditable plenty, that no one thinks he has any cauſe to complain.

It muſt however be confeſſed on this head, that as our air blows hot and cold——wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and ſettled way;——ſo that ſometimes for near half a century together, there ſhall be very little wit or judgment, either to be ſeen or heard of amongſt us:—— the ſmall channels of them ſhall ſeem quite dried up —then all of a ſudden the ſluices ſhall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury—you would think they would never ſtop:——and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by theſe obſervations, and a wary reaſoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative proceſs, which *Suidas* calls *dialectic induction*—that I draw and ſet up this poſition as moſt true and veritable,

That

That of theſe two luminaries ſo much of their irradiations are ſuffered from time to time to ſhine down upon us, as he, whoſe infinite wiſdom, which diſpenſes every thing in exact weight and meaſure, knows will juſt ſerve to light us on our way in this night of our obſcurity; ſo that your reverences and worſhips now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wiſh in your behalf with which I ſet out, was no more than the firſt inſinuating *How d'ye* of a careſſing prefacer, ſtifling his reader, as a lover ſometimes does a coy miſtreſs, into ſilence. For alas! could this effuſion of light have been as eaſily procured, as the exordium wiſhed it—I tremble to think how many thouſands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned ſciences at leaſt) muſt have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads againſt poſts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journey's end;—ſome falling with their noſes perpendicularly into ſtinks—others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profeſſion tilting full but againſt the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs.———Here the brethren, of another profeſſion, who ſhould have run in oppoſition to each other, flying on the contrary like a flock of wild geeſe, all in a row the ſame way.—What confuſion!—what miſtakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears—admirable!—truſting to the paſſions excited—in an air ſung, or a ſtory painted to the heart——inſtead of meaſuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a *ſtateſman* turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—*againſt* the ſtream of corruption—by heaven!—inſtead of *with* it.

In this corner, a ſon of the divine *Eſculapius*, writing a book againſt predeſtination; perhaps worſe—feeling his patient's pulſe, inſtead of his apothecary's

—a

—a brother of the faculty in the back-ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveneſs;—offering a fee—inſtead of taking one.

In that ſpacious HALL, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damn'd, dirty, vexatious cauſe before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way;——kicking it *out* of the great doors, inſtead of, *in*——and with ſuch fury in their looks, and ſuch a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preſervation of mankind:—perhaps a more enormous miſtake committed by them ſtill—a litigated point fairly hung up;——for inſtance, Whether *John o' Nokes* his noſe could ſtand in *Tom o' Stiles* his face, without a treſpaſs, or not—raſhly determined by them in five-and-twenty minutes, which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in ſo intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an ACTION ſhould be, with all the ſtratagems practicable therein,—ſuch as feints,—forced marches,—ſurpriſes—ambuſcades—maſk-batteries, and a thouſand other ſtrokes of generalſhip, which conſiſt in catching at all advantages on both ſides——might reaſonably have laſted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profeſſion.

As for the clergy——No——If I ſay a word againſt them, I'll be ſhot.—I have no deſire;—and beſides, if I had——I durſt not for my ſoul touch upon the ſubject——with ſuch weak nerves and ſpirits, and in the condition I am in at preſent, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contriſt my ſelf with ſo bad and melancholy an account——and therefore 'tis ſafer to draw a curtain acroſs, and haſten from it, as faſt as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up——and that is, How it comes to paſs, that your men of leaſt *wit* are reported

reported to be men of moſt *judgment*.——But mark —I ſay, *reported to be*—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon truſt, I maintain to be a vile and malicious report into the bargain.

This by the help of the obſervation is already premiſed, and I hope already weighed and prepended by your reverences and worſhips, I ſhall forthwith make appear.

I hate ſet diſſertations——and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the ſillieſt things in one of them to darken your hypotheſis by placing a number of tall, opaque words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your readers conception——when in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have ſeen ſomething ſtanding, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—" for what " hindrance, hurt, or harm, doth the laudable deſire " of knowledge bring to any man, if even from a ſot, " a pot, a fool, a ſtool, a winter-mitain, a truckle for a " pully, the lid of a goldſmith's crucible, an oil " bottle, an old ſlipper, or a cane chair"——I am this moment ſitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illuſtrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it——they are faſtened on, you ſee, with two pegs ſtuck ſlightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to ſay in ſo clear a light, as to let you ſee through the drift and meaning of my whole preface as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of ſun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

——Here ſtands *wit*——and there ſtands *judgment*, cloſe beſide it, juſt like the two knobs I'm ſpeaking of, upon the back of this ſelf-ſame chair on which I am ſitting.

——You ſee, they are the higheſt and moſt ornamental parts of its *frame*——as wit and judgment are of *ours*——and like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order as we ſay in all ſuch caſes of duplicated embelliſhments——*to anſwer one another.*

Now, for the ſake of an experiment, and for the clearer illuſtrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of theſe two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinacle of the chair it now ſtands on——nay, don't laugh at it.——But did you ever ſee in the whole courſe of your lives ſuch a ridiculous buſineſs as this has made of it?——Why, 'tis as miſerable a ſight as a ſow with one ear; and there is juſt as much ſenſe and ſymmetry in the one, as in the other:—do——pray, get off your ſeats, only to take a view of it——Now would any man who valued his character a ſtraw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in ſuch a condition?——nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and anſwer this plain queſtion, Whether this one ſingle knob, which now ſtands here like a blockhead by itſelf, can ſerve any purpoſe upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?——and let me further aſk, in caſe the chair was your own, if you would not in your conſciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now theſe two knobs——or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I ſaid, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the moſt needful—the moſt priz'd——the moſt calamitous to be without, and conſequently the hardeſt to come at——for all theſe reaſons put together, there is not a mortal amongſt us ſo deſtitute of a love of good fame or feeding—or ſo ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wiſh and ſtedfaſtly reſolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at leaſt, maſter of the

the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing ſeems any way ſenſible, or likely to be brought to paſs.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unleſs they laid hold of the other,——pray what do you think would become of them?—Why, Sirs, in ſpight of all their *gravities*, they muſt e'en have been contented to have gone with their inſides naked:—this was not to be borne, but by an effort of philoſophy not to be ſuppoſed in the caſe we are upon——ſo that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been ſatisfied with what little they could have ſnatched up and ſecreted under their cloaks and great periwigs, had they not raiſed a *hue* and *cry* at the ſame time againſt the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worſhips, that this was done with ſo much cunning and artifice—that the great *Locke*, who was ſeldom outwitted by falſe ſounds——was nevertheleſs bubbled here. The cry, it ſeems, was ſo deep and ſolemn a one, and what with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered ſo general a one againſt the *poor wits* in this matter, that the philoſopher himſelf was deceived by it.—It was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thouſand vulgar errors;——but this was not of the number; ſo that inſtead of ſitting down cooly, as ſuch a philoſopher ſhould have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philoſophized upon it——on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and ſo joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boiſterouſly as the reſt.

This has been made the *Magna Charta* of ſtupidity ever ſince——but your reverences plainly ſee, it has been obtained in ſuch a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat;——which by-the-by is one of the many and vile impoſitions which gravity and grave folks have to anſwer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have ſpoken my mind too freely——I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly ſaid to their diſpraiſe or prejudice, by one general declaration———That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I deteſt and abjure either great wigs or long beards —any further than when I ſee they are beſpoke and let grow on purpoſe to carry on this ſelf-ſame impoſture——for any purpoſe—peace be with them !—— ☞ mark only——I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

EVERY day for at leaſt ten years together did my father reſolve to have it mended——'tis not mended yet ;——no family but ours would have borne with it an hour—and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, there was not a ſubject in the world upon which my father was ſo eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges——And yet at the ſame time, he was certainly one of the greateſt bubbles to them, I think, that hiſtory can produce : his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs.—— Never did the parlour-door open—but his philoſophy or his principles fell a victim to it ;—— three drops of oil with a feather, and a ſmart ſtroke of a hammer, had ſaved his honour for ever.

——Inconſiſtent ſoul that man is !—languiſhing under wounds, which he has the power to heal !— his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge !—his reaſon, that precious gift of God to him—(inſtead of pouring in oil) ſerving but to ſharpen his ſenſibilities ——to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneaſy under them !—poor unhappy creature, that he ſhould do ſo !—are not the neceſſary cauſes of miſery in this life enow, but he muſt add voluntary ones to his ſtock of ſorrow ;——ſtruggle againſt evils which cannot be avoided, and ſubmit to

others,

others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of *Shandy-Hall*—the parlour-door hinge ſhall be mended this reign.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal *Trim* had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above meaſure; and knowing what a pleaſure it would be to his maſter to ſee them, he was not able to reſiſt the deſire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now, next to the moral leſſon I had in view in mentioning the affair of *hinges*, I had a ſpeculative conſideration ariſing out of it, and it is this:

Had the parlour-door open'd and turn'd upon its hinges, as a door ſhould do———

—Or for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon its hinges—(that is, in caſe things have all along gone well with your worſhip—otherwiſe I give up my ſimile)—in this caſe, I ſay, there had been no danger either to maſter or man, in corporal *Trim*'s peeping in: the moment he had beheld my father and my uncle *Toby* faſt aſleep.——the reſpectfulneſs of his carriage was ſuch, he would have retired as ſilent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally ſpeaking, ſo very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was ſuffered to be out of order, and amongſt the hourly grievances my father ſubmitted to upon its account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of

being unavoidably awakened by the firſt perſon who ſhould open the door, was always uppermoſt in his imagination, and ſo inceſſantly ſtepp'd in betwixt him and the firſt balmy preſage of his repoſe, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole ſweets of it.

" *When things move upon bad hinges*, an' pleaſe " your lordſhips, *how can it be otherwiſe?*"

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak. ——I wiſh the ſmith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.——'Tis nothing, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid *Trim*, but two mortars I am bringing in. ——They ſhan't make a clatter with them here, cried my father haſtily.——If Dr. *Slop* has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.——May it pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*, they are two mortar-pieces for a ſiege next ſummer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which *Obadiah* told me your honour had left off wearing.——By heaven! cried my father, ſpringing out of his chair, as he ſwore——I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I ſet ſo much ſtore by, as I do by theſe jack-boots——they were our great-grandfather's, brother *Toby*——they were *hereditary*. Then I fear, quoth my uncle *Toby*, *Trim* has cut off the entail.——I have only cut off the tops, an' pleaſe your honour, cried *Trim*.——I hate *perpetuities* as much as any man alive, cried my father——but theſe jack-boots, continued he (ſmiling, though very angry at the ſame time) have been in the family, brother, ever ſince the civil wars; ——Sir *Roger Shandy* wore them at the battle of *Marſton-Moor*.——I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.——I'll pay you the money, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleaſure, and putting his hand into his breeches-pocket as he viewed them——I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and ſoul.——

Brother

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, altering his tone, you care not what money you diſſipate and throw away, provided, continued he, 'tis but upon a SIEGE.—Have I not one hundred-and-twenty pounds a-year, beſides my half-pay? cried my uncle *Toby*—What is that—replied my father haſtily—to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?——twelve guineas for your *pontoons?*——half as much for your *Dutch* draw-bridge?—to ſay nothing of the train of little braſs artillery you beſpoke laſt week, with twenty other preparations for the ſiege of *Meſſina:* believe me, dear brother *Toby*, continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand—theſe military operations of yours are above your ſtrength;—you mean well, brother—but they carry you into greater expences than you were firſt aware of;—and take my word, dear *Toby*, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you. What ſignifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, ſo long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation.———

My father could not help ſmiling for his ſoul—his anger at the worſt was never more than a ſpark;—and the zeal and ſimplicity of *Trim*—and the generous (though hobby-horſical) gallantry of my uncle *Toby*, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an inſtant.

Generous ſouls!—God proſper you both, and your mortar-pieces too, quoth my father to himſelf!

CHAP. XXIII.

ALL is quiet and huſh, cried my father, at leaſt above ſtairs—I hear not one foot ſtirring.—Prithee, *Trim*, who's in the kitchen? There is no one ſoul in the kitchen, anſwered *Trim*, making a low bow as he ſpoke, except Dr. *Slop*—Confuſion! cried my father (getting up upon his legs a ſecond time)—not one ſingle thing has gone right this day! had I faith

faith in aſtrology, brother (which, by-the-by, my father had) I would have ſworn ſome retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate houſe of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—Why, I thought Dr. *Slop* had been above ſtairs with my wife, and ſo ſaid you.—What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?—He is buſy, an' pleaſe your honour, replied *Trim*, in making a bridge.—'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*:——pray, give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You muſt know, my uncle *Toby* miſtook the bridge—as widely as my father miſtook the mortars;——but to underſtand how my uncle *Toby* could miſtake the bridge—I fear I muſt give you an exact account of the road which led to it;——or to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more diſhoneſt in an hiſtorian than the uſe of one)———in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle *Toby* aright, I muſt give you ſome account of an adventure of *Trim*'s, though much againſt my will. I ſay much againſt my will, only becauſe the ſtory, in one ſenſe, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it ſhould come in, either amongſt the anecdotes of my uncle *Toby*'s amours with widow *Wadman*, in which corporal *Trim* was no mean actor—or elſe in the middle of his and my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place;—but then if I reſerve it for either of thoſe parts of my ſtory—I ruin the ſtory I'm upon;—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worſhips have me to do in this caſe?

—Tell it, Mr. *Shandy*, by all means.—You are a fool, *Triſtram*, if you do.

O ye Powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a ſtory worth the

the hearing—that kindly ſhew him, where he is to begin it—and where he is to end it——what he is to put into it—and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to caſt into a ſhade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!——Ye, who preſide over this vaſt empire of biographical freebooters, and ſee how many ſcrapes and plunges your ſubjects hourly fall into;—will you do one thing?

I beg and beſeech you (in caſe you will do nothing better for us) that wherever, in any part of your dominions it ſo falls out, that three ſeveral roads meet in one point, as they have done juſt here—that at leaſt you ſet up a guide-poſt, in the center of them, in mere charity to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

CHAP. XXIV.

THO' the ſhock my uncle *Toby* received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in his affair with widow *Wadman*, had fixed him in a reſolution never more to think of the ſex——or of aught which belonged to it;—yet corporal *Trim* had made no ſuch bargain with himſelf. Indeed in my uncle *Toby*'s caſe there was a ſtrange and unaccountable concurrence of circumſtances which inſenſibly drew him in, to lay ſiege to that fair and ſtrong citadel.—In *Trim*'s caſe there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and *Bridget* in the kitchen;——though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his maſter was ſuch, and ſo fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle *Toby* employed his time and genius in tagging of points——I am perſuaded the honeſt corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleaſure. When therefore my uncle *Toby* ſat down before the miſtreſs—corporal *Trim* incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now,

Now, my dear friend *Garrick*, whom I have ſo much cauſe to eſteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it eſcape your penetration—I defy it—that ſo many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat have ever ſince been working upon *Trim*'s and my uncle *Toby*'s pattern?——I care not what *Ariſtotle*, or *Pacuvius*, or *Boſſu*, or *Ricaboni* ſay——(though I never read one of them)——there is not a greater difference between a ſingle-horſe chair and madam *Pompadour*'s *vis-a-vis*, than betwixt a ſingle amour and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama—Sir, a ſimple, ſingle, ſilly affair of that kind——is quite loſt in five acts;——but that is neither here nor there.

After a ſeries of attacks and repulſes in a courſe of nine months on my uncle *Toby*'s quarter, a moſt minute account of every particular of which ſhall be given in its proper place, my uncle *Toby*, honeſt man! found it neceſſary to draw off his forces, and raiſe the ſiege ſomewhat indignantly.

Corporal *Trim*, as I ſaid, had made no ſuch bargain either with himſelf—— or with any one elſe—the fidelity however of his heart not ſuffering him to go into a houſe which his maſter had forſaken with diſguſt——he contented himſelf with turning his part of the ſiege into a blockade;——thatis, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the houſe, yet he never met *Bridget* in the village, but he would either nod, or wink, or ſmile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumſtances directed) he would ſhake her by the hand—or aſk her lovingly how ſhe did—or would give her a riband——and now-and-then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give *Bridget* a———

Preciſely in this ſituation, did theſe things ſtand for five years; that is, from the demolition of *Dunkirk* in the year 13, to the latter end of my uncle *Toby*'s campaign

paign in the year 18, which was about ſix or ſeven weeks before the time I'm ſpeaking of—When *Trim*, as his cuſtom was, after he had put my uncle *Toby* to-bed, going down one moon-ſhiny night to ſee that every thing was right at his fortifications——in the lane ſeparated from the bowling-green with flowering ſhrubs and holly——he eſpied his *Bridget*.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world ſo well worth ſhewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle *Toby* had made, *Trim* courteouſly and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done ſo privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my father's, with this untoward circumſtance along with it, that my uncle *Toby*'s curious draw-bridge, conſtructed and painted after the *Dutch* faſhion, and which went quite acroſs the ditch—was broke down, and ſome how or other cruſhed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have obſerved, had no great eſteem for my uncle *Toby*'s hobby-horſe—he thought it the moſt ridiculous horſe that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed unleſs my uncle *Toby* vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without ſmiling at it——ſo that it never could get lame or happen any miſchance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond meaſure; but this being an accident, much more to his humour than any one which had yet befall'n it, it proved an inexhauſtible fund of entertainment to him.———Well——but dear *Toby!* my father would ſay, do tell me ſeriouſly how this affair of the bridge happened.—— How can you teaze me ſo much about it? my uncle *Toby* would reply—I have told it you twenty times, word for word as *Trim* told it me —Prithee, how was it then, corporal? my father would cry, turning to *Trim*.—It was a mere miſfortune, an' pleaſe your honour;——I was ſhewing Mrs. *Bridget* our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the foſſé, I unfortunately ſlipp'd in—Very well,

well, *Trim*! my father would cry—(ſmiling myſteriouſly, and giving a nod——but without interrupting him)————and being link'd faſt, an' pleaſe your honour, arm in arm with Mrs. *Bridget*, I dragg'd her after me, by means of which ſhe fell backwards ſoſs againſt the bridge ——and *Trim*'s foot (my uncle *Toby* would cry, taking the ſtory out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full againſt the bridge too.—It was a thouſand to one, my uncle *Toby* would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.—Aye, truly! my father would ſay——a limb is ſoon broke, brother *Toby*, in ſuch encounters.—— And ſo, an' pleaſe your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very ſlight one, was broke down betwixt us, and ſplintered all to pieces.

At other times, but eſpecially when my uncle *Toby* was ſo unfortunate as to ſay a ſyllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhauſt all the ſtores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the BATTERING-RAMS of the ancients—the VINEA which *Alexander* made uſe of at the ſiege of *Tyre*.——He would tell my uncle *Toby* of the CATAPULTÆ of the *Syrians*, which threw ſuch monſtrous ſtones ſo many hundred feet, and ſhook the ſtrongeſt bulwarks from their very foundation;—he would go on and deſcribe the wonderful mechaniſm of the BALLISTA, which *Marcellinus* makes ſo much rout about;—the terrible effects of the PYRABOLI, which caſt fire;——the danger of the TEREBRA and SCORPIO, which caſt javelins.—But what are theſe, would he ſay, to the deſtructive machinery of corporal *Trim*?—Believe me, brother *Toby*, no bridge, or baſtion, or ſally-port, that ever was conſtructed in this world, can hold out againſt ſuch artillery.

My uncle *Toby* would never attempt any defence againſt the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of ſmoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raiſed ſo denſe a vapour one night after ſupper, that it ſet my father, who was a little phthiſical, into

a ſuffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle *Toby* leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, ſtood beſide his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambric handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket.——The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle *Toby* did theſe little offices——cut my father through his reins, for the pain he had juſt been giving him.——May my brains be knock'd out with a battering ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himſelf——if ever I inſult this worthy ſoul more!

CHAP. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, *Trim* was ordered directly to ſet about another——but not upon the ſame model: for cardinal *Alberoni*'s intrigues at that time being diſcovered, and my uncle *Toby* rightly foreſeeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt *Spain* and the Empire, and that the operations of the enſuing campaign muſt in all likelihood be either in *Naples* or *Sicily*——he determined upon an *Italian* bridge——(my uncle *Toby*, by-the-by, was not far out in his conjectures)——but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle *Toby* in the cabinet, as my uncle *Toby* took it of him in the field—convinced him, that if the king of *Spain* and the Emperor went together by the ears, that *England* and *France* and *Holland* muſt, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the liſts too;——and if ſo, he would ſay, the combatants, brother *Toby*, as ſure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting ſtage of *Flanders*;—then what will you do with your *Italian* bridge?

——We will go on with it then, upon the old model, cried my uncle *Toby*.

When corporal *Trim* had about half finiſhed it in that ſtyle——my uncle *Toby* found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly conſidered before. It turned, it ſeems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turning to one ſide of the foſsè, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my uncle *Toby* to raiſe it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his gariſon was weak, was as much as he could well ſpare—but the diſadvantages of ſuch a conſtruction were inſurmountable;——for by this means, he would ſay, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's poſſeſſion——and pray, of what uſe is the other?

The natural remedy for this, was no doubt to have his bridge faſt only at one end with hinges, ſo that the whole might be lifted up together, and ſtand bolt upright——but that was rejected, for the reaſon given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular conſtruction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a paſſage; and to thruſt forwards again, to gain a paſſage ——of which ſorts your worſhips might have ſeen three famous ones at *Spires* before its deſtruction—and one now at *Briſac*, if I miſtake not;—but my father adviſing my uncle *Toby*, with great earneſtneſs, to have nothing more to do with thruſting bridges—and my uncle foreſeeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal's misfortune ——he changed his mind for that of the marquis *d' Hôpital*'s invention, which the younger *Bernouilli* has ſo well and learnedly deſcribed, as your worſhips may ſee—*Act. Erud. Lipſ.* an. 1695—to theſe a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inaſmuch as the conſtruction of them was a curve-line approximating to a cycloid ——if not a cycloid itſelf.

My

My uncle *Toby* underſtood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in *England*—but was not quite ſuch a maſter of the cycloid;—he talked however about it every day;——the bridge went not forwards.—— We'll aſk ſomebody about it, cried my uncle *Toby* to *Trim*.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN *Trim* came in and told my father, that Dr. *Slop* was in the kitchen, and buſy in making a bridge—my uncle *Toby*—the affair of the jack-boots having juſt then raiſed a train of military ideas in his brain——took it inſtantly for granted that Dr. *Slop* was making a model of the marquis *d' Hôpital*'s bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*;——pray, give my humble ſervice to Dr. *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle *Toby*'s head been a *Savoyard*'s box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it——it could not have given him a more diſtinct conception of the operations of my uncle *Toby*'s imagination, than what he had: ſo notwithſtanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was juſt beginning to triumph——

When *Trim*'s anſwer, in an inſtant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twiſted it to pieces.

CHAP. XXVII.

——THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father—God bleſs your honour cried *Trim*, 'tis a bridge for maſter's noſe.——In bringing him into the world with his vile inſtruments, he has cruſh'd his noſe, *Suſannah* ſays, as flat as a pancake, to his face, and he is making a falſe bridge

with a piece of cotton, and a thin piece of whalebone out of *Suſannah*'s ſtays, to raiſe it up.

———Lead me, brother *Toby*, cried my father, to my room this inſtant.

CHAP. XXVIII.

FROM the firſt moment I ſat down to write my life for the amuſement of the world, and my opinions for its inſtruction, has a cloud inſenſibly been gathering over my father.——A tide of little evils and diſtreſſes has been ſetting in againſt him.——Not one thing, as he obſerved himſelf, has gone right: and now is the ſtorm thicken'd, and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my ſtory in the moſt penſive and melancholy frame of mind that ever ſympathetic breaſt was touched with.——My nerves relax as I tell it.——Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickneſs of my pulſe, and of that careleſs alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to ſay and write a thouſand things I ſhould not —— And this moment that I laſt dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of ſad compoſure and ſolemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.——Lord! how different from the raſh jerks, and hare-brain'd ſquirts thou art wont, *Triſtram*, to tranſact it with in other humours——dropping thy pen—ſuprting thy ink about thy table and thy books——as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and thy furniture coſt thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you—'tis ſo—and I am perſuaded of it, Madam, as much as can be, "That both man and wo-

"man

" man bear pain and ſorrow (and, for aught I know,
" pleaſure too) beſt in a horizontal poſition."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himſelf proſtrate acroſs his bed in the wildeſt diſorder imaginable, but at the ſame time in the moſt lamentable attitude of a man borne down with ſorrows that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for. ——The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greateſt part of both his eyes, gently ſunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his noſe touch'd the quilt;——his left arm hung inſenſible over the ſide of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the ſide of the bed, the edge of it preſſing upon his ſhin-bone. ——He felt it not. A fix'd inflexible ſorrow took poſſeſſion of every line of his face.—He ſigh'd once—heaved his breaſt often—but utter'd not a word.

An old ſet-ſtitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-colour'd worſted bobs, ſtood at the bed's head, oppoſite to the ſide where my father's head reclined.——My uncle *Toby* ſat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digeſted——conſolation ever comes too ſoon;——and after it is digeſted——it comes too late: ſo that you ſee, Madam, there is but a mark between theſe two, as fine almoſt as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at: my uncle *Toby* was always either on this ſide, or on that of it, and would often ſay, He believed in his heart, he could as ſoon hit the longitude; for this reaſon, when he ſat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's ſervice—he pull'd out a cambric handkerchief——gave a low ſigh——but held his peace.

CHAP. XXX.

——"*ALL is not gain that is got into the purſe.*"——So that notwithſtanding my father had the happineſs of reading the oddeſt books in the univerſe, and had moreover, in himſelf, the oddeſt way of thinking that ever man in it was bleſs'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all——that it laid him open to ſome of the oddeſt and moſt whimſical diſtreſſes; of which this particular one, which he ſunk under at preſent, is as ſtrong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's noſe, by the edge of a pair of forceps——however ſcientifically applied——would vex any man in the world, who was at ſo much pains in begetting a child, as my father was;——yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it juſtify the unchriſtian manner he abandoned and ſurrender'd himſelf up to.

To explain this, I muſt leave him upon the bed for half an hour——and my good uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair ſitting beſide him.

CHAP. XXXI.

——I THINK it a very unreaſonable demand——cried my great-grandfather, twiſting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, Madam, you have but two thouſand pounds fortune and not a ſhilling more——and you inſiſt upon having three hundred pounds a-year jointure for it.——

——"Becauſe," replied my great-grandmother, you "have little or no noſe, Sir."——

Now,

Now, before I venture to make uſe of the word *Noſe* a ſecond time——to avoid all confuſion in what will be ſaid upon it, in this intereſting part of my ſtory, it may not be amiſs to explain my own meaning, and define, with all poſſible exactneſs and preciſion, what I would willingly be underſtood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverſeneſs of writers in deſpiſing this precaution, and to nothing elſe——That all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonſtrative as thoſe upon *a Will o' the Whiſp*, or any other ſound part of philoſophy, and natural purſuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you ſet out, unleſs you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment———but to give the world a good definition, and ſtand to it, of the main word you have moſt occaſion for—changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into ſmall coin?—which done—let the father of confuſion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of ſtrict morality and cloſe reaſoning, ſuch as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcuſable; and heaven is witneſs, how the world has revenged itſelf upon me for leaving ſo many openings to equivocal ſtrictures—and for depending ſo much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanlineſs of my readers imaginations.

———Here are two ſenſes cried *Eugenius*, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right hand to the word *crevice*, in the one hundred and ſixth page of this book of books,—here are two ſenſes——quoth he.—And here are two roads, replied I, turning ſhort upon him——a dirty and a clean one——which ſhall we take?——The clean, by all means, replied *Eugenius*. *Eugenius*, ſaid I, ſtepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breaſt——to define—is to diſtruſt.——Thus I triumphed

phed over *Eugenius* ; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool——'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obſtinate one ; therefore

I define a noſe, as follows——entreating only beforehand, and beſeeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition ſoever, for the love of God and their own ſouls, to guard againſt the temptations and ſuggeſtions of the devil, and ſuffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition. ——For by the word *Noſe*, throughout all this long chapter of noſes, and in every other part of my work, where the word *Noſe* occurs—I declare, by that word I mean a noſe, or nothing more, or leſs.

CHAP. XXXII.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my great grandmother, repeating the words again——"you "have little or no noſe, Sir,"———

S'death ! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his noſe—'tis not ſo ſmall as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's.——Now, my great-grandfather's noſe was, for all the world, like unto the noſes of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the iſland of ENNASIN.——By the way, if you would know the ſtrange way of getting a-kin amongſt ſo flat-noſed a people——you muſt read the book;—find it out yourſelf, you never can.——

——'Twas ſhaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

——'Tis a full inch, continued my great-grandfather, preſſing up the ridge of his noſe with his finger and thumb ; and repeating his aſſertion——'tis a full inch longer, Madam, than my father's—You muſt mean your uncle's, replied my great-grandmother.

—My

——My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwiſted the paper, and ſigned the article.

CHAP. XXXIII.

——WHAT an unconſcionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this ſmall eſtate of ours? quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more noſe, my dear, ſaving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.

Now, you muſt know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; ſo that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*) —during all that time.

No man diſcharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father.———And as far as the hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that ſpirited jerk of an honeſt welcome, with which generous ſouls, and generous ſouls only, are able to fling down money: but as ſoon as ever he enter'd upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud *Hem!* rubb'd the ſide of his noſe leiſurely with the flat part of his fore-finger———inſerted his hand cautiouſly betwixt his head and the caul of his wig—look'd at both ſides of every guinea, as he parted with it—and ſeldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious heaven! from thoſe perſecuting ſpirits who make no allowances for theſe workings within us.—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from anceſtors!

For

For three generations at leaſt this *tenet* in favour of long noſes had gradually been taking root in our family.—TRADITION was all along on its ſide, and INTEREST was every half-year ſtepping in to ſtrengthen it; ſo that the whimſicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almoſt all his other ſtrange notions.—For in a great meaſure he might be ſaid to have ſuck'd this in with his mother's milk. He did his part however.——If education planted the miſtake (in caſe it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in ſpeaking his thoughts upon the ſubject, that he did not conceive how the greateſt family in *England* could ſtand it out againſt an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of ſix or ſeven ſhort noſes.—And for the contrary reaſon, he would generally add, That it muſt be one of the greateſt problems in civil life, where the ſame number of long and jolly noſes, following one another in a direct line, did not raiſe and hoiſt it up into the beſt vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boaſt that the *Shandy* family rank'd very high in king *Harry* the VIIIth's time, but owed its riſe to no ſtate-engine—he would ſay—but to that only;—but, that like other families, he would add—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's noſe.——It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, ſhaking his head——and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turn'd up trumps.

——Fair and ſoftly, gentle reader!——where is thy fancy carrying thee?——If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's noſe, I mean the external organ of ſmelling, or that part of man which ſtands prominent in his face—and which painters ſay, in good jolly noſes and well-proportioned faces, ſhould comprehend a full third—that is, meaſured downwards from the ſetting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this paſs!

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IT is a ſingular bleſſing, that nature has form'd the mind of man with the ſame happy backwardneſs and renitency againſt conviction, which is obſerved in old dogs——" of not learning new tricks."

What a ſhuttlecock of a fellow would the greateſt philoſopher that ever exiſted be whisk'd into at once, did he read ſuch books, and obſerve ſuch facts, and think ſuch thoughts, as would eternally be making him change ſides!

Now, my father, as I told you laſt year, deteſted all this.—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a ſtate of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of ſpirit, he would loſe his life rather than give it up——

I am aware that *Didius*, the great civilian, will conteſt this point; and cry out againſt me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *Ex conſeſſo*, he will ſay——things were in a ſtate of nature.—The apple's as much *Frank*'s apple as *John*'s. Pray, Mr. *Shandy*, what patent has he to ſhew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he ſet his heart upon it? or when he gather'd it? or when he chew'd it? or when he roaſted it? or when he peel'd? or when he brought it home? or when he digeſted?—— or when he———? ——. For 'tis plain, Sir, if the firſt picking up of the apple made it not his——that no ſubſequent act could.

Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will anſwer—(now *Tribonius* the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three eighths longer than *Didius* his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, ſo I give myſelf no further trouble about the anſwer.)—Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will ſay, it is a decreed

decreed caſe, as you may find it in the fragments of *Gregorius* and *Hermogenes*'s codes, and in all the codes from *Juſtinian*'s down to the codes of *Louis* and *Des Eaux*—That the ſweat of a man's brows, and the exſudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backſide;—— which ſaid exſudations, *&c.* being dropp'd upon the ſaid apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indiſſolubly waſted, and as indiſſolubly annex'd by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roaſted, peel'd, eaten, digeſted, and ſo on;——'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in ſo doing, has mix'd up ſomething which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is *John*'s apple.

By the ſame learned chain of reaſoning my father ſtood up for all his opinions: he had ſpared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better ſtill was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had coſt him moreover as much labour in cooking and digeſting as in the caſe above, ſo that they might well and truly be ſaid to be his own goods and chattels.——Accordingly he held faſt by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on——and in a word, would entrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breaſt-works, as my uncle *Toby* would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this——the ſcarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in caſe of a ſmart attack; inaſmuch as few men of great genius had exerciſed their parts in writing books upon the ſubject of great noſes: by the trotting of my lean horſe, the thing is incredible! and I am quite loſt in my underſtanding when I am conſidering what a treaſure of precious time and talents together has been waſted upon worſe ſubjects——and how

how many millions of books in all languages, and in all poſſible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half ſo much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he ſet the greater ſtore by; and though my father would oft-times ſport with my uncle *Toby*'s library———which, by-the-by, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very ſame time he did it, he collected every book and treatiſe which had been ſyſtematically wrote upon noſes, with as much care as my honeſt uncle *Toby* had done thoſe upon military architecture. ——'Tis true, a much leſs table would have held them—but that was not thy tranſgreſſion, my dear uncle.———

Here——but why here——rather than in any other part of my ſtory——I am not able to tell;——but here it is——my heart ſtops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodneſs.——Here let me thruſt my chair aſide, and kneel down upon the ground, whilſt I am pouring forth the warmeſt ſentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's boſom. ———Peace and comfort reſt for ever more upon thy head!—Thou envied'ſt no man's comforts——inſulted'ſt no man's opinions.——Thou blackened'ſt no man's character——devoured'ſt no man's bread: gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didſt thou amble round the little circle of thy pleaſures, joſtling no creature in thy way;——for each one's ſervice, thou hadſt a tear——for each man's need, thou hadſt a ſhilling.

Whilſt I am worth one, to pay a weeder——thy path from thy door to thy bowling green ſhall never be grown up.—Whilſt there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, ſhall never be demoliſh'd.

CHAP. XXXV.

MY father's collection was not great, but to make amends, it was curious, and conſequently he was ſome time in making it; he had the great good fortune, however, to ſet off well, in getting *Bruſcambille*'s prologue upon long noſes, almoſt for nothing—for he gave no more for *Bruſcambille* than three half crowns; owing indeed to the ſtrong fancy which the ſtall-man ſaw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.—There are not three *Bruſcambilles* in *Chriſtendom*——ſaid the ſtall-man, except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning—took *Bruſcambille* into his boſom——hyed home from *Paccadilly* to *Coleman*-ſtreet with it, as he would have hied home with a treaſure, without taking his hand once off from *Bruſcambille* all the way.

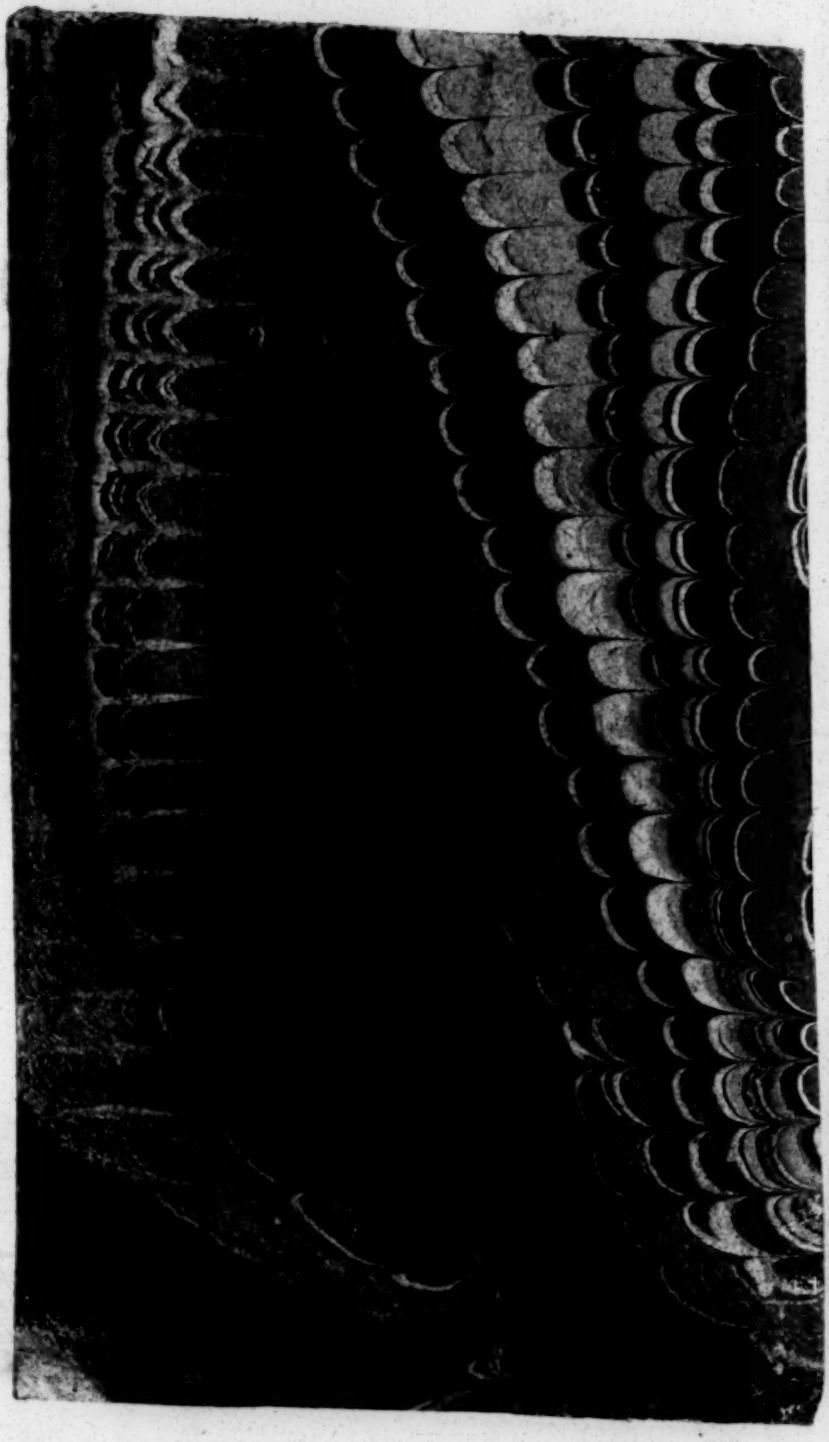
To thoſe who do not yet know of which gender *Bruſcambille* is——inaſmuch as a prologue upon long noſes might eaſily be done by either——'twill be no objection againſt the ſimile—to ſay, That when my father got home, he ſolaced himſelf with *Bruſcambille* after the manner, in which, 'tis ten to one, your worſhip ſolaced yourſelf with your firſt miſtreſs——that is, from morning even unto night: which by-the-by, how delightful ſoever it may prove to the enamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-ſtanders.—Take notice, I go no farther with the ſimile—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge—he cool'd—his affections became divided——he got hold of *Prignitz*—purchaſed *Scroderus*, *Andrea Paræus*, *Bouchet*'s Evening Conferences, and above all, the great and learned *Haſen Slawkenbergius*; of which, as I ſhall have much to ſay by-and-by——I will ſay nothing now.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and ſtudy in ſupport of his hypotheſis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel diſappointment at firſt, than in the celebrated dialogue between *Pamphagus* and *Cocles*, written by the chaſte pen of the great and venerable *Braſmus*, upon the various uſes and ſeaſonable applications of long noſes.——Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one ſpot of riſing-ground to get aſtride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or if he is ſo nimble as to ſlip on——let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, *to friſk it, to ſquirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks and ſhort kicks*, till, like *Tickletoby*'s mare, you break a ſtrap or a crupper, and throw his worſhip into the dirt.——You need not kill him.——

——And pray who was *Tickletoby*'s mare?—'tis juſt as diſcreditable and unſcholar-like a queſtion, Sir, as to have aſked what year (*ab urb. con.*) the ſecond Punic war broke out.—Who was *Tickletoby*'s mare!—Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read—or by the knowledge of the great ſaint *Paraleipomenon*—I tell you before-hand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows, I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all its ſagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, tranſactions, and truths which ſtill lie myſtically hid under the dark veil of the black one.



CHAP. XXXVII.

"*NIHIL me pœnitet hujus naſi,*" quoth *Pamphagus*; ——that is—"My noſe has been the ma-"king of me."—"*Nec eſt cur pœniteat,*" replies *Cocles*; that is, "How the deuce ſhould ſuch a noſe "fail?"

The doctrine, you ſee, was laid down by *Eraſmus*, as my father wiſhed it, with the utmoſt plainneſs; but my father's diſappointment was, in finding nothing more from ſo able a pen, but the bare fact itſelf; without any of that ſpeculative ſubtility or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which heaven had beſtow'd upon man on purpoſe to inveſtigate truth, and fight for her on all ſides.——My father piſh'd and pugh'd at firſt moſt terribly—'tis worth ſomething to have a good name. As the dialogue was of *Eraſmus*, my father ſoon came to himſelf, and read it over and over again with great application, ſtudying every word and every ſyllable of it thro' and thro' in its moſt ſtrict and literal interpretation—he could ſtill make nothing of it, that way. Mayhaps there is more meant, than is ſaid in it, quoth my father.—Learned men, brother *Toby*, don't write dialogues upon long noſes for nothing.——I'll ſtudy the myſtic and the allegoric ſenſe——here is ſome room to turn a man's ſelf in, brother.

My father read on.———

Now, I find it needful to inform your reverences and worſhips, that beſides the many nautical uſes of long noſes enumerated by *Eraſmus*, the dialogiſt affirmeth that a long noſe is not without its domeſtic conveniencies alſo; for that in a caſe of diſtreſs—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad excitandum focum* (to ſtir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father

beyond meaſure, and had ſown the ſeeds of verbal criticiſm as deep within him, as ſhe had done the ſeeds all other knowledge—ſo that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the ſentence, to ſee if he could not ſcratch ſome better ſenſe into it. —I've got within a ſingle letter, brother *Toby*, cried my father, of *Eraſmus* his myſtic meaning.—You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conſcience.——Pſhaw! cried my father, ſcratching on—I might as well be ſeven miles off.—I've done it—ſaid my father, ſnapping his fingers.—See, my dear brother *Toby*, how I have mended the ſenſe.—But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle *Toby*.—My father put on his ſpectacles—bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a paſſion.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

O *Slawkenbergius!* thou faithful analyzer of my *Diſgrázias*—thou ſad foreteller of ſo many of the whips and ſhort turns which in one ſtage or other of my life have come ſlap upon me from the ſhortneſs of my noſe, and no other cauſe, that I am conſcious of.—Tell me, *Slawkenbergius!* what ſecret impulſe was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it ſound in thy ears?—art thou ſure thou heardſt it?——which firſt cried out to thee—Go—go, *Slawkenbergius!* dedicate the labours of thy life—neglect thy paſtimes—call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature——macerate thyſelf in the ſervice of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the ſubject of their noſes.

How the communication was conveyed into *Slawkenbergius*'s ſenſorium——ſo that *Slawkenbergius* ſhould know whoſe finger touch'd the key——and whoſe hand it was that blew the bellows——as *Haſen Slawkenbergius* has been dead and laid in his grave above fourſcore and ten years——we can only raiſe conjectures.

Slawkenbergius

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for, aught I know, like one of *Whitefield*'s diſciples——that is, with ſuch a diſtinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *maſters* it was that had been practiſing upon his *inſtrument*——as to make all reaſoning upon it needleſs.

——For in the account which *Haſen Slawkenbergius* gives the world of his motives and occaſions for writing, and ſpending ſo many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prolegomena, which, by-the-by, ſhould have come firſt——but the bookbinder has moſt injudiciouſly placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book, and the book itſelf—he informs his reader, that ever ſince he had arrived at the age of diſcernment, and was able to ſit down coolly, and conſider within himſelf the true ſtate and condition of man, and diſtinguiſh the main end and deſign of his being;——or——to ſhorten my tranſlation, for *Slawkenbergius*'s book is in *Latin*, and not a little prolix in this paſſage——ever ſince I underſtood, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, any thing—— or rather *what was what*——and could perceive that the point of long noſes had been too looſely handled by all who had gone before;——have I, *Slawkenbergius*, felt a ſtrong impulſe, with a mighty and unreſiſtible call within me, to gird up myſelf to this undertaking.

And to do juſtice to *Slawkenbergius*, he has entered the liſt with a ſtronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it than any one man who had ever entered it before him——and indeed, in many reſpects, deſerves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at leaſt, to model their books by——for he has taken in, Sir, the whole ſubject—examined every part of it, *dialectically*—then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the colliſion of his own natural parts could ſtrike—or the profoundeſt knowledge of the ſciences had empowered him to caſt upon it—collating, collecting,

ing, and compiling——begging, borrowing, and ſtealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the ſchools and porticos of the learned: ſo that *Slawkenbergius* his book may properly be conſidered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-ſtitched DIGEST and regular inſtitute of *noſes*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cauſe it is that I forbear to ſpeak of ſo many (otherwiſe) valuable books and treatiſes of my father's collecting, wrote either, plump upon noſes—or collaterally touching them; ——ſuch for inſtance as *Prignitz*, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the moſt candid and ſcholar-like examination of above four thouſand different ſkulls, in upwards of twenty charnel houſes in *Sileſia*, which he had rummaged—has informed us, that the menſuration and configuration of the oſſeous or boney parts of human noſes, in any *given* tract of country, except *Crim Tartary*, where they are all cruſh'd down by the thumb, ſo that no judgment can be formed upon them——are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;——the difference amongſt them, being, he ſays, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;——but that the ſize and jollity of every individual noſe, and by which one noſe ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muſcular parts of it, into whoſe ducts and ſinuſes the blood and animal ſpirits being impell'd, and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a ſtep from it (bating the caſe of ideots, whom *Prignitz*, who had lived many years in *Turkey*, ſuppoſes under the more immediate tutelage of heaven)——it ſo happens, and ever muſt, ſays *Prignitz*, that the excellency of the noſe is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the ſame reaſon, that is, becauſe 'tis all comprehended in *Slawkenbergius*, that I ſay nothing likewiſe

likewiſe of *Scroderus* (*Andrea*) who, all the world knows, ſet himſelf to oppugn *Prignitz* with great violence——proving it in his own way, firſt *logically*, and then by a ſeries of ſtubborn facts, "That ſo far "was *Prignitz* from the truth, in affirming that the "fancy begat the noſe, that on the contrary—the "noſe begat the fancy."

—The learned ſuſpected *Scroderus* of an indecent ſophiſm in this—and *Prignitz* cried out aloud in the diſpute, that *Scroderus* had ſhifted the idea upon him—but *Scroderus* went on, maintaining his theſis.——

My father was juſt balancing within himſelf, which of the two ſides he ſhould take in this affair; when *Ambroſe Paræus* decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the ſyſtems, both of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, drove my father out of both ſides of the controverſy at once.

Be witneſs——

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in ſaying it, I mention it only to ſhew the learned, I know the fact myſelf——

That this *Ambroſe Paræus* was chief ſurgeon and noſe-mender to *Francis* the Ninth of *France*, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or ſucceeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the ſlip he made in his ſtory of *Taliacotius*'s noſes, and his manner of ſetting them on—he was eſteemed by the whole college of phyſicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noſes than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now *Ambroſe Paræus* convinced my father, that the true and efficient cauſe of what had engaged ſo much the attention of the world, and upon which *Prignitz* and *Scroderus* had waſted ſo much learning

and

and fine parts—was neither this nor that——but that the length and goodneſs of the noſe was owing ſimply to the ſoftneſs and flaccidity in the nurſe's breaſt——as the flatneſs and ſhortneſs of *puiſne* noſes was, to the firmneſs and elaſtic repulſion of the ſame organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inaſmuch as his noſe was ſo ſnubb'd, ſo rebuff'd, ſo rebated, and ſo refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad menſuram ſuam legitimam*;——but that in caſe of the flaccidity and ſoftneſs of the nurſe or mother's breaſt—by ſinking into it, quoth *Paræus*, as into ſo much butter, the noſe was comforted, nouriſh'd, plump'd up, refreſh'd, refocillated, and ſet a growing for ever.

I have but two things to obſerve of *Paræus*; firſt, That he proves and explains all this with the utmoſt chaſtity and decorum of expreſſion;—for which may his ſoul for ever reſt in peace!

And, ſecondly, That beſides the ſyſtems of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, which *Ambroſe Paræus* his hypotheſis effectually overthrew——it overthrew at the ſame time the ſyſtem of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewiſe the whole houſe, and every thing in it, except my uncle *Toby*, quite upſide down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a diſpute beween a man and his wife, never ſurely in any age or country got vent through the key-hole of a ſtreet-door.

My mother, you muſt know——but I have fifty things more neceſſary to let you know firſt—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promiſed to clear up, and a thouſand diſtreſſes and domeſtic miſadventures crouding in upon me thick and three-fold, one upon the neck of another——a cow broke in (to-morrow-morning) to my uncle *Toby*'s fortifications, and

and eat up two ratios and a half of dried graſs, tearing up the ſods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.—*Trim* inſiſts upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be ſhot—*Slop* to be *crucifix*'d—myſelf to be *triſtram*'d, and at my very baptiſm made a martyr of;——poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want ſwaddling——but there is no time to be loſt in exclamations——I have left my father lying acroſs his bed, and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair, ſitting beſide him, and promiſed I would go back to them in half an hour, and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already.——Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever ſeen in——this certainly is the greateſt; for I have *Hafen Slawkenbergius*'s folio, Sir, to finiſh——a dialogue between my father and my uncle *Toby*, upon the ſolution of *Prignitz*, *Scroderus*, *Ambroſe Paræus*, *Ponocrates*, and *Grangouſier* to relate—a tale out of *Slawkenbergius* to tranſlate, and all this in five minutes leſs than no time at all;—ſuch a head!—would to heaven my enemies only ſaw the inſide of it!

CHAP. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one ſcene more entertaining in our family———and to do it juſtice in this point;———and I here put off my cap, and lay it upon the table cloſe beſide my ink-horn, on purpoſe to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more ſolemn——that I believe in my ſoul (the leſs my love and partiality to my underſtanding blinds me) the hand of the ſupreme Maker and firſt Deſigner of all things never made or put a family together (in that period at leaſt of it which I have ſat down to write the ſtory of)——where the characters of it were caſt or contraſted with ſo dramatic a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording ſuch exquiſite ſcenes, and the powers of ſhifting them perpetually from morning to night,

night, were lodged and entruſted with ſo unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any of theſe was more diverting, I ſay, in this whimſical theatre of ours—than what frequently aroſe out of this ſelf-ſame chapter of long noſes——— eſpecially when my father's imagination was heated with the inquiry, and nothing would ſerve him but to heat my uncle *Toby*'s too.

My uncle *Toby* would give my father all poſſible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would ſit ſmoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilſt my father was practiſing upon his head, and trying every acceſſible avenue to drive *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s ſolutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle *Toby*'s reaſon ——or contrary to it—or that his brain was like *damp* tinder, and no ſpark could poſſibly take hold—or that it was ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds, curtins, and ſuch military diſqualifications to his ſeeing clearly into *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*'s doctrines—I ſay not —let ſchoolmen—ſcullions, anatomiſts, and engineers, fight for it among themſelves.——

'Twas ſome misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to tranſlate for the benefit of my uncle *Toby*, and render out of *Slawkenbergius*'s *Latin*, of which, as he was no great maſter, his tranſlation was not always of the pureſt—and generally leaſt ſo where 'twas moſt wanted —this naturally open'd a door to a ſecond misfortune; —that in the warmer paroxyſms of his zeal to open my uncle *Toby*'s eyes———my father's ideas run on as much faſter than the tranſlation, as the tranſlation outmoved my uncle *Toby*'s;——neither the one or the other added much to the perſpicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making ſyllogiſms —I mean in man—for in ſuperior claſſes of beings, ſuch as angels and ſpirits—'tis all done, may it pleaſe your worſhips, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your worſhips all know———ſyllogize by their noſes: though there is an iſland ſwimming in the ſea (though not altogether at its eaſe) whoſe inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are ſo wonderfully gifted, as to ſyllogize after the ſame faſhion, and oft-times to make very well out too :——but that's neither here nor there——

The gift of doing it as it ſhould be, amongſt us—or the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or diſagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*); juſt as a man, as *Locke* well obſerves, by a yard, finds two mens nine-pin-alleys to be of the ſame length, which could not be brought together, to meaſure their equality, by *juxta-poſition*.

Had the ſame great reaſoner looked on, as my father illuſtrated his ſyſtems of noſes, and obſerved my uncle *Toby*'s deportment—what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful ſerioufneſs he contemplated the length of it———ſurveying it tranſverſely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb—then foreright—then this way, and then that, in all its poſſible directions and foreſhortenings——he would have concluded my uncle *Toby* had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was ſyllogizing and meaſuring with it the truth of each hypotheſis of long noſes, in order as my father laid them before him. This by-the-by was more than my father wanted—his aim in all the pains he was at in theſe philoſophic

lectures—was to enable my uncle *Toby* not to *diſcuſs*——but *comprehend*——to *hold* the grains and ſcruples of learning——not to *weigh* them.——My uncle *Toby*, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'TIS a pity, cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful tranſlation of *Slawkenbergius*—'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he ſpoke——that truth, brother *Toby*, ſhould ſhut herſelf up in ſuch impregnable faſtneſſes, and be ſo obſtinate as not to ſurrender herſelf ſometimes up upon the cloſeſt ſiege.——

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of *Prignitz* to him——having nothing to ſtay it there, had taken a ſhort flight to the bowling-green;——his body might as well have taken a turn there too——ſo that with all the ſemblance of a deep ſchoolman intent upon the *medius terminus*——my uncle *Toby* was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's, as if my father had been tranſlating *Hafen Slawkenbergius* from the *Latin* tongue into the *Cherokee*. But the word *ſiege*, like a taliſmanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle *Toby*'s fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he open'd his ears—and my father obſerving that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and ſhuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a deſire to profit—my father with great pleaſure began his ſentence again——changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the ſiege of it, to keep clear of ſome dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis

'Tis a pity, ſaid my father, that truth can only be on one ſide, brother *Toby*—conſidering what ingenuity theſe learned men have all ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes.——Can noſes be diſſolved? replied my uncle *Toby*.

——My father thruſt back his chair——roſe up—put on his hat——took four long ſtrides to the door—jerked it open—thruſt his head half way out—ſhut the door again—took no notice of the bad hinge—returned to the table—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of *Slawkenbergius*'s book—went haſtily to his bureau—walk'd ſlowly back—twiſted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb—unbutton'd his waiſt-coat—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire—bit her ſattin pin-cuſhion in two—fill'd his mouth with bran—confounded it;—but mark!—the oath of confuſion was levell'd at my uncle *Toby*'s brain——which was e'en confuſed enough already——the curſe came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it pleaſe your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's paſſions laſted not long; for ſo long as they did laſt, they led him a buſy life on't; and it is one of the moſt unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my obſervations of human nature, that nothing ſhould prove my father's mettle ſo much, or make his paſſions go off ſo like gun-powder, as the unexpected ſtrokes his ſcience met with from the quaint ſimplicity of my uncle *Toby*'s queſtions.——Had ten dozen of hornets ſtung him behind in ſo many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer ſeconds—or ſtarted half ſo much, as with one ſingle *quære* of three words unſeaſonably popping in full upon him in his hobbyhorſical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle *Toby*—he ſmoaked his pipe on, with unvaried compoſure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head

could ſeldom find out where the ſting of it lay——he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himſelf.——He was five minutes and thirty-five ſeconds about it in the preſent caſe.

By all that's good! ſaid my father, ſwearing, as he came to himſelf, and taking the oath out of *Ernulphus*'s digeſt of curſes—(though, to do my father juſtice, it was a fault (as he told Dr. *Slop* in the affair of *Ernulphus*) which he as ſeldom committed as any man upon earth.)——By all that's good and great! brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, if it was not for the aids of philoſophy, which befriend one ſo much as they do—you would put a man beſide all temper.—Why, by the *ſolutions* of noſes, of which I was telling you, I meant as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the cauſes of ſhort and long noſes.—There is no cauſe but one, replied my uncle *Toby*—why one man's noſe is longer than another's, but becauſe that God pleaſes to have it ſo.—That is *Grangouſier*'s ſolution, ſaid my father.—'Tis he, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in ſuch forms and proportions, and for ſuch ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wiſdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philoſophical—there is more religion in it than ſound ſcience. 'Twas no inconſiſtent part of my uncle *Toby*'s character——that he feared God, and reverenced religion.——So the moment my father finiſhed his remark—my uncle *Toby* fell a whiſtling *Lillabullero*, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than uſual.——

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

CHAP

CHAP. XLII.

NO matter——as an appendage to ſeamſtreſſy, the thread-paper might be of ſome conſequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in *Slawkenbergius*. *Slawkenbergius*, in every page of him, was a rich treaſury of inexhauſtible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amiſs; and he would often ſay in cloſing the book, that if all the arts and ſciences in the world, with the books which treated of them were loſt——ſhould the wiſdom and policies of governments, he would ſay, through diſuſe, ever happen to be forgot, and all that ſtateſmen had wrote, or cauſed to be written, upon the ſtrong or the weak ſides of courts and kingdoms, ſhould they be forgot alſo—and *Slawkenbergius* only left—there would be enough in him in all conſcience, he would ſay, to ſet the world a-going again. A treaſure therefore was he indeed! an inſtitute of all that was neceſſary to be known of noſes, and every thing elſe: ——at *matin*, noon, and veſpers, was *Hafen Slawkenbergius* his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands—you would have ſworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book—ſo worn, ſo glazed, ſo contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not ſuch a bigot to *Slawkenbergius* as my father;—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but in my opinion, the beſt, I don't ſay the moſt profitable, but the moſt amuſing part of *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, is his tales.——and, conſidering he was a *German*, many of them told not without fancy:——theſe take up his ſecond book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales.——Philoſophy is not built upon tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in *Slawkenbergius* to ſend them into the world by that name; there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth,

and tenth decads, which I own ſeem rather playful and ſportive, than ſpeculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of ſo many independent facts, all of them turning round ſomehow or other upon the main hinges of his ſubject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as ſo many illuſtrations upon the doctrines of noſes.

As we have leiſure enough upon our hands—if you give me leave, Madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

End of the Third Volume.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia; meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis——in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, a ſeriis viciſſim ad jocos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS.
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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SLAWKENBERGII

FABELLA *.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, poſteriori in parte menſis Auguſti, *peregrinus, mulo fuſco colore inſidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis induſiis, binis calceis, bracciſque ſericis coccineis repletâ,* Argentoratum *ingreſſus eſt.*

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, ſe apud Naſorum Promontorium fuiſſe, Francofurtum proficiſci, et Argentoratum, tranſitu ad fines Sarmatiæ menſis intervallo, reverſurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem ſuſpexit—Di boni, nova forma naſi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inſeruit; & magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu ſiniſtrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit, et proceſſit.

* As *Hafen Slawkenbergius de Naſis* is extremely ſcarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to ſee the ſpecimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his ſtory-telling Latin is much more conciſe than his philoſophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

Dolet

SLAWKENBERGIUS's TALE.

" IT was one cool refreſhing evening, at the cloſe " of a very ſultry day, in the latter end of the " month of *Auguſt*, when a ſtranger, mounted " upon a dark mule, with a ſmall cloak-bag behind " him, containing a few ſhirts, a pair of ſhoes, and " a crimſon-ſattin pair of breeches, entered the town " of *Strasburg*.

" He told the centinel, who queſtioned him as he " entered the gates, that he had been at the Pro- " montory of NOSES—was going on to *Frankfort* " —and ſhould be back again at *Strasburg* that day " month, in his way to the borders of *Crim Tarta-* " *ry*.

" The centinel looked up into the ſtranger's face " —never ſaw ſuch a Noſe in his life!

" —I have made a very good venture of it, quoth " the ſtranger—ſo ſlipping his wriſt out of the loop of " a black ribbon, to which a ſhort ſcymetar was " hung: He put his hand into his pocket, and with " great courteſey touching the forepart of his cap " with his left hand, as he extended his right—he " put a florin into the centinel's hand, and paſſed " on.

" It

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympaniſtam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidiſſe; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci, neque vaginam toto Argentorato *habilem inveniet.—Nullam unquam habui, reſpondit peregrinus reſpiciens—ſeque comiter inclinans—hoc more geſto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut naſum tueri poſſim.*

Non immeritò, benigne peregrine, reſpondit miles.

Nihili æſtimo, ait ille tympaniſta, e pergamenâ factitius eſt.

Prout chriſtianus ſum, inquit miles, naſus ille, ni ſexties major ſit, meo eſſet conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympaniſta.

Mehercule! ſanguinem emiſit, reſpondit miles!

Miſeret me, inquit tympaniſta, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympaniſtam, diſceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore ſuâ, qui tunc acceſſerunt, et, peregrino prætereunte, reſtiterunt.

Quantus naſus! æquè longus eſt, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut ſternutamento audias.

Tantum

" It grieves me, ſaid the centinel, ſpeaking to a " little dwarfiſh bandy-legg'd drummer, that ſo cour- " teous a ſoul ſhould have loſt his ſcabbard—he can- " not travel without one to his ſcymetar, and will " not be able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all *Straſ-* " *burg.*——I never had one, replied the ſtranger, " looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand " up to to his cap as he ſpoke——I carry it, conti- " nued he, thus—holding up his naked ſcymetar, his " mule moving on ſlowly all the time, on purpoſe to " defend my noſe.

" It is well worth it, gentle ſtranger, replied the " centinel.

" 'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver, ſaid the bandy- " legg'd drummer—'tis a noſe of parchment.

" As I am a true catholic—except that it is ſix " times as big—'tis a noſe, ſaid the centinel, like my " own.

"—I heard it crackle, ſaid the drummer.

" By dunder, ſaid the centinel, I ſaw it bleed.

" What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, " we did not both touch it!

" At the very time that this diſpute was maintaining " by the centinel and the drummer—was the ſame " point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpe- " ter's wife, who were juſt then coming up, and had " ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

" *Benedicity!*——What a noſe! 'tis as long, ſaid " the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

" And of the ſame metal, ſaid the trumpeter, as " you hear by its ſneezing.

Tantum abeſt, reſpondit illa, quod fiſtulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus eſt, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, reſpondit uxor.

Rurſum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus eſt.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini, gradu lento progreſſus eſt, ut unumquodque verbum controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympaniſtam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum fræna demittens, & manibus ambabus in pectus poſitis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam ait ille, reſpicens, non neceſſe eſt ut res iſthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus naſus nunquam tangetur, dum ſpiritus hos reget artus —Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagiſtri.

Peregrinus illi non reſpondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis ſancto Nicolao; quo facto, ſinum dextram inſerens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu proceſſit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diverſorium templo ex adverſum ducit.

" 'Tis as ſoft as a flute, ſaid ſhe.

" —'Tis braſs, ſaid the trumpeter.

" —' Tis a pudding's end—ſaid his wife.

" I tell thee again, ſaid the trumpeter, 'tis a bra-
" zen noſe.

" I'll know the bottom of it, ſaid the trumpe-
" ter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before
" I ſleep.

" The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a
" rate, that he heard every word of the diſpute, not
" only betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but
" betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

" No! ſaid he, dropping the reins upon his mule's
" neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt,
" the one over the other in a ſaint-like poſition (his
" mule going on eaſily all the time) No! ſaid he,
" looking up—I am not ſuch a debtor to the world
" —ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been———as
" to give it that conviction—No! ſaid he, my noſe
" ſhall never be touched whilſt heaven gives me
" ſtrength—To do what? ſaid a burgomaſter's wife.

" The ſtranger took no notice of the burgoma-
" ſter's wife—he was making a vow to Saint *Nicolas*;
" which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the
" ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he
" took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand,
" and putting his right hand into his boſom, with
" his ſcymetar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he
" rode on as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could
" follow another thro' the principal ſtreets of *Straſ-*
" *burg*, till chance brought him to the great inn
" in the market-place over againſt the church.

Peregrinus mulo deſcendens, ſtabulo includi, & manticam inferri juſſit: quâ apertâ et coccineis ſericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζωμαυσὲ, *his ſeſe induit, ſtatimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.*

Quod ubi peregrinus eſſet ingreſſus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aſpicit; illico curſum flectit, metuens ne naſus ſuus exploraretur, atque ad diverſorium regreſſus eſt—exuit ſe veſtibus; braccas coccineas ſericas manticæ impoſuit, mulumque educi juſſit.

Francofurtum proficiſcor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor ubhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curaſti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens——me, manticamque meam, plus ſexcentis mille paſſibus portavit.

Longa via eſt! reſpondet hoſpes, niſi plurimum eſſet negotî.——Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Naſorum Promontorio redii; et naſum ſpecioſiſſimum, egregioſiſſimumque quem unquam quiſquam ſortitus eſt, acquiſivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de ſeipſo reddit, hoſpes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini naſum contemplantur—Per ſanctos, ſanctaſque omnes, ait hoſpitis uxor, naſis duodecim maximis, in toto Argento-

rato

" The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered " his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak- " bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking " out of it his crimſon-ſattin breeches, with a ſilver- " fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not " tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed " cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſcy- " metar in his hand, walked out to the grand pa- " rade.

" The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the " parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at " the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain " leaſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly " went back to his inn——undreſſed himſelf, packed " up his crimſon-ſattin breeches, *&c.* in his cloak- " bag, and called for his mule.

" I am going forwards, ſaid the ſtranger, for " *Frankfort*——and ſhall be back at *Strasburg* this " day month.

" I hope, continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down " the face of his mule with his left hand as he was " going to mount it, that you have been kind to this " faithful ſlave of mine———it has carried me and " my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's " back, above ſix hundred leagues.

" —'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the maſter of " the inn———unleſs a man has great buſineſs.— " Tut! tut! ſaid the ſtranger, I have been at the " Promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the " goodlieſt and jollieſt, thank heaven, that ever fell to " a ſingle man's lot.

" Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account " of himſelf, the maſter of the inn, and his wife kept " both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe— " By ſaint *Radagunda*, ſaid the inn-keeper's wife to " herſelf, there is more of it than in any dozen of the

rato major eſt!—eſtne, ait illa mariti in aurem inſuſurrans, nonne eſt naſus prægrandis?

Dolus ineſt, anime mi, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.—

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor—

Ex abiete factus eſt, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.

Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.

Vivus eſt, ait illa,——& ſi ipſa vivam, tangam.

Votum feci ſancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intactum fore uſque ad——Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

Minimo tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam—Quam horam? ait illa.—Nullam, reſpondit peregrinus, donec pervenio, ad—Quem locum,—obſecro? ait illa.——Peregrinus nil reſpondens, malo conſcenſo, diſceſſit.

" largeſt noſes put together in all *Strasburg*! Is it " not, ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in his ear, " is it not a noble noſe?

" 'Tis an impoſture, my dear, ſaid the maſter of " the inn—'tis a falſe noſe.—

" 'Tis a true noſe, ſaid his wife.—

" 'Tis made of fir-tree, ſaith he,—I ſmell the tur- " pentine.—

" There's a pimple on it, ſaid ſhe.

" 'Tis a dead noſe, replied the inn-keeper.

" 'Tis a live noſe,—and if I am alive myſelf, ſaid " the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

" I have made a vow to Saint *Nicolas* this day, ſaid " the ſtranger, that my noſe ſhall not be touched " till—" Here the ſtranger, ſuſpending his voice, looked up—" Till when? ſaid ſhe haſtily.

" It never ſhall be touched, ſaid he, (claſping his " hands and bringing them cloſe to his breaſt,) till " that hour——— What hour? cried the inn-keep- " er's wife.——Never!—never! ſaid the ſtranger, " never till I am got— For heaven's ſake! into " what place? ſaid ſhe.———The ſtranger rode away " without ſaying a word."

The ſtranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort* before all the city of *Strasburg* was in an uproar about his noſe. The *Compline* bells were juſt ringing to call the *Strasburgers* to their devotions, and ſhut up the duties of the day in prayer :——no ſoul in all *Strasburg* heard 'em—the city was like a ſwarm of bees——men, women, and children (the *Compline* bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another—this way and that

that way—long-ways and croſs-ways—up one ſtreet, down another ſtreet—in at this alley, out of that—— did you ſee it? did you ſee it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?—who ſaw it? who did ſee it? for mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

Alack o'day! I was at veſpers!——I was waſhing, I was ſtarching, I was ſcouring, I was quilting—God help me! I never ſaw it—I never touch'd it!—— Would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every ſtreet and corner of *Strasburg*.

Whilſt all this confuſion and diſorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Strasburg*, was the courteous ſtranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode in broken ſentences, ſometimes to his mule—ſometimes to himſelf——ſometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot ſtop to let thee bite that thiſtle—that ever the ſuſpected tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of taſting it.——

—Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thiſtle—never mind it—thou ſhalt have a better ſupper at night.

——Baniſh'd from my country—my friends—from thee.—

Poor devil, thou'rt ſadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faſter—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two ſhirts—a crimſon-ſattin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!

—But why to *Frankfort*?—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which ſecretly is conducting me through theſe meanders and unſuſpected tracts?

—Stumbling!

—Stumbling! by Saint *Nicolas*! every ſtep—— why at this rate we ſhall be all night in getting in———

—To happineſs——or am I to be the ſport of fortune and ſlander—deſtined to be driven forth unconvicted—unheard—untouched—if ſo, why did I not ſtay at *Strasburg*, where juſtice——but I had ſworn! Come, thou ſhalt drink—to *St. Nicolas*—O Julia! ——What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, *&c.*

The ſtranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn, where, as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted—ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, taken good care of—— took off his cloak-bag, with his crimſon-ſattin breeches, *&c.* in it——called for an omelet to his ſupper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt aſleep.

It was about the ſame hour when the tumult in *Strasburg* being abated for that night,——the *Straſburgers* had all got quietly into their beds—but not like the ſtranger, for the reſt either of their minds or bodies; Queen *Mab*, like an elf as ſhe was, had taken the ſtranger's noſe, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of ſlitting and dividing it into as many noſes of different cuts and faſhions, as there were heads in *Strasburg* to hold them. The abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, the ſub chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, had that week come to *Strasburg* to conſult the univerſity upon a caſe of conſcience relating to their placket-holes—was ill all the night.

The courteous ſtranger's noſe had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made ſuch rouſing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of

ſleep

ſleep the whole night thro' for it——there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them—in ſhort, they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint *Francis*——the nuns of mount *Calvary*——the *Præmonſtratenſes*——the *Clunienſes* *—the *Carthuſians*, and all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*—by tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long—the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and maul'd themſelves all to death—they got out of their beds almoſt flead alive—every body thought Saint *Antony* had viſited them for probation with his fire——they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long from veſpers to matins.

The nuns of Saint *Urſula* acted the wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Strasburg*, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of butter'd buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of Saint *Urſula*'s example.——In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfaſt in all *Strasburg*—the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion—ſuch a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in *Strasburg*, ſince *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city upſide down.

* *Hafen Slawkenbergius* means the Benedictine nuns of *Cluny* founded in the year 940, by *Odo*, abbé de *Cluny*.

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting itſelf thus into the diſhes * of religious orders, *&c.* what a carnival did his noſe make of it, in thoſe of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe; tho' I acknowledge, (*cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*) that there is many a good ſimile now ſubſiſting in the world which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life—tho' I own to them the ſimile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the *Straſburgers* fantaſies was ſo general—ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the *Strasburgers* minds—ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it—every ſoul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and ſtudent—miſtreſs and maid—gentle and ſimple—nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh in *Strasburg* ſpent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in *Strasburg* languiſhed to ſee it——every finger—every thumb in *Strasburg* burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought neceſſary to add to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcription

* Mr *Shandy*'s compliments to orators—Is very ſenſible that *Slawkenbergius* has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of;—that as a tranſlator, Mr *Shandy* has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here 'twas impoſſible.

of

of the ſtranger's noſe—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Strasburg* till that day month; and ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty—the fineſt made man—the moſt genteel!—the moſt generous of his purſe—the moſt courteous in his carriage that had ever entered the gates of *Strasburg*—that as he rode, with ſcymetar ſlung looſely to his wriſt, thro' the ſtreets—and walked with his crimſon-ſattin breeches acroſs the parade—'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited to juſtify the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*, the prioreſs, the deaneſs, and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of *Strasburg* with her husband's trumpet in her hand; the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her, for the illuſtration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this ſide of old *Athens* could equal them! they read their lectures under the city-gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a *Chryſippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticos.

The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his leſt hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtyle—under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard—his wife, hers more privately in a back room; all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marſhal'd them—in a word, each *Strasburger* came crouding for intelligence—and every *Strasburger* had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, *&c.* that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*'s private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of *Strasburg* for her auditory—But when a demonſtrator in philoſophy (cries *Slawkenbergius*) has a *trumpet* for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, thro' theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themſelves not with facts—they reaſoned—

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the faculty—had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls—the ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated however very ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous maſs of heterogeneous matter could not be congeſted and conglomerated to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in Utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.—

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the conſequences.

And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, arteries, *&c.* ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nouriſhment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina and rudiments of

its formation, before it came into the world (bating the caſe of Wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards.

This was all anſwered by a diſſertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the veſſels, and in the increaſe and prolongation of the muſcular parts to the greateſt growth and expanſion imaginable—In the triumph of which theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, that there was no cauſe in nature, why a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs—For the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification—it could poſſibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time—that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man—they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies, cried the opponents—elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?

He dies of a plethora, ſaid they—or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption—

—It

——It happens otherwiſe——replied the opponents——

It ought not, ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after Nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the faculty itſelf.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits—that Nature, though ſhe ſported—ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of the literati;—they began and ended with the word *noſe*; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it, to ſupply the phænomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops—(a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he)—Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood—

I deny the definition—Death is the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body, ſaid his antagoniſt—Then we don't agree about our weapon, ſaid the logician—Then there is an end of the diſpute, replied the antagoniſt.

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a diſpute.

—Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety—and if falſe—to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and tokens, was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, ſince the ſtranger, *ex mero motu*, had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, *&c. &c.*—To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the biſhop of *Straſburg* undertook the advocates, explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhewing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegoric expreſſion, importing no more than that nature had given him a long noſe: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities ‡, which

† Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo et Logiſtæ & Canoniſtæ—Vid. Parce Jar e Sas in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. N. 7. quà etiam in re conſpir. Om. de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmak. ff. d. tit 3. fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. *&c.* nec non J Scrudr. in cap § refut. ff. per totum. cum his conſ Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter V. e Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinſhoven, Folio, Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire

which had decided the point inconteſtibly, had it not appeared that a diſpute about ſo ne franchiſes of dean and chapter lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I muſt not ſay unluckily for Truth, becauſe they were giving her a lift another way in ſo doing—that the two univerſities of *Strasburg*—the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538 by *Jacobus Sturmius*, counſellor of the ſenate,—and the *Popiſh*, founded by *Leopold*, arch-duke of *Auſtria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except juſt what the affair of the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*'s placket-holes required)—in determining the point of *Martin Luther*'s damnation.

The *Popiſh* doctors had undertaken to demonſtrate *a priori*; that from the neceſſary influence of the planets on the twenty-ſecond day of *October* 1483—— when the Moon was in the twelfth houſe; *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus*, in the third; the *Sun*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury* all got together in the fourth—that he muſt in courſe, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, muſt be damn'd doctrines too.

By inſpection into this horoſcope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio ‖ (in reading this my father would always ſhake his head) in the ninth houſe, which the *Arabians* allotted to reli-

venire de Signif. Nom. 1f fol. & de Jure, Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per fedeta, teſt. Joha. Luxiu. in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Anſly. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea

‖ Hæc mira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nonâ cœli ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant, efficit *Martinum Lutherum* ſacrilegum hereticum, chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis coitum religioſiſſimus obiit ejus Anima ſceleſtiſſima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tiſiphone et Megara, flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

—Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

gion—it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one ſtiver about the matter——and that from the horoſcope directed to the conjunction of *Mars*—they made it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing and blaſpheming—with the blaſt of which his ſoul (being ſteep'd in guilt) ſailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran* doctors to this was, that it muſt certainly be the ſoul of another man, born *Oct.* 22, 83, which was forced to ſail down before the wind in that manner—inaſmuch as it appeared from the regiſter of *Iſlaben* in the county of *Mansfelt*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of *October*, but on the 10th of *November*, the eve of *Martinmas* day, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[—I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this paſſage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby*, but with triumph—not over my uncle *Toby*, for he never oppoſed him in it—but over the whole world.

—Now you ſee, brother *Toby*, he would ſay, looking up, "that chriſtian names are not ſo indifferent "things;"——had *Luther* here been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would have been damn'd to all eternity—Not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good name—far from it—'tis ſomething better than a neutral, and but a little—yet little as it is, you ſee it was of ſome ſervice to him.

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis, as well as the beſt logician could ſhew him—yet ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon,

ſon, that though there are many ſtories in *Haſen Slawkenbergius*'s Decades full as entertaining as this I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together—his NAMES and his NOSES.—I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the *Alexandrian* Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

The two univerſities of *Strasburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther*'s navigation. The Proteſtant doctors had demonſtrated, that he had not ſailed right before the wind, as the Popiſh doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no ſailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to ſettle in caſe he had ſailed, how many points he was off; whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it in ſpite of the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about—it was their buſineſs to follow.

The abbeſs of *Quedlinberg* and her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe running full as much in their fancies as their caſe of conſcience—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the printers were ordered to diſtribute their types—all controverſies dropp'd.

'Twas a ſquare cap with a ſilk taſſel upon the crown of it—to a nut-ſhell—to have gueſſed on which ſide of the noſe the two univerſities would ſplit.

'Tis above reaſon, cried the doctors on one ſide.

'Tis

'Tis below reaſon, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddleſtick, ſaid the other.

'Tis poſſible, cried the one.

'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Noſarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinoſarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, ſaid the Noſarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a ſow's ear, replied the Antinoſarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popiſh doctors.—'Tis falſe, ſaid their other opponents.—

Infinite power is infinite power, ſaid the doctors who maintained the *reality* of the noſe. ——It extends only to all poſſible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the Popiſh doctors, he can make a noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the ſteeple of *Strasburg*.

Now the ſteeple of *Strasburg* being the biggeſt and the talleſt church-ſteeple to be ſeen in the whole world, the Antinoſarians denied that a noſe of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at leaſt by a middle-ſiz'd man.—The Popiſh doctors ſwore it could—the *Lutheran* doctors ſaid No;—it could not.

This

This at once ſtarted a new diſpute, which they purſued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God—That controverſy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

The ſtranger's noſe was no more heard of in the diſpute—it juſt ſerved as a frigate to launch them into the gulf of ſchool-divinity—and then they all ſailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controverſy about the attributes, *&c.* inſtead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the *Straſburgers* imaginations to a moſt inordinate degree—The leſs they underſtood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied—ſaw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Braſſarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one ſide—the Popiſh doctors on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in queſt of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of ſight.

——The poor *Strasburgers* left upon the beach!

—What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increaſed—every one in diſorder—the city-gates ſet open.—

Unfortunate *Strasburgers!* was there in the ſtore-houſe of nature—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning—was there in the great arſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curioſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate to play upon your hearts? I dip not my pen into my ink to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves—'tis to write your panegyric. Shew me a city ſo macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls

calls either of religion or nature for ſeven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to *Strasburg*.

Seven thouſand coaches (*Slawkenbergius* muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake, in his numeral characters) 7000 coaches—15,000 ſingle-horſe chairs——20,000 waggons, crouded as full as they could all hold with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndics—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—The abbeſs of *Quedlinberg*, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of *Strasburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand—the reſt following higgley-piggley as they could;—ſome on horſeback—ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven—ſome down the *Rhine*—ſome this way—ſome that—all ſet out at ſun-riſe to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale—I ſay *Cataſtrophe* (cries *Slawkenbergius*) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Cataſtrophe* and *Peripeteia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it—it has its *Protaſis*, *Epitaſis*, *Cataſtaſis*, its *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeteia* growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Ariſtotle* firſt planted them—without which a tale had better be never told at all, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, *Slawkenbergius*, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

—From

—From his firſt parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Strasburg*, after pulling off his crimſon-ſattin pair of breeches, is the *Protaſis*, or firſt entrance——where the characters of the *Perſonæ Dramatis* are juſt touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly begun.

The *Epitaſis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its ſtate or height, called the *Cataſtaſis*, and which uſually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that buſy period of my tale, betwixt the firſt night's uproar about the noſe, to the concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the firſt embarking of the learned in the diſpute—to the doctors finally ſailing away, and leaving the *Strasburgers* upon the beach in diſtreſs, is the *Cataſtaſis*, or the ripening of the incidents and paſſions for their burſting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the ſetting out of the *Straſburgers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as *Ariſtotle* calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and quietneſs.

This, ſays *Haſen Slawkenbergius*, conſtitutes the cataſtrophe or peripeteia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the ſtranger behind the curtain aſleep—he enters now upon the ſtage.

—What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horſe—was the laſt word the ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his maſter's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

The

The traveller was haſtening with all diligence to get to *Strasburg* that night.—What a fool am I, ſaid the traveller to himſelf, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into *Strasburg* this night—— *Strasburg!*—the great *Strasburg!*—*Straſburg*, the capital of all *Alſatia! Strasburg*, an imperial city! *Strasburg*, a ſovereign ſtate! *Strasburg*, garriſoned with five thouſand of the beſt troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of *Strasburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay a ducat and half—'tis too much—better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed—than lie I know not where—or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned kis horſe's head about, and three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

—We have bacon in the houſe, ſaid the hoſt, and bread——and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it—but a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing.——

—Alas! ſaid the traveller, harraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.—I have one as ſoft as is in *Alſatia*, ſaid the hoſt.

—The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his noſe. —He has got a defluxion, ſaid the traveller.—Not that I know, cried the hoſt.—But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, ſaid he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his noſe in.—Why ſo? cried the traveller ſtarting back.—It is ſo long a noſe, replied the hoſt.—The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had juſt got his hand laid upon his breaſt—Trifle not with my anxiety, ſaid he, riſing up again.—'Tis no trifle, ſaid *Jacinta*, 'tis the moſt glorious noſe!—The traveller fell upon his knee again

gain—laid his hand upon his breaſt—then ſaid he, looking up to heaven! thou haſt conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage——'Tis *Diego*.

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, ſo often invoked that night by the ſtranger as he rode from *Strasburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in queſt of him. He had accompanied his ſiſter from *Valadolid* acroſs the *Pyrenean* mountains through *France*, and had many an entangled ſkein to wind off in purſuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracts.

—*Julia* had ſunk under it—and had not been able to go a ſtep farther than to *Lyons*, where, with the many diſquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—ſhe ſicken'd, but had juſt ſtrength to write a letter to *Diego*; and having conjured her brother never to ſee her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, *Julia* took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)—tho' the camp-bed was as ſoft as any one in *Alſace*, yet he could not ſhut his eyes in it—As ſoon as it was day he roſe, and hearing *Diego* was riſen too, he entered his chamber, and diſcharged his ſiſter's commiſſion.

The letter was as follows:

"Seig. DIEGO,

"Whether my ſuſpicions of your noſe were juſtly "excited or not—'tis not now to inquire—it is e-"nough I have not had firmneſs to put them to far-"ther trial.

"How could I know ſo little of myſelf, when I "ſent my *Duenna* to forbid your coming more under "my lattice? or how could I know ſo little of you, "*Diego*, as to imagine you would not have ſtaid one

" day in *Valadolid* to have given eaſe to my doubts?
" —Was I to be abandoned, *Diego*, becauſe I was
" deceived? or was it kind to take me at my word,
" whether my ſuſpicions were juſt or no, and leave
" me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and
" ſorrow?

" In what manner *Julia* has reſented this—my
" brother, when he puts this letter into your hands,
" will tell you: He will tell you in how few mo-
" ments ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage ſhe had ſent
" you—in what frantic haſte ſhe flew to her lattice,
" and how many days and nights together ſhe lean-
" ed immoveably upon her elbow, looking thro' it
" towards the way which *Diego* was wont to come.

" He will tell you, when ſhe heard of your depar-
" ture—how her ſpirits deſerted her—how her heart
" ſicken'd—how piteouſly ſhe mourned—how low
" ſhe hung her head. O *Diego!* how many weary
" ſteps has my brother's pity led me by the hand
" languiſhing to trace out yours; how far has deſire
" carried me beyond ſtrength—and how oft have I
" fainted by the way, and ſunk into his arms, with
" only power to cry out—O my *Diego*!

" If the gentleneſs of your carriage has not belied
" your heart, you will fly to me, almoſt as faſt as you
" fled from me—haſte as you will—you will arrive
" but to ſee me expire.—'Tis a bitter draught, *Die-*
" *go*, but oh! 'tis embitter'd ſtill more by dying
" *un*———."

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forthwith and

Fernandez's

Fernandez's horſe to be ſaddled; and as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window—*Diego* availed himſelf of it, and whilſt the oſtler was getting ready his mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows.

O D E.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unleſs my Julia *ſtrikes the key,*
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whoſe dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with ſympathetic ſway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural—for they were nothing at all to the purpoſe, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Sieg. *Diego* was ſlow in compoſing verſes—or the oſtler quick in ſaddling mules—is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego*'s mule and *Fernandez*'s horſe were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his ſecond ſtanza: ſo without ſtaying to finiſh his ode, they both mounted, ſallied forth, paſſed the *Rhine*, traverſed *Alſace*, ſhaped their courſe towards *Lyons*, and before the *Straſburgers* and the abbeſs of *Quedlinberg* had ſet out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia*, croſſed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got ſafe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis needleſs to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not poſſible to meet the courteous ſtranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to ſay, that of all reſtleſs deſires, curioſity being the ſtrongeſt—the *Strasburgers* felt the full force of it, and that for three days and nights they

were toſſed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempeſtuous fury of this paſſion, before they could ſubmit to return home—When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the moſt grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the *Strasburgers* affairs is often ſpoken of, and little underſtood, I will, in ten words, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand ſyſtem of Univerſal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monſ. *Colbert*, and put in manuſcript into the hands of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that ſyſtem, was the getting poſſeſſion of *Strasburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to diſturb the quiet of *Germany*—and that in conſequence of this plan, *Strasburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true ſprings of this and ſuch like revolutions—The vulgar look too high for them—Stateſmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one hiſtorian—The *Strasburgers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon—and ſo fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate, ſays another, of the *Strasburgers*, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money.—They anticipated their revenues—brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and in the end became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the *French* puſhed them open.

Alas!

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the *French*—'twas CURIOSITY puſhed them open—The *French* indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the *Strasburgers*, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince—but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the *Strasburgers* could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation—it is not the firſt—and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won——or loſt by NOSES.

END of *Slawkenbergius*'s TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy—with ſo many family-prejudices—and ten decades of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them—how was it poſſible with ſuch exquiſite—was it a true noſe?—That a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs—or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture, but the very poſture I have deſcribed?

—Throw yourſelf down upon the bed a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it——But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe, or was it a falſe one?

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the chriſtian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried *Slawkenbergius* ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it through—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues *Slawkenbergius*, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at *Lyons*, when *Fernandez* left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter *Julia* alone in her chamber, and is overwritten,

The Intricacies

of

Diego and *Julia*.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, *Slawkenbergius!* what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated, and yet if this ſpecimen of *Slawkenbergius*'s tales, and the exquiſitiveneſs of his moral, ſhould pleaſe the world—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be.—Elſe, how this can ever be tranſlated into good *Engliſh*, I have no ſort of conception—There ſeems in ſome paſſages to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly. ——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone—which I know, Madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could

could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings, about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em—I felt as if I underſtood it.——I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it—unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice, in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided—for to look up to the cieling, in that caſe the two chins unavoidably met—and to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean to the ſentimental part of it.—— What is left, Madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-ſide; my uncle *Toby*'s heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling—he thruſt it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his boſom—gave a hem! My good uncle *Toby*, with infinite pleaſure, anſwered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a ſentence of conſolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I ſaid, that way, and fearing moreover that he might ſet out with ſomething which might make a bad matter worſe, he contented himſelf with reſting his chin placidly upon the croſs of his crutch.

Now

Now whether the compreſſion ſhortened my uncle *Toby*'s face into a more pleaſurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in ſeeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the ſea of his afflictions, had braced up his muſcles—ſo that the compreſſion upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was ſtruck with ſuch a gleam of ſunſhine in his face, as melted downt he ſullenneſs of his grief in a moment.

He broke ſilence as follows.

CHAP. III.

DID ever man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, raiſing himſelf round to his elbow, and turning himſelf round to the oppoſite ſide of the bed, where my uncle *Toby* was ſitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin reſting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, receive ſo many laſhes?———The moſt I ever ſaw given, quoth my uncle *Toby* (ringing the bell at the bed's head for *Trim*) was to a grenadier, I think in *Makay*'s regiment.

—Had my uncle *Toby* ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it *Makay*'s regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was ſo unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats?—O Chriſt! he was innocent! cried *Trim* with a deep ſigh.——— And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your honour, almoſt

moſt to death's door.—They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—— I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom*'s misfortunes, for we were all three ſchoolfellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*.—I drop them oft-times myſelf, cried my uncle *Toby*.—I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could make them—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world—and fall into ſuch evils, I—poor *Tom*! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a *Jew*'s widow who ſold ſauſages—honeſt *Dick Johnſon*'s ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes, cried *Trim*, pulling out his handkerchief,—theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help bluſhing.

—'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou ſhouldſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.——Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child———I can have no ſorrows in this world.—My father could not help ſmiling.—As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſſed all ſervices, *Trim*—and haſt outlived thy friends.—An' pleaſe your honour, never fear, replied *Trim* chearfully.—But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle; and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word

word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling—thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breaſt—made a bow to the ground, and ſhut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*—My father ſmiled—I have left him moreover a penſion, continued my uncle *Toby*—My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

IS this a fit time, ſaid my father to himſelf, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as my uncle *Toby* had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when corporal *Trim* left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor—puſhed the chamber-

chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle *Toby*—when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle *Toby*; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle *Toby* as follows:

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother *Toby*, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble—when I conſider, brother *Toby*, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting my father—but my commiſſion. Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a-year?—What could I have done without it? replied my uncle *Toby*.—That's another concern, ſaid my father teſtily—But I ſay, *Toby*, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand out, and bear itſelf up, as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature. 'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and preſſing the palms of his hands cloſe together—'tis not from our ſtrength, brother *Shandy*—a ſentinel in a wooden centry-box might as well pretend to ſtand it out againſt a detachment of fifty men.—We are upheld by the grace and the aſſiſtance of the beſt of Beings.

—That

—That is cutting the knot, ſaid my father, inſtead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother *Toby*, a little deeper into the myſtery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My father inſtantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which *Socrates* is ſo finely painted by *Raphael* in his ſchool of *Athens*; which your connoiſſeurſhip knows is ſo exquiſitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reaſoning of *Socrates* is expreſſed by it—for he holds the forefinger of his left hand between the forefinger and the thumb of his right, and ſeems as if he was ſaying to the libertine he is reclaiming—"*You grant me* this—and this: and "this, and this, I don't aſk of you—they follow of "themſelves in courſe."

So ſtood my father, holding faſt his forefinger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reaſoning with my uncle *Toby* as he ſat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worſted bobs—O *Garrick*! what a rich ſcene of this would thy exquiſite powers make! and how gladly would I write ſuch another to avail myſelf of thy immortality, and ſecure my own behind it.

CHAP. VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father; yet at the ſame time, 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks and hard joſtlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother *Toby*, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us—Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I take to be Religion.—Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one

one hand againſt the other.—It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle *Toby*.—Figuratively ſpeaking, dear *Toby*, it may, for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his forefinger, as he was coming cloſer to the point—had my child arived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of chriſtian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irreſiſtibly impreſs upon our characters and conducts—heaven is witneſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my child, I never once wiſhed to crown his head with more glory and honour than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have ſpread around it.

But alas! continued my father, as the greateſt evil has befallen him—I muſt counteract and undo it with the greateſt good.

He ſhall be chriſtened *Triſmegiſtus*, brother.

I wiſh it may anſwer—replied my uncle *Toby*, riſing up.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my uncle *Toby* were going down ſtairs——what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother *Toby*, and calculate it fairly—I know no more of calculations than this balluſter, ſaid my uncle *Toby*

(ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone)—'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle *Toby*—— I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his ſhin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother *Toby*. 'Twas a mere chance, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—Then it adds one to the chapter—replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once—it was well it ſo fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation—to gueſs it—there was no chance—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one expreſs, and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—— Have not I promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?——No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle *Toby*'s modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finiſh before I ſleep—by my great-grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle *Toby*.—I don't comprehend, ſaid my father.—Suppoſe the hip had preſented, replied my uncle *Toby*, as Dr. *Slop* foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down —touched

—touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger—

—True, ſaid he.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no further yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle *Toby* are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps;—let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny:—A ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me——drop the curtain, *Shandy*—I drop it.——Strike a line here acroſs the paper, *Triſtram*—I ſtrike it—and hey for a new chapter.

The duce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it—a pretty ſtory! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe—that chapters relieve the mind—that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him.—O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at

the fire of *Dinah*'s temple—you muſt read *Longinus* —read away—If you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over—never fear—read him again—*Avicenna* and *Licetus* read *Ariſtotle*'s metaphyſics forty times through a-piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word.—But mark the conſequence—*Avicenna* turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*; and for *Licetus* (*Fortunio*) though all the world knows he was born a fœtus *, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himſelf——the learned know I mean his *Gonopſychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human ſoul.

* *Ce Fœtus* n'etoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon pere l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'eſſentiel à la vie; & ſon pere, pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travaillerà la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire éclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un four proprement accommodé, il reuſſit à l'élever & a lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaries, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere meſurée éxactement ſur le dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre inſtrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très-ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un Pere ſi experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à ſon fils que pour quelque mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on ſe repreſente que l'Enfant a vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il a compoſé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents, tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du coté de la Verité*.

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lorſqu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corriges par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoiſe.)

So

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the beſt chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking ſtraws.

CHAP. XI.

WE ſhall bring all things to rights, ſaid my father, ſetting his foot upon the firſt ſtep from the landing——This *Triſtmegiſtus*, continued my father, drawing his leg back. and turning to my uncle *Toby*—was the greateſt (*Toby*) of all beings—he was the greateſt king—the greateſt lawgiver—the greateſt philoſopher—and the greateſt prieſt——and engineer—ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

In courſe, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XII.

—AND how does your miſtreſs? cried my father, taking the ſame ſtep over again from the landing, and calling to *Suſannah*, whom he ſaw paſſing by the foot of the ſtairs with a huge pin-cuſhion in her hand—how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid *Suſannah*, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.—What a fool am I, ſaid my father! drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother *Toby*, 'tis ever the preciſe anſwer—And how is the child, pray?——No anſwer. And where is Doctor *Slop*? added my father, raiſing his voice aloud, and looking over the balluſters—*Suſannah* was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing, in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my uncle *Toby*—of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in a marriage-ſtate,—of which you may truſt me, brother *Toby*,

there are more aſſes loads than all *Job*'s ſtock of aſſes could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought-to-bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle *Toby*, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower.——If I meet but a woman with child—I do it—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, ſhaking his head—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too—but certainly ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all—ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and my
Duce take } father, each to himſelf.

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!—here's ſixpence—do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop, and call me a *day-tall* critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt *Trim* was boring the jack-boots—and which, by-the-by, did my father no ſort of good, upon the ſcore of the bad hinge—they have not elſe ſhut their eyes, ſince nine hours before the time that Doctor *Slop* was led into the back-parlour in that dirty pickle by *Obadiah*.

Was

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this —and to take up—Truce.

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent —an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until its final deſtruction——and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—And why not?—and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—And for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort? as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write—It muſt follow, an' pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write—and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame life of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a-year, or a volume a-month, it no way alters my proſpect—write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as *Horace* adviſes—I ſhall never overtake myſelf, whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch; at the worſt, I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven proſper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open'd to us—as I truſt its providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand.—

As for the propagation of Geeſe—I give myſelf no concern—Nature is all bountiful—I ſhall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtairs foot—I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

—THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, ſaid my father to *Suſannah*.—There is not a moment's time to dreſs you, Sir, cried *Suſannah*—the child is as black in the face as my—As your, what? ſaid my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons.—Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid *Suſannah*, the child's in a fit.—And where's Mr. *Yorick?*—Never where he ſhould be, ſaid *Suſannah*, but his curate's in the dreſſing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name——and my mittreſs bid me run as faſt as I could to know, as Captain *Shandy* is the godfather, whether it ſhould not be called after him.

Were

Were one ſure, ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother *Toby* as not—and 'twould be a pity, in ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a name as *Triſmegiſtus* upon him.—But he may recover.

No, no,—ſaid my father to *Suſannah*; I'll get up.——There is no time, cried *Suſannah*, the child's as black as my ſhoe. *Triſmegiſtus*, ſaid my father—But ſtay—thou art a leaky veſſel, *Suſannah*, added my father; canſt thou carry *Triſmegiſtus* in thy head, the length of the gallery, without ſcattering?—Can I? cried *Suſannah*, ſhutting the door in a huff.—If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart, and kept it—'Tis *Tris*—ſomething, cried *Suſannah*—There is no chriſtian name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with *Tris*—but *Triſtram*. Then 'tis *Triſtram-giſtus*, quoth *Suſannah*.

—There is no *giſtus* to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he ſpoke into the baſon—*Triſtram!* ſaid he, *&c. &c. &c. &c.* ſo *Triſtram* was I called, and *Triſtram* ſhall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed *Suſannah* with his nightgown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened through haſte with but a ſingle button, and that button through haſte thruſt only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door—No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence——And the child is better, cried *Suſannah*.—And how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid *Suſannah*, as can be expected.—Piſh! ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at *Suſannah*, or the button-hole—whether piſh! was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modeſty, is a doubt, and muſt be a doubt till I ſhall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chambermaids*, my chapter of *piſhes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at preſent is this, that the moment my father cried Piſh! he whiſk'd himſelf about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his nightgown thrown acroſs the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, ſomething ſlower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I Wiſh I could write a chapter upon ſleep.

A fitter occaſion could never have preſented itſelf, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a ſingle one, for the other has been ſhut theſe twenty years, of my mother's nurſe.

It is a fine ſubject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a ſingle chapter upon this.

Button-holes!——there is ſomething lively in the very idea of 'em—and truſt me, when I get amongſt 'em

'em——You gentry with great beards——look as grave as you will——I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I ſhall have 'em all to myſelf—'tis a maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep——I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place—and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world —'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary and the broken-hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompence the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good-pleaſure has wearied us—that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it) or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that which ever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her—no deſire—or fear,—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet receſſion.

—"God's bleſſing, ſaid *Sancho Pança*, be upon the "man who firſt invented this ſelf-ſame thing called "ſleep——it covers a man all over like a cloak." Now there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

—Not that I altogether diſapprove of what *Montaigne* advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way ——(I quote by memory.)

The

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by—We ſhould ſtudy and ruminate upon it in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us—for this end I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it—And yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation—I evade of late all violent exerciſes—I am never weary with walking—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife—This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world—but remember, "La Vraiſemblance (as *Bayle* ſays in the affair "of *Liceti*) n'eſt pas toujours du Cotè de la Verité." And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him—brother *Toby*, *Triſmegiſtus* ſhall be dreſs'd and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together—

—Go, tell *Suſannah*, *Obadiah*, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered *Obadiah*, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from *Obadiah*, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face for ſome time—we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo, and ſhaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother *Toby*!—'Tis ſome misfortune, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—That it is, cried my father—to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe,

looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's houſe—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother *Toby*, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmoved——whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads.——

And what's the matter, *Suſannah?* They have called the child *Triſtram* ——and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſteric fit about it—No!—'tis not my fault, ſaid *Suſannah*—I told him it was *Triſtram-giſtus*.

——Make tea for yourſelf, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, taking down his hat—but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation—and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—Go to the bowling-green for Corporal *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſpeaking to *Obadiah*, as ſoon as my father left the room.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my Noſe fell ſo heavily upon my father's head;——the reader remembers that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my Name;——no.

The different weight, dear Sir—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bear-

ing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elſe in *Nature* would have given ſuch immediate eaſe: She, dear Goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all *provoking caſes*, determines us to a ſally of this or that member—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why—But mark, Madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries—the moſt obvious things, which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quickeſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of Nature's works; ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reaſon upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other—he walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone—reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds—but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is ſomething, under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly

and

and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither *Pythagoras*, nor *Plato*, nor *Solon*, nor *Lycurgus*, nor *Mahomet*, nor any one of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

YOUR honour, ſaid *Trim*, ſhutting the parlour-door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.——O yes, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and it gives me great concern.—I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied *Trim*, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt owing to me.—To thee—*Trim?*—cried my uncle *Toby*, looking kindly in his face—'twas *Suſannah*'s and the curate's folly betwixt them.——What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your honour, in the garden?—In the gallery, thou meaneſt, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time;—the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter—*Trim*'s caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my uncle *Toby*, ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to *Trim* as follows:

—For my own part, *Trim*, though I can ſee little nor no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Triſtram* or *Triſmegiſtus*—yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, *Trim*—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened.—A hundred pounds, an' pleaſe your honour, replied *Trim*,—I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot.—Nor would I, *Trim*, upon my own account, quoth my uncle *Toby*—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe—maintains that a great

deal more depends, *Trim*, upon chriſtian names, than what ignorant people imagine;——for he ſays there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world began by one called *Triſtram*—nay he will have it, *Trim*, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave.—'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me *Trim*, as when they called me *James Butler*.—And for my own part, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, *Trim*—yet had my name been *Alexander*, I could have done no more at *Namur* than my duty.—Bleſs your honour! cried *Trim*, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his chriſtian name when he goes upon the attack?—Or when he ſtands in the trench, *Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*, looking firm.—Or when he enters a breach? ſaid *Trim*, puſhing in between two chairs.—Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike.—Or facing a platoon? cried *Trim*, preſenting his ſtick like a firelock.—Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle *Toby*, looking warm, and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond—and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle *Toby* was marching up the glacis—*Trim* recovered his arms—never was my uncle *Toby* caught in riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle *Toby*! had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou then, and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too, have been inſulted!

My father hung up his hat with the ſame air he took it down; and after giving a ſlight look at the diſorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing

placing it over againſt my uncle *Toby*, he ſat down in it, and as ſoon as the tea things were taken away, and the door ſhut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

My Father's Lamentation.

IT is in vain longer, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf as much to *Ernulphus*'s curſe, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece—as to my uncle *Toby* who ſat under it—it is in vain longer, ſaid my father, in the moſt querulous monotone imaginable, to ſtruggle as I have done againſt this moſt uncomfortable of human perſuaſions—I ſee it plainly, that either for my own ſins, brother *Toby*, or the ſins and follies of the *Shandy*-family, heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heavieſt of its artillery againſt me; and that the proſperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.—Such a thing would batter the whole univerſe about our ears, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—if it was ſo—Unhappy *Triſtram!* child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! miſtake! and diſcontent! What one misfortune or diſaſter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments, which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou cameſt into the world!—What evils in thy paſſage into it!—what evils ſince!—produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble———when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations———'tis pitiful, brother *Toby*, at the beſt, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother *Toby*—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now—when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy,

fancy, and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd—were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcattered, and ſent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him;—and tried an experiment at leaſt—whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother *Toby*, to her evacuations and repletions—and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in a courſe of nine months geſtation, have ſet all things to rights.—My child was bereſt of theſe!—What a teazing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſequently her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town? I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle *Toby*———I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.—She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worſe for the child—and then! what battles did ſhe fight with me, and what perpetual ſtorms about the midwife.—There ſhe gave vent, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—Vent! cried my father, looking up.——

But what was all this, my dear *Toby*, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremoſt into the world, when all I wiſhed, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have ſaved this little caſket unbroke, unrifled.—

With all my precautions, how was my ſyſtem turned topſy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head expoſed to the hand of violence, and a preſſure of 470 pounds averdupois weight acting ſo pependicularly upon its apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety *per cent.* inſurance, that the fine network of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thouſand tatters.

—Still we could have done.——Fool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but a Nose—Cripple, Dwarf, Driviller,

viller, Gooſecap—(ſhape him as you will) the door of Fortune ſtands open—*O Licetus! Licetus!* had I been bleſt with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worſt.

Still, brother *Toby*, there was one caſt of the dye left for our child after all—*O Triſtram! Triſtram! Triſtram!*

We will ſend for Mr. *Yorick*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

You may ſend for whom you will, replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and friſking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one—quoth I to myſelf when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop: but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road—So off I ſet—up one lane—down another—through this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may—'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf—He's flung—he's off—he's loſt his hat—he's down—he'll break his neck—ſee!—if he has not galloped full amongſt the ſcaffolding of the undertaking critics!—he'll knock his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a madcap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear,

fear, ſaid I—I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack aſs upon the king's high-way.—But your horſe throws dirt; ſee, you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop.—I hope in God, 'twas only *Ernulphus*, ſaid I.—But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*, doctors of the Sorbonne.—That was laſt year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.——Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

—You have doné it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory.——And what is it? You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS *Francis* the Firſt of *France* was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate *—it would not be amiſs, ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and *Switzerland* was a little ſtrengthened.—There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of *France*.—Poo! poo! anſwered the king——there are more ways, Monſ. *le Premier*, of bribing ſtates, beſides that of giving money———I'll pay *Switzerland* the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child.——Your majeſty, ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing, would have all the grammarians in *Europe* upon your back;—*Switzerland*, as a republic, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather.—She may be godmother, replied *Francis*, haſtily—ſo anounce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid *Francis* the Firſt, (that day fortnight) ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from *Switzerland*. —Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. *le Premier*, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs.—They take it kindly, ſaid the king.—They do, Sire, replied the miniſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them—but the republic, as godmother, claims her right, in this caſe, of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king—ſhe will chriſten him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or ſome name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us. Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter—I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republic on that point alſo.—And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?—*Shadrach*, *Meſech*, and *Abed-nego*, replied the miniſter. —By Saint *Peter*'s girdle, I will have nothing to do with the *Swiſs*, cried *Francis* the Firſt, pulling up his breeches and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

We'll pay them in money——ſaid the king.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter.——I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth *Francis* the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur *le Premier*.

Then, Monſ. *le Premier*, ſaid the king, by—— we'll go to war with 'em.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch ſlender ſkill as God hath vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to entreat thy lenity ſeriouſly—in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his chriſten names—I had no thoughts of treading upon *Francis* the Firſt—nor in the affair of the noſe—upon *Francis* the Ninth—nor in the character of my uncle *Toby*—of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every compariſon of that kind—nor by *Trim*—that I meant the duke of *Ormond*—or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes—If 'tis wrote againſt any thing,—— 'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen; in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſuccuſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall bladder, liver, and ſweet-bread of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—BUT can the thing be undone, *Yorick?* ſaid my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canoniſt, replied *Yorick*—but of all evils, holding ſuſpenſe to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate

theſe great dinners—ſaid my father—The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered *Yorick*—we want, Mr. *Shandy*, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and *Didius* has ſo preſſingly invited you—who in your diſtreſs would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued *Yorick*, is to apprize *Didius*, and let him manage a converſation after dinner ſo as to introduce the ſubject—Then my brother *Toby*, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

—Let my old tie-wig, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, *Trim*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

—NO doubt, Sir—there is a whole chapter wanting here——and a chaſm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at leaſt upon that ſcore)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I ſhall demonſtrate to your reverences in this manner—I queſtion firſt, by-the-by, whether the ſame experiment might not be made as ſucceſsfully upon ſundry other chapters——but there is no end, an' pleaſe your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonſtration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwiſe you would all have been reading juſt now, inſtead of this—was the deſcription of my father's, my uncle *Toby*'s, *Trim*'s, and *Obadiah*'s ſetting out and journeying to the viſitations at ****.

We'll go in the coach, ſaid my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, *Obadiah?*—It would have made my ſtory much better to have begun with you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the *Shandy*'s, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had ſo fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like *Turpilius* the *Roman*, or *Hans Holbien* of *Baſil*—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, laſtly, it was from the ſiniſter turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it ſo fell out, however, to our reproach, that inſtead of the *bend dexter*, which, ſince *Harry* the Eighth's reign was honeſtly our due ——a *bend ſiniſter*, by ſome of theſe fatalities, had been drawn quite acroſs the field of the *Shandy*-arms.

'Tis

'Tis ſcarce credible that the mind of ſo wiſe a man as my father was, could be ſo much incommoded with ſo ſmall a matter. The word *coach*—let it be whoſe it would—or *coach-man*, or *coach-horſe*, or *coach-hire*, could never be named in the family, but he conſtantly complained of carrying this vile mark of Illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to ſtep into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the ſame time, that it was the laſt time he would ever ſet his foot in it again, till the *bend ſiniſter* was taken out—but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Deſtinies* had ſet down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiſer families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend ſiniſter* been bruſh'd out, I ſay? ſaid my father.—There has been nothing bruſh'd out, Sir, anſwered *Obadiah*, but the linings—We'll go o'horſeback, ſaid my father, turning to *Yorick*.—Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the leaſt of heraldry, ſaid *Yorick*.—No matter for that, cried my father—I ſhould be ſorry to appear with a blot in my eſcutcheon before them.——Never mind the *bend ſiniſter*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, putting on his tie-wig.—No, indeed, ſaid my father—you may go with my aunt *Dinah* to a viſitation with a *bend ſiniſter*, if you think fit.—My poor uncle *Toby* bluſh'd. My father was vexed at himſelf.—No—my dear brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the ſciatica again, as it did *December*, *January*, and *February* laſt winter—ſo, if you pleaſe, you ſhall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, *Yorick*, you had better make the beſt of your way before—and leave me to take care of my brother *Toby*, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal

Trim and *Obadiah*, upon two coach-horſes a-breaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrole——whilſt my uncle *Toby*, in his laced regimentals and tie-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

—But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene; and deſtroying at the ſame time that neceſſary equipoiſe and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it—

—This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well—(as *Yorick* told my uncle *Toby* one night) by ſiege.—My uncle *Toby* looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*, but could not make either head or tale of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, ſaid *Homenas*—run over my notes—ſo I humm'd over Doctor *Homenas*'s notes—the modulation's very well—'twill do, *Homenas*, if it holds on at this rate—ſo on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was, but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly—it carried my ſoul up with it in the other world; now had I (as *Montaigne* complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible—certes, I had been ourwitted.—Your notes, *Homenas*,

I ſhould have ſaid, are good notes;—but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I humm'd, I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him to meaſure his own ſize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

CHAP. XXVI.

—SEE if he is not cutting it into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, anſwered *Didius*; it ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid Doctor *Kyſarcius*—☞ he was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid *Didius*, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and *Yorick*—you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtic ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. *Yorick*—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion to have ſhewn your contempt of what we have been about: If the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him faſt hung up, quoth *Didius* to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth *Yorick*, upon this occaſion—that I declare, *Didius*, I would ſuffer martyrdom—and if it was poſſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another : I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head, inſtead of my heart—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it, in this manner.—To preach, to ſhew the extent of our reading, or the ſubtilties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinſled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and leſs warmth—is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor ſingle half hour in a week which is put into our hands—'Tis not preaching the goſpel—but ourſelves—For my own part, continued *Yorick*, I had rather direct five words point blank to the heart.—

As *Yorick* pronounced the word *point blank*, my uncle *Toby* roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles ——when a ſingle word and no more, uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word of all others in the dictionary the laſt in that place to be expected—a word I am aſhamed to write—yet muſt be written—muſt be read—illegal—uncanonical—gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In ſhort, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

ZOUNDS !——————————————————————————————Z——ds ! cried *Phutatorius*, partly to himſelf—and yet high enough to be heard—and what ſeemed odd, 'twas utter'd in a conſtruction of

of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in a bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chords in muſic—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itſelf—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted;—ſo that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that *Phutatorius*, who was ſomewhat of a choleric ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of *Didius*'s hands, in order to bemawl *Yorick* to ſome purpoſe—and that the deſperate monoſyllable Z——ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him; ſo that my uncle *Toby*'s good nature felt a pang for what *Yorick* was about to undergo. But ſeeing *Phutatorius* ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on—a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath—without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath, propenſely formed againſt *Yorick*, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of *Phutatorius*'s purtenance; and ſo was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of

Phutatorius's heart, by the ſtroke of ſurpriſe which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which *Phutatorius* uttered—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that *Phutatorius*'s mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate which was ariſing between *Didius* and *Yorick*; and indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one, and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forewards—who would not have thought the ſame? But the truth was, that *Phutatorius* knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forewards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own *Galligaſkins*, and in a part of them where, of all others, he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: So that notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſkrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to *Yorick*, who ſat over againſt him—yet, I ſay, was *Yorick* never once in any one domicile of *Phutatorius*'s brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that *Gaſtripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on—obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, and ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over—*Gaſtripheres* enforcing his orders about them, that *Didius*,

dius, but *Phutatorius* eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle *Toby* interrupted *Yorick*'s harangue—*Gaſtripheres*'s cheſnuts were brought in—and as *Phutatorius*'s fondneſs for 'em was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before *Phutatorius*, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—it ſo fell out, however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as *Phutatorius* ſat ſtraddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of *Phutatorius*'s breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all *Johnſon*'s dictionary—let it ſuffice to ſay—it was that particular aperture which, in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of *Janus* (in peace at leaſt) to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in *Phutatorius* (which by-the-by ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.—

Accident, I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking—but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of *Acrites* or *Mythogeras* in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it—and are ſo to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of its own accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other——was a real judgment upon *Phutatorius*, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, which *Phutatorius* had publiſhed about twenty years

years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy——much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion—all that concerns me as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in *Phutatorius*'s breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut;—and that the cheſnut, ſome how or other, did fall perpendicularly, and piping hot, into it, without *Phutatorius*'s perceiving it, or any one elſe, at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted, was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five-and-twenty ſeconds—and did no more than gently ſolicit *Phutatorius*'s attention towards the part:—But the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure, and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain, the ſoul of *Phutatorius*, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, *Phutatorius* was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a ſtoic; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter;—but the ſallies of the imagination

imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat—it might, notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a *Newt* or an *Aſker*, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up, and was faſtening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized *Phutatorius* with a ſudden panic, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard;—the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he roſe that interjection of ſurpriſe ſo much deſcanted upon, with the apoſiopeſtic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds—which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion;—and which, by-the-by, whether canonical or not, *Phutatorius* could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction, than juſt to allow time for *Phutatorius* to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for *Yorick* to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind:—What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it—that *Euclid*'s demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which *Phutatorius*'s wrath had flung down——the action was trifling—I am aſhamed to account for it—he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot

worſe for the adventure—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in *Phutatorius*'s head: He conſidered this act of *Yorick*'s, in getting off his chair and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the cheſnut was originally his—and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have plaid him ſuch a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for *Yorick*, who ſat directly over againſt *Phutatorius*, of ſlipping the cheſnut in—and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which *Phutatorius* caſt full upon *Yorick* as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion—and as *Phutatorius* was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one;—and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them—The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that *Yorick* had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which *Phutatorius* had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and 'twas eaſily found out, that there was a myſtical meaning in *Yorick*'s prank—and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into *Phutatorius*'s ***—*****, was a ſarcaſtical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

This

This conceit awaken'd *Somnolentus*—made *Agelaſte* ſmile—and if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw *Gaſtripheres*'s into that form—and in ſhort, was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: *Yorick*, no doubt, as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor, —"*was a man of jeſt*;" but it was temper'd with ſomething which with-held him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life-long to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for —or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill-uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe—he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report alike ſo injurious to him—he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconvenencies in many reſpects—in the preſent, it was followed by the fixed reſentment of *Phutatorius*, who, as *Yorick* had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from his chair a ſecond time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

—The ſmile for was the company.

—The

—The threat was for *Yorick*.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—CAN you tell, me, quoth *Phutatorius*, ſpeaking to *Gaſtripheres* who ſat next to him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair—can you tell me, *Gaſtripheres*, what is beſt to take out the fire?—Aſk *Eugenius*, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*.—That greatly depends, ſaid *Eugenius*, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part—If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up.—It is both the one and the other, replied *Phutatorius*, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and liſting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it.—If this is the caſe, ſaid *Eugenius*, I would adviſe you, *Phutatorius*, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the preſs—you need do nothing more than twiſt it round.—The damp paper, quoth *Yorick* (who ſat next to his friend *Eugenius*) though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no more than the vehicle—and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs.—Right, ſaid *Eugenius*, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I ſhould ſpread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.—That would make a very devil of it, replied *Yorick*.—And beſides, added *Eugenius*, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription, which the faculty hold to be half in half;—for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one (which it ſhould be) the ſanative particles, which come

come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely thin, and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to.—It falls out very luckily, replied *Phutatorius*, that the ſecond edition of my treatiſe *De concubinis retinendis* is at this inſtant in the preſs.—You may take any leaf of it, ſaid *Eugenius*—no matter which.—Provided, quoth *Yorick*, there is no bawdy in it.

They are juſt now, replied *Phutatorius*, printing off the ninth chapter—which is the laſt chapter but one in the book.—Pray, what is the title of that chapter? ſaid *Yorick*; making a reſpectful bow to *Phutatorius* as he ſpoke.—I think, anſwered *Phutatorius*, 'tis that, *De re concubinariâ*.

For heaven's ſake, keep out of that chapter, quoth *Yorick*.

—By all means—added *Eugenius*.

CHAP. XXIX.

—NOW, quoth *Didius*, riſing up, and laying his right hand with his fingers ſpread upon his breaſt—had ſuch a blunder about a chriſtian-name happened before the reformation—[It happened the the day before yeſterday, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf] and when baptiſm was adminiſter'd in *Latin*——['Twas all in *Engliſh*, ſaid my uncle]—many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of ſundry decreed caſes, to have pronounced the baptiſm null, with a power of giving the child a new name—Had a prieſt, for inſtance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the *Latin* tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *nomine patriæ & filia & ſpiritum ſanctos*—the baptiſm was held null.—I beg your pardon, replied *Kyſarcius*—in

that caſe, as the miſtake was only the *terminations*, the baptiſm was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the prieſt ſhould have fallen upon the firſt ſyllable of each noun—and not, as in your caſe, upon the laſt.—

My father delighted in ſubtleties of this kind, and liſten'd with infinite attention.

Goſtripheres, for example, continued *Kyſarcius*, baptizes a child of *John Stradling's in gomine* gatris, *&c. &c.* inſtead of *in nomine* patris, *&c.*—Is this a baptiſm? No—ſay the ableſt canoniſts; inaſmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the ſenſe and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *gomine* does not ſignify a name, nor *gatris* a father.—What do they ſignify? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—Nothing at all—quoth *Yorick*. —Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid *Kyſarcius*.—In courſe, anſwered *Yorick*, in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt—

But in the caſe cited, continued *Kyſarcius*, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on—as it is a fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, inaſmuch as the ſame ſenſe continues in the words as before.—But then, ſaid *Didius*, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically, muſt have been proved to have gone along with it.—Right, anſwered *Kyſarcius*; and of this, brother *Didius*, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope *Leo* the III.—But my brother's child, cried my uncle *Toby*, has nothing to do with the Pope—'tis the plain child of a Proteſtant gentleman, chriſten'd *Triſtram*, againſt the wills and wiſhes both of his father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.—

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid *Kyſarcius*, interrupting my

my uncle *Toby*, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. *Shandy*'s child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. *Shandy*, of all people, has the leaſt to do in it.—My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table, to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

—It has not only been a queſtion, Captain *Shandy*, amongſt the * beſt lawyers and civilians in this land, continued *Kyſarcius*, "*Whether the mother be of kin to* "*her child*,"—but, after much diſpaſſionate inquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides—it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, "*That the* "*mother is not of kin to her child* †." My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle *Toby*'s mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*—and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument—he begg'd my uncle *Toby*, for heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it.—My uncle *Toby* gave a nod—reſumed his pipe, and contenting himſelf with whiſtling *Lillabullero* inwardly—*Kyſarcius*, *Didius*, and *Triptolemus* went on with the diſcourſe as follows.

This determination, continued *Kyſarcius*, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide; and has been put out of all manner of diſpute from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of *Suffolk*'s caſe.—It is cited in *Brook*, ſaid *Triptolemus*.—And taken notice of by Lord *Coke*, added *Didius*.—And you may find it in *Swinburn* on Teſtaments, ſaid *Kyſarcius*.

The caſe of Mr. *Shandy*, was this.

In the reign of *Edward* the Sixth, *Charles* duke of *Suffolk* having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein he

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, Part 7. § 8.
† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtration of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt of *Harry* the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother, the ſiſter, by the father's ſide, commenced a ſuit before the Eccleſiaſtical Judge, alledging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore prayed the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue—and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the moſt learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were conſulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church-lawyers—the *juris-conſulti*—the *juris-prudentes*—the civilians—the advocates—the commiſſaries—the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of *Canterbury* and *York*, with the maſter of the faculties, were all unanimouſly of opinion, That the mother was not of * kin to her child.—

And what ſaid the dutcheſs of *Suffolk* to it? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.

The unexpectedneſs of my uncle *Toby*'s queſtion, confounded *Kyſarcius* more than the ableſt advocate —— He ſtopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face without replying ——and in that ſingle minute *Triptolemus* put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, ſaid *Triptolemus*, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and ſeed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheleſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inaſmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For ſo they write, *Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.*

—But this *Triptolemus*, cried *Didius*, proves too much—for from this authority cited it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewiſe——It is held, ſaid *Triptolemus*, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet are they but (*una caro* *) one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*.—There you puſh the argument again too far, cried *Didius*—for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother—in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried *Kyſarcius*, of laying with his grandmother!——The young gentleman, replied *Yorick*, whom *Selden* ſpeaks of—who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation—— "You laid, Sir, with my mo-

* Vide Brook Abridg. tit Adminiſtr. N. 47.

" ther, ſaid the lad—why may not I lay with yours?" ——'Tis the *Argumentum commune*, added *Yorick*.—
—'Tis as good, replied *Eugenius*, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.——

CHAP. XXX.

—AND pray, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, leaning upon *Yorick*, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs—don't be terrified, Madam, this ſtair-caſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt—And pray, *Yorick*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, which way is this ſaid affair of *Triſtram* at length ſettled by theſe learned men? Very ſatisfactorily, replied *Yorick*; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. *Shandy* the mother is nothing at all a-kin to him—and as the mother's is the fureſt ſide—Mr. *Shandy*, in courſe, is ſtill leſs than nothing—In ſhort, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am.—

—That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

—Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certainly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the dutcheſs of *Suffolk* and her ſon.

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth *Yorick*, to this hour.

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone—The mo-

ment

ment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us—He became penſive—walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond—let down one loop of his hat—ſigh'd often—forbore to ſnap—and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as *Hippocrates* tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds by my aunt *Dinah*.—

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly begun to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family.—A hundred and fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other—He would go to *Rome*—he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy *John Hobſons*'s farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a wind-mill on the other ſide of the river in full view to anſwer it—But above all things in the world, he would incloſe the great *Ox-moor*, and ſend out my brother *Bobby* immediately upon his travels.

But as the ſum was *finite*, and conſequently could not do every thing—and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe—of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart

heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and like a prudent man had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the *Miſſiſippi* ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the *Shandy* eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—like a wiſe man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis——the two old projects, the OX-MOOR and my BROTHER, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

—People may laugh as they will——but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts, before marriage—not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air—but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and in courſe a moſt chriſtian indulgence—to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore—and thereby make an example of him,

him, as the firſt *Shandy* unwhirl'd about *Europe* in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad—would be uſing him ten times worſe than a *Turk*.

On the other hand, the caſe of the *Ox-moor* was full as hard.

Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before—beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in poſſeſſion of the *Shandy*-family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above—and for all theſe reaſons ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate to the care and protection of the family—yet by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been overlook'd; and to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (*Obadiah* ſaid) who underſtood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed lawſuit mentioned above (and which had aroſe about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other: for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions—ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done——reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances—communing every day with my uncle *Toby*—arguing with *Yorick*—and talking over the whole affair of the *Ox-moor* with *Obadiah*—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, tho' the *Ox-moor* would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every title of this was true, with regard to my brother *Bobby*—let *Obadiah* ſay what he would.——

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undeciſive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring, and burning, and fencing in the *Ox-moor*, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the *Ox-moor* would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap a hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, a hundred——but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans—beſides potatoes

toes without end—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpence—that, as he often declared to my uncle *Toby*—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: for to ſay nothing of the havoc, which by a certain conſequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which you know convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on——it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forewards.

My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN-NAME—had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil—the misfortune of my brother *Bobby*'s death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to ſhift from ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ſorrow?——to button up one cauſe of vexation?—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment I am to be conſidered as heir-apparent to the *Shandy* family—and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and my OPINIONS ſets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building——and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never

ver was executed ſince *Adam*. In leſs than five minutes I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it.—I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time—— I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promiſe, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuſe—and a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forewards with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is, the campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle *Toby*; the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantic a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurrences themſelves excite in my own——I will anſwer for it, the book ſhall make its way in the world, much better than its maſter has done before it ——Oh *Triſtram! Triſtram!* can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feaſt upon the one—when thou haſt loſt all ſenſe and rememembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours—They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em—aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it) I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words;—— and that's the thing I have

to

to *declare*.—I ſhall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear—and the thing I *hope* is, that your worſhips and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at——that's my dear *Jenny*'s way—but who my *Jenny* is—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it ſhall be told you the next chapter but one to my chapter of button-holes—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have juſt got to the end of theſe four volumes —— the thing I have to *aſk* is, how you feel your heads? my own akes diſmally;—as for your healths, I know, they are much better ——True *Shandeiſm*, think what you will againſt it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all thoſe affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through its channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like *Sancho Pança*, to chuſe my kingdom, it ſhould not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of;——no, it ſhould be a kingdom of hearty laughing ſubjects: And as the bilious and more ſaturnine paſſions, by creating diſorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I ſee, upon the body politic as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern thoſe paſſions, and ſubject them to reaſon—I ſhould add to my prayer—that God would give my ſubjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then ſhould I be the happieſt monarch, and they the happieſt people, under heaven.—

And ſo, with this moral for the preſent, may it pleaſe your worſhips and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unleſs this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of. *FINIS.*

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